

Headache Sufferers

Do you want relief—in just a few moments and no bad after-effects.

If so, you have only to take, Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills.

If subject to headache, have them with you always. No harm can come from their use, if taken as directed, as they contain no opium, chloral, morphine, cocaine, chloroform, heroin, alpha and beta eucaine, cannabis indica or chloral hydrate, or their derivatives.

Ask your druggist about them.

"It gives me great pleasure to be able to refer to the Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills as the best remedy we have ever had in our house for the prevention and cure of headache. My wife who has been a constant sufferer for years with the above complaint, joins me in recommending Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, hoping they may fall into the hands of all who suffer."

J. L. BUSH, Waterford, N. Y.
Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money. 25 doses. 25 cents. Never sold in bulk. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Register's Notices.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons concerned, that Administration Accounts hereinafter mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams County, Pa., for confirmation and allowance, on Monday, the 15th day of June, 1908, at 10:30 o'clock, A. M.

176.—The first and final account of J. Frank Hartman and I. W. Bucher, Administrators of the estate of and attorneys in fact for the heirs of Cyrus Miller, late of Reading township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

177.—The account of J. L. Butt, Trustee of a fund for the use of William Stallsmith during life and after his death to legatees under will of Rachel Stallsmith, late of Straban township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

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180.—First and final account of Daniel A. Thomas, Esq., Executor of the will of Sophia Funk, dec'd.

181.—The first and final account of Daniel A. Thomas, Administrator of estate of Jacob Winand, late of Huntington township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

182.—The first and final account of Samuel D. Reck, Executor of the last will and testament of Sabina Reck, late of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

183.—First and final account of Adam F. Bucher, Administrator of Annie M. Bucher, late of Franklin township, dec'd.

184.—The first and final account of Dr. W. M. Biggs, Executor of the last will and testament of Basil Biggs, late of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

185.—The first and final account of Catharine Wagner, Administratrix of the estate of Silas Wagner, late of Straban township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

186.—First and final account of J. C. Orler, Administrator of Zachariah Oyer, dec'd, late of Menallen township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

187.—First and final account of Jacob F. Bucher, Executor of the last will and testament of Jesse Bucher, late of Berwick township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.

D. F. STEFFY, Register.

Court Items.

All accounts as advertised by Register and Recorder Steffy, were confirmed.

In the matter of the first and final account of Henry M. Strine, adm'r of Henry Noel, late of Mountpleasant township, dec'd, by agreement of counsel exceptions were withdrawn and account confirmed.

The Citizens Trust Company of Gettysburg, was appointed trustee of a certain dower fund in the estate of Geo. L. Kaufman, late of Hamiltonban township, dec'd, and bond approved.

Chas S. Duncan, Esq., was appointed auditor to make distribution of the balance remaining in the hands of N. R. and W. A. Beamer, adm'rs of C. H. Beamer, dec'd.

Lafan Got Lion's Share.

In the public building bill, just passed by the House, \$300,000 is set aside for a new federal building at York, with the proviso that an amount not to exceed \$355,000 is to be applied to the purchase of additional ground to the site recently bought at the south-west corner of George and Princess streets.

Gettysburg received the exceedingly liberal appropriation of \$25,000 for the purchase of a site for a federal building. This is \$12,000 more than other towns of a similar size received for the same purpose.

Congressman Lafan also asked for an appropriation for the purchase of a site in Hanover, but this was refused, the other members of the committee claiming that this Congressional district had already received much more than its due share of public funds for federal buildings, having secured more than one-fifth of the entire amount appropriated for the State of Pennsylvania, outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

Owner Finds Horse.

Fairfield, May 16.—Charles Walters of this place, who lost a horse a few days ago, found it at the farm of George Ripple near Route 1, Waynesboro. Mr. Ripple found the animal at his home on Thursday and kept it, at the same time advertising for the owner. It is said that the horse must have been stolen by some one, who had driven it a considerable distance and then turned it loose. It is about 12 miles from the home of Mr. Walters to that of Mr. Ripple.

A New Society.

Sunday evening, May 17, the Rosary Confraternity was canonically established in the Church of St. Vincent, Midway. Father Mahoney, the pastor, who had received faculties from Father McKenna, D. P., received the members and also expressed his delight with the large number of ladies of the parish who responded to his invitation to join the confraternity. Father Dougherty, of York, preached an eloquent and practical sermon. Sixty members were received into the Confraternity of the Rosary, and besides these two societies were present the greater number of the congregation together with many visitors, making the attendance the largest that has so far assembled within St. Vincent's Church. The altar decorations were perfect in every detail, and the numerous lights and the beautiful church itself added to the solemnity of the occasion.

Grange Meet.

Saturday afternoon and evening an interesting meeting of the York and Adams county Pomona Grange No. 40 Patrons of Husbandry, was held in the hall of Straban Grange at Huntersdown.

The following was the program: Music in charge of Gideon Grange, No. 810, orchestra; address of welcome, C. Tawney, response, Prof. Daniel Eberly; music, orchestra; addresses were made by Dr. C. E. Goldsborough, Prof. D. Eberly, P. S. Bowman and J. McHenry; recitation, Miss T. Harman; music, Gideon Grange.

Opening of grange in fifth degree indicated a deeper interest of the work in that section, conferring the degree on 29 candidates.

Under the head of new business it was decided to meet Conewago Grange at New Oxford on October 10.

The meeting was largely attended and much interest was manifested in the proceeding. A banquet was served in the hall by the ladies of Straban Grange and a good time was enjoyed by all present.

Pigeon Saves Friend's Life.

The remarkable instinct of a pet pigeon resulted in saving the life of a small boy in Adams county, according to J. P. Shaner, of New York, who spent several days in the county last week. James Myers and his pet pigeon are inseparable companions. The boy is not quite seven years old. Friday he started from his father's barn and was accompanied by his pet. In climbing over a fence he lost his equilibrium, and fell. The wire strands of the fence are covered with a heavy vine. In falling the boy's feet became entangled in this vine, and with his head hanging down, he was unable to extricate himself. The fence separates the field from a rock-ribbed ravine about four feet in depth, and it was in ravine that the boy would have fallen. As it was, his head dangled over the side of the ledge. Seeing the helpless condition of his friend and companion, and with an instinct of almost human proportions, the pigeon flew back to the barn where the boy's father and Mr. Shaner were talking. Time after time it flew in and out the barn, flapping its wings and cooing heavily. Surmising that something was wrong, and missing his son, Myers at last followed the bird. Mr. Shaner accompanied him. Without hesitation the bird flew direct to the spot where the little fellow was hanging by his feet. The blood had rushed to his head and he was in a semi-conscious condition. Myers and Shaner extricated the lad and carried him back to his home. The pigeon accompanied, and when Mr. Shaner left the farm, boy and pigeon were in the yard playing contentedly.

A correspondent says Reading township should have a policeman for every hen house, smoke house and barn in the township. Stealing is nothing new, it is a nightly occurrence. A few weeks ago F. A. Staub missed one of his fine laying turkey hens and on searching for her the missing hen was found about 1 mile from the barn in a field, with both legs broken below the knees. Not a feather nor scar could be found to indicate that a dog had gotten hold of the turkey. A few nights afterwards C. A. Rife had the luck to find five of his fat laying hens choked to death in the hen house.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Bryant and son, of Atlantic City, are spending some time with friends in town.

Miss Mary Emmert, Center Square, spent several days with friends at Baltimore.

Tax Notice.

An abatement of 5 per cent. will be given on State and County Tax until June 1st.

S. F. KEENEY, Collector.

Alta Mae, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Eicholtz of Tyrone township, died Tuesday morning, aged 5 days. Interment was made at Pines church Wednesday morning.

ROBBERY HIS MOTIVE

Slayer of Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard and Servant Confesses.

ARTIST FARM HAND'S STORY

Matawan, N. J., May 19.—After more than fifteen hours of questioning by the police, Frank Zastera, the young Bohemian farm hand employed on the poultry farm of William B. Sheppard, at Wickatunk, confessed that he killed Sheppard, his wife and Jennie Bendy, the maid.

Assistant Prosecutor Stokes made this announcement. Zastera described the shooting, and admitted he had committed the triple murder for the purpose of robbery. The farm hand has lied, however, in regard to what he did with the money he took from the house. He told the police two tales regarding its hiding place, but both proved to be false.

This was Zastera's story of the killing: "I just felt like it all of a sudden. It just came to me to do it, and after killing one I couldn't stop."

"Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard and Jennie and myself were up pretty late, playing the phonograph in the dining room. When I got to bed I couldn't sleep. About 4 o'clock I thought I heard a noise in the yard. I got up and put on my clothes. On my way to the yard I saw the repeating gun in the corner."

"I picked it up and aimed it at different things. Then I heard a step, and I hid in the parlor, near the door. Mrs. Sheppard had to pass it as she came down stairs. She was in her nightgown, getting milk for the baby."

"I waited till she came back from the kitchen, then I spoke to her. When she screamed I fired, just as she got to the first step. She went down, but I sent two more shots into her."

"Mr. Sheppard kind of leaned over the railings and looked down. I fired at him and hit him. He slid down the stairs. Before he reached the bottom I gave him another shot, and he fell across his wife."

"Then I saw Jennie, the servant, running away from me. I fired only once at her, but she fell through the door and didn't move."

Zastera is far from the typical farm laborer. He is an artist, a violinist, a worker in pyrography on leather. His home is at 347 East Seventy-second street, New York city, where, in winter, he lived with his respectable, comfortably situated family. He earned a good living by designing and decorating expensive purses. At night he attended art schools, having been a pupil at the Cooper Union and the National Academy of Design among others.

SPENDS OVER A BILLION

Appropriations Authorized By Congress Amount to \$1,026,000,000.

Washington, May 19.—The sixtieth congress will have earned the title of a "billion-dollar congress" at its first session before adjournment is taken at the end of this week.

It is estimated that the total appropriations will reach \$1,026,000,000, the largest amount ever appropriated at a single session.

The various items contributing to make up this prodigious aggregate are: Sundry civil, \$120,000,000; legislative, executive and judicial, \$33,000,000; army, \$95,322,000; postoffice, \$221,765,000; pensions, \$163,000,000; fortifications, \$11,500,000; agriculture, \$11,842,000; District of Columbia, \$11,500,000; diplomatic and consular, \$4,000,000; naval, \$122,662,000; Indian, \$9,000,000; urgent deficiency, \$26,000,000; public buildings, \$25,000,000; general deficiency, \$17,000,000; military academy, new immigrant station at Philadelphia, relief of cyclone sufferers in the south, etc., \$1,500,000; permanent annual appropriations, \$154,000,000.

Members of the appropriation committee, however, think they will run somewhere between \$850,000,000 and \$900,000,000. This would mean a deficit of between \$125,000,000 and \$175,000,000.

Girls Left Bound in Woods.

Uniontown, Pa., May 19.—Members of the Pennsylvania state police, county detectives and a large number of citizens are searching this vicinity for the unknown assailants of Mary Kolesca, eleven years of age, and Helen Swink, thirteen years old, who have been seriously assaulted. Threats of lynching are made. The two young girls were found in a woods in a critical condition. Their clothes were torn and their hands bound.

Murder in a Soldiers' Home.

Dayton, O., May 19.—Bitter enmity between two old soldiers culminated in a murder at the Soldiers' home, following a quarrel, when John Samuel, aged sixty-seven, deliberately threw from a second-story window of the barracks James Bowlin, aged seventy-three. Bowlin fell head foremost on the cement pavement below. His skull was fractured and he soon died.

PASSENGER TRAINS CRASH

Many Injured in Collision on the Reading Railway.

Lewisburg, Pa., May 19.—Through a misunderstanding of orders, two Reading passenger trains collided at a curve just north of here. Both engines were badly wrecked, and a number of passengers and the crew of the southbound train were injured. A freight was standing on the northbound track, and orders had been issued to the southbound passenger train to lay at a cut-off a mile above town to allow the northbound train, known as the "cannon ball" express, to go up the southbound tracks around the freight. In response to a signal from the flagman of the freight crew and in disobedience of orders, the southbound passenger came beyond the cut-off and collided with the "cannon ball" express.

The injured are: George Harp, fireman, Shamokin, ribs broken; O. G. Neudorfer, express messenger, Reading, arm and ribs injured; Harry Anthony, baggage-master, Port Clinton, hip and leg injured; Charles Smith, conductor, Shamokin, back wrenched; G. O. Roper, Williamsport, head cut; Walter F. Beishline, Williamsport, internally injured, head badly cut; G. Sommer, Williamsport, head and knee injured; Mrs. Roger Williams and fifteen-months-old baby, Williamsport, body bruises; Mrs. William Waterhouse, Sunbury, knee, hip and arm injured, nose broken; Mrs. Johnson Baugh, Millhall, leg and back injured; Mrs. E. C. Yeagel, Milton, face bruised; C. K. Sober, Lewisburg, head cut; Miss Edna D. Schoch, Lewisburg, face cut.

SLEW WIFE AFTER REVIVAL

West Virginia Minister Chased Woman Around Garden and Cut Her Throat.

Fairmont, W. Va., May 19.—Temporarily insane, according to his own statement, Rev. S. A. Coffman, aged fifty years, a prominent Methodist Episcopal clergyman, cut his wife's throat. A moment after the crime, he says, he regained his senses and realized what he had done. He surrendered himself.

Mr. Coffman lived at Rosstown, about three miles from here, and was in charge of two or three local churches.

During the last week or two he has been conducting revival services and has been adding to the membership of his churches. Sunday he finished his revival and appeared to be well pleased with the result.

After midnight he and his wife were discussing the services, when he suddenly seized a poker and began striking her on the head. Mrs. Coffman succeeded in escaping from the house to a garden, but was followed closely by her husband. When he caught up with her another fight for her life took place, in which she was overpowered. Coffman had a knife, and when he had his wife powerless in his grasp he cut her throat, causing her instant death.

According to his statement, when he looked on her lifeless body his sanity was immediately restored and he realized what he had done.

GIRL'S BODY FOUND

Remains of Miss Vanderbilt Discovered in Raritan Canal.

Princeton, N. J., May 19.—The body of Miss Bertina Vanderbilt, assistant in the library of Princeton university, who disappeared last week, was found floating in the Raritan canal a short distance from here.

The body was found by William Balke and J. Millwood Salte, two boy campers, while they were rowing up the canal. When they had reached a point about half a mile from the Carnegie lake aqueduct, into which it was believed Miss Vanderbilt fell, they found the body close to the shore.

Although parts of the girl's clothing are missing, there appeared to be no signs of foul play. A few slight scars, which may have been received during the five days the body was rolled along the bed of the stream, were on the face and forehead.

Miss Vanderbilt was last seen at the aqueduct, and it is supposed that she was drowned in an attempt to ford the stream, which flows under the canal.

Ex-Millionaire Kills Son in Death Pact

Chicago, May 19.—After relating a terrible story of having killed his young son in fulfillment of a death pact, Henry Rudolph Amann fell at the feet of an army surgeon in Fort Sheridan and was close to death from two self-inflicted wounds near his heart. He and Walter Amann, twelve years old, signed a compact to die, and the little fellow went to sleep in his father's arms, knowing that he was to be killed in his slumber. The crazed man, once a millionaire, but now reduced to poverty, waited till the boy was sound asleep. Then he opened his son's shirt, felt for the heart and drove a knife into the youngster's breast to the hilt. Amann made two thrusts at his own heart, but missed it. Amann, unconscious from his wounds, lay beside the boy's body for twelve hours. When he recovered his senses he crawled to the fort and told his story.

HOW THEY MEASURED

Expert in Capitol Trial Explains How They Did It.

The capitol conspiracy case has gone over until next Tuesday with the jurors having had an opportunity to catch more than a glimpse of the two metal filing cases that will prove one of the state's most important exhibits in the case.

The filing cases, which have been taken from the department of the secretary of the commonwealth, have been set up in the courtroom and carefully covered with canvas.

The commonwealth had expected to get the cases before the jury before adjournment, and worked up to that point by calling George H. Richter, of Boston, the metal expert, who has examined and measured all the cases and tables covered by the invoice in the present case.

When they were ready to unveil the cases it was discovered that some of the documents relating to the files were missing from the pigeon-holes, and as this made the case incomplete, the formal offer in evidence of the cases was postponed for the present.

Richter gave the cubic measurement of one of the cases he had examined, and was also questioned as to the square feet of finished surface in the same case.

He said there was two main sections to the case, and that there were 53.12 cubic feet in the lower or base section, 72.00 cubic feet in the upper section, and 125.72 cubic feet in the entire case. He also said that the case contained three finished surfaces, the front and two sides, and gave the square feet in three surfaces as "35 square feet in the base, 71.16 in the upper section and 113.16 in the entire case."

Just as in the cases of Sanderson's furniture, the crux of the contest now on is the method of making measurements. Herein, according to the allegations of the commonwealth, lay the conspiracy to pile up exorbitant charges. In Cassel's case the issue is plain. Documents introduced prove that his company was to be paid by the square foot. Despite this fact, it was shown that measurers who in 1906 were busy verifying Cassel's figures, multiplied length, breadth and depth, divided, this obviously cubic result by 1728, the number of cubic inches in a cubic foot, and charged the state for the resulting "square feet." Moreover, the measurers and state officials certified to the correctness of this calculation, and Cassel's company got its money.

Woman Among Mrs. Guinness' Victims

La Port, Ind., May 19.—Autopsies of the seven unidentified bodies exhumed from Mrs. Belle Guinness' private burial ground, revealed the fact, according to the reports of Dr. F. T. Wilcox and George R. Osborne, that one of the seven was a female. This revelation aroused new interest in the story that a man and a woman came to the house one night in 1904 to take Jennie Olsen to a Los Angeles college, as Mrs. Guinness told those about the place. The next morning, Jennie and the man and woman were gone. Mrs. Guinness said that they had left on an early train for California. The body now declared to be that of a woman was taken from the same hole as was that of Jennie Olsen. In that hole also were the bodies of Ole Budsgers, of Iowa, Wis., and that of another man. The theory now advanced is that Mrs. Guinness may have, on the same night, murdered Jennie Olsen and the man and woman who had come to take her to California, and buried all three bodies, dismembered, in the same pit. The body of Budsgers, who was murdered later than this night, was found nearer the surface than the other three.

Seven Miners Killed.

The town of Wyoming, Pa., was brown into a state of excitement when word came from Mt. Lookout colliery, operated by the Temple Coal and Iron company, that an explosion of gas had occurred and that many miners and laborers had been killed. When the fire boss started into the mine to make his rounds he discovered a fire. He at once reported it, and with three men he tried to subdue the flames, but they met with gas while trying to do so. Shortly after a slight explosion took place burning the four men but not seriously injuring them. They then came out of the mine and the inside foremen summoned a gang of men together and went into the mine to put out the fire.

They then let air in from another gangway to allow the gas to escape and while doing so a second explosion took place, and seven men, all miners and laborers, were instantly killed and five others burned upon the hands and face.

The killed are: Pascal Smith, married, with a family; Frank Smith, Michael McNulty, Oscar Smallcomb, married, with family; George Metcalf, married, with family; Lewis Pataskay, married; Joseph Yancanden, married.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

Wednesday, May 13.

Benjamin James Fernie, Ph. D., for many years associate editor of the Christian Herald, died at Lakewood, N. J., after a prolonged illness.

Walter G. Berg, chief engineer of the Lehigh Valley railroad, died unexpectedly at his home in New York.

S. C. Peters, recently a pay clerk on the cruiser Rainbow, was arrested in Manila for alleged embezzlement of \$30,000.

John Loughhead, aged forty years living apart from his seventeen-year-old wife, broke into her bedroom at her mother's home at Toledo, O., and shot her, inflicting a fatal wound, then turned the revolver on himself and blew out his brains.

Thursday, May 14.

Joseph Herzog, formerly a prominent business man of Lancaster, Pa., committed suicide by hanging in a stable.

A bill was passed by the house of representatives providing for the protection of owners of United States patents appropriated by the government.

Seventy-five ovens of the Pennsylvania, Beech Creek and Eastern Coal & Coke company, at Gallitzin, Pa., which had been idle, have resumed operations.

Three foreigners, alleged members of a Black Hand organization, recently convicted in the circuit court of conspiring to take property not their own, were sentenced at Morgantown, W. Va., to ten years' imprisonment.

Friday, May 15.

The cornerstone of the new \$300,000 naval Y. M. C. A. building at Norfolk, Va., given by John D. Rockefeller, was laid Thursday.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, accompanied by his wife and daughter, arrived in Washington Thursday evening from San Francisco.

David Daniels, of Philadelphia, a freight conductor, was instantly killed by a draft of cars in the Harrisburg yards of the Pennsylvania railroad.

Michael Mulcahy, sixty-eight years old, the last survivor of the three aides who accompanied General Phil Sheridan on his famous ride to Winchester, died at Cleveland, O., after a two-weeks' illness from apoplexy.

Saturday, May 16.

Walter Augustus Wyckoff, A. M., assistant professor of political economy in Princeton university, died at Princeton, N. J., aged fifty years.

Edward Boeck, who pleaded guilty in New York to the theft of more than \$100,000 worth of jewelry, was sentenced to Sing Sing for not less than six years or more than seven years.

Smith W. Ketchum, a prominent Detroit business man, died at a hospital in Buffalo, N. Y., from a stroke of apoplexy, superinduced by being struck by a cab as he was boarding a street car.

Monday, May 18.

Fifty masked "night riders" invaded the Hinton section of Scott county, Ky., and destroyed many tobacco beds.

Conrad Pironm, a miner, was instantly killed in the Cranberry colliery, near Hazleton, Pa., by a fall of coal.

Sailing from Boston for Europe for his health, accompanied by his wife, Senator Tillman prophesied a Democratic victory should the Republicans nominate Secretary Taft.

In hiring crews at Superior, Wis., for the approaching ore shipping season, the United States Steel corporation is sticking to the open-shop plan, unions being disregarded.

Tuesday, May 19.

Edward B. Deacon, a well-to-do farmer, committed suicide by shooting at his home near Mount Holly, N. J.

John P. Palmer, a farmer, living near Dyersburg, Tenn., stabbed and fatally wounded his son during a family quarrel.

Secretary Metcalf has detailed Rear Admiral D. Evans, late commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet, to duty with the general board of the navy, which has to do with the preparation of plans for the naval campaigns, for use in time of war.

Jennie Blunt, who shot and wounded Charles M. Sanford, a Brooklyn lawyer, in his office, last February, after he had refused to give her money, was sentenced to serve not less than three nor more than four years in the state prison at Auburn, N. Y.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS

BALTIMORE—WHEAT steady; No. 2 spot, \$1.03½@1.03¾; steamer No. 2 spot, 98¢@98¼c.; southern, 98c. @1.01c. CORN steady; mixed spot, 72¢@72¼c.; steamer mixed, 63¢@63¼c.; southern, 75c. OATS steady; white, No. 2, 59½¢@60c.; No. 3, 58½¢@59c.; No. 4, 55¢@55½c.; mixed, No. 2, 56½¢@57c.; No. 3, 54¢@55c. BUTTER easy; creamery separator extras, 26c.; held, 19¢@20c.; prints, 27¢@28c.; Maryland and Pennsylvania dairy prints, 16¢@17c. EGGS steady; fancy Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia, 16¢@17c.; southern, 15½c.

Live Stock Markets.

PITTSBURG (Union Stock Yards)—CATTLE: lower; choice, \$6.75@7; prime, \$6@6.75. SHEEP: slow and lower; prime wethers, \$5.20@5.30; culls and common, \$2.25@3.25; lambs, \$4@6.50; veal calves, \$6@6.75. HOGS: active; prime heavies and medium, \$5.75@5.80; heavy Yorkers, 1.75; light Yorkers, \$5.40@5.50; pigs, \$5@5.05; rough, \$4.50@4.80.

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In the public building bill, just passed by the House, \$300,000 is set aside for a new federal building at York, with the proviso that an amount not to exceed \$350,000 is to be applied to the purchase of additional ground to the site recently bought at the south-west corner of George and Princess streets.

Gettysburg received the exceedingly liberal appropriation of \$25,000 for the purchase of a site for a federal building. This is \$12,000 more than other towns of a similar size received for the same purpose.

Congressman Lafan also asked for an appropriation for the purchase of a site in Hanover, but this was refused, the other members of the committee claiming that this Congressional district had already received much more than its due share of public funds for federal buildings, having secured more than one-fifth of the entire amount appropriated for the State of Pennsylvania, outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

Owner Finds Horse.

Fairfield, May 16.—Charles Walters of this place, who lost a horse a few days ago, found it at the farm of George Ripple near Route 1, Waynesboro. Mr. Ripple found the animal at his home on Thursday and kept it, at the same time advertising for the owner. It is said that the horse must have been stolen by some one, who had driven it a considerable distance and then turned it loose. It is about 12 miles from the home of Mr. Walters to that of Mr. Ripple.

A New Society.

Sunday evening, May 17, the Rosary Confraternity was canonically established in the Church of St. Vincent, Midway. Father Mahoney, the pastor, who had received faculties from Father McKenna, D. P., received the members and also expressed his delight with the large number of ladies of the parish who responded to his invitation to join the confraternity. Father Dougherty, of York, preached an eloquent and practical sermon. Sixty members were received into the Confraternity of the Rosary, and besides these two societies were present the greater number of the congregation together with many visitors, making the attendance the largest that has so far assembled within St. Vincent's Church. The altar decorations were perfect in every detail, and the numerous lights and the beautiful church itself added to the solemnity of the occasion.

Grange Meet.

Saturday afternoon and evening an interesting meeting of the York and Adams county Pomona Grange No. 40 Patrons of Husbandry, was held in the hall of Straban Grange at Hunterstown.

The following was the program: Music in charge of Gideon Grange, No. 810, orchestra; address of welcome, C. Tawney, response, Prof. Daniel Eberly; music, orchestra; addresses were made by Dr. C. E. Goldsborough, Prof. D. Eberly, P. S. Bowman and J. McIlhenny; recitation, Miss T. Harman; music, Gideon Grange.

Opening of grange in fifth degree indicated a deeper interest of the work in that section, conferring the degree on 29 candidates.

Under the head of new business it was decided to meet Conewago Grange at New Oxford on October 10.

The meeting was largely attended and much interest was manifested in the proceedings. A banquet was served in the hall by the ladies of Straban Grange and a good time was enjoyed by all present.

Pigeon Saves Friend's Life.

The remarkable instinct of a pet pigeon resulted in saving the life of a small boy in Adams county, according to J. P. Shaner, of New York, who spent several days in the county last week. James Myers and his pet pigeon are inseparable companions. The boy is not quite seven years old. Friday he started from his father's barn and was accompanied by his pet. In climbing over a fence he lost his equilibrium and fell. The wire strands of the fence are covered with a heavy vine. In falling the boy's feet became entangled in this vine, and, with his head hanging down, he was unable to extricate himself. The fence separates the field from a rock-ribbed ravine about four feet in depth, and it was in vain that the boy would have fallen. As it was, his head dangled over the side of the ledge. Seeing the helpless condition of his friend and companion, and with an instinct of almost human proportions, the pigeon flew back to the barn where the boy's father and Mr. Shaner were talking. Time after time it flew in and out the barn, flapping its wings and cooling heavily. Surmising that something was wrong, and missing his son, Myers at last followed the bird. Mr. Shaner accompanied him. Without hesitation the bird flew direct to the spot where the little fellow was hanging by his feet. The blood had rushed to his head and he was in a semi-conscious condition. Myers and Shaner extricated the lad and carried him back to his home. The pigeon accompanied, and when Mr. Shaner left the farm, boy and pigeon were in the yard playing contentedly.

A correspondent says Reading township should have a policeman for every hen house, smoke house and barn in the township. Stealing is nothing new, it is a nightly occurrence. A few weeks ago F. A. Staub missed one of his fine laying turkey hens and on searching for her the missing hen was found about a mile from the barn in a field, with both legs broken below the knees. Not a feather nor scar could be found to indicate that a dog had gotten hold of the turkey. A few nights afterwards O. A. Rife had the luck to find five of his fat laying hens choked to death in the hen house.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Bryant and son, of Atlantic City, are spending some time with friends in town.

Miss Mary Emmert, Center Square, spent several days with friends at Baltimore.

Tax Notice.

An abatement of 5 per cent. will be given on State and County Tax until June 1st.

S. F. KENNEY, Collector.

Alta Mae, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Eicholtz of Tyrone township, died Tuesday morning, aged 5 days. Internment was made at Pines church Wednesday morning.

ROBBERY HIS MOTIVE

Slayer of Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard and Servant Confesses.

ARTIST FARM HAND'S STORY

Matawan, N. J., May 19.—After more than fifteen hours of questioning by the police, Frank Zastera, the young Bohemian farm hand employed on the poultry farm of William B. Sheppard, at Wickatunk, confessed that he killed Sheppard, his wife and Jennie Bendy, the maid.

Assistant Prosecutor Stokes made this announcement. Zastera described the shooting, and admitted he had committed the triple murder for the purpose of robbery. The farm hand has lied, however, in regard to what he did with the money he took from the house. He told the police two tales regarding his hiding place, but both proved to be false.

This was Zastera's story of the killing: "I just felt like it all of a sudden. It just came to me to do it, and after killing one I couldn't stop."

"Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard and Jennie and myself were up pretty late, playing the phonograph in the dining room. When I got to bed I couldn't sleep. About 4 o'clock I thought I heard a noise in the yard. I got up and put on my clothes. On my way to the yard I saw the repeating gun in the corner."

"I picked it up and aimed it at different things. Then I heard a step, and I hid in the parlor, near the door. Mrs. Sheppard had to pass it as she came down stairs. She was in her nightgown, getting milk for the baby."

"I waited till she came back from the kitchen, then I spoke to her. When she screamed I fired, just as she got to the first step. She went down, but I sent two more shots into her."

"Mr. Sheppard kind of leaned over the railings and looked down. I fired at him and hit him. He slid down the stairs. Before he reached the bottom I gave him another shot, and he fell across his wife."

"Then I saw Jennie, the servant, running away from me. I fired only once at her, but she fell through the door and didn't move."

Zastera is far from the typical farm laborer. He is an artist, a violinist, a worker in pyrography on leather. His home is at 347 East Seventy-second street, New York city, where, in winter, he lived with his respectable, comfortably situated family. He earned a good living by designing and decorating expensive purses. At night he attended art schools, having been a pupil at the Cooper Union and the National Academy of Design among others.

SPENDS OVER A BILLION

Appropriations Authorized By Congress Amount to \$1,026,000,000.

Washington, May 19.—The sixtieth congress will have earned the title of a "billion-dollar congress" at its first session before adjournment is taken at the end of this week.

It is estimated that the total appropriations will reach \$1,026,000,000, the largest amount ever appropriated at a single session.

The various items contributing to make up this prodigious aggregate are: Sundry civil, \$120,000,000; legislative, executive and judicial, \$33,000,000; army, \$95,382,000; postoffice, \$221,765,000; pensions, \$163,000,000; fortifications, \$11,500,000; agriculture, \$11,642,000; District of Columbia, \$11,500,000; diplomatic and consular, \$4,000,000; naval, \$122,662,000; Indian, \$9,000,000; urgent deficiency, \$26,000,000; public buildings, \$25,000,000; general deficiency, \$17,000,000; military academy, new immigrant station at Philadelphia, relief of cyclone sufferers in the south, etc., \$1,500,000; permanent annual appropriations, \$154,000,000.

Members of the appropriation committee, however, think they will run somewhere between \$850,000,000 and \$900,000,000. This would mean a deficit of between \$125,000,000 and \$175,000,000.

Girls Left Bound In Woods.

Uniontown, Pa., May 19.—Members of the Pennsylvania state police, county detectives and a large number of citizens are searching this vicinity for the unknown assailants of Mary Koleska, eleven years of age, and Helen Swink, thirteen years old, who have been seriously assaulted. Threats of lynching are made. The two young girls were found in a woods in a critical condition. Their clothes were torn and their hands bound.

Murder In a Soldiers' Home.

Dayton, O., May 19.—Bitter enmity between two old soldiers culminated in a murder at the Soldiers' home, following a quarrel, when John Samuel, aged sixty-seven, deliberately threw from a second-story window of the barracks James Bowlin, aged seventy-three. Bowlin fell head foremost on the cement pavement below. His skull was fractured and he soon died.

PASSENGER TRAINS CRASH

Many Injured In Collision on the Reading Railway.

Lewisburg, Pa., May 19.—Through a misunderstanding of orders, two Reading passenger trains collided at a curve just north of here. Both engines were badly wrecked, and a number of passengers and the crew of the southbound train were injured. A freight was standing on the northbound track, and orders had been issued to the southbound passenger train to lay at a cut-off a mile above town to allow the northbound train, known as the "cannon ball" express, to go up the southbound tracks around the freight. In response to a signal from the flagman of the freight crew and in disobedience of orders, the southbound passenger came beyond the cut-off and collided with the "cannon ball" express.

The injured are: George Haupt, fireman, Shamokin, ribs broken; O. G. Neudorffer, express messenger, Reading, arm and ribs injured; Harry Anthony, baggage-master, Port Clinton, hip and leg injured; Charles Smith, conductor, Shamokin, back wrenched; G. O. Roper, Williamsport, head cut; Walter F. Belshill, Williamsport, internally injured, head badly cut; G. Sommer, Williamsport, head and knee injured; Mrs. Roger Williams and fifteen-months-old baby, Williamsport, body bruises; Mrs. William Waterhouse, Sunbury, knee, hip and arm injured, nose broken; Mrs. Johnson Baugh, Millhall, leg and back injured; Mrs. E. C. Yeagel, Milton, face bruised; C. K. Sober, Lewisburg, head cut; Miss Edna D. Schoch, Lewisburg, face cut.

SLEW WIFE AFTER REVIVAL

West Virginia Minister Chased Woman Around Garden and Cut Her Throat.

Fairmont, W. Va., May 19.—Temporarily insane, according to his own statement, Rev. S. A. Coffman, aged fifty years, a prominent Methodist Episcopal clergyman, cut his wife's throat. A moment after the crime, he says, he regained his senses and realized what he had done. He surrendered himself.

Mr. Coffman lived at Rosstown, about three miles from here, and was in charge of two or three local churches.

During the last week or two he has been conducting revival services and has been adding to the membership of his churches. Sunday he finished his revival and appeared to be well pleased with the result.

After midnight he and his wife were discussing the services, when he suddenly seized a poker and began striking her on the head. Mrs. Coffman succeeded in escaping from the house to a garden, but was followed closely by her husband. When he caught up with her another fight for her life took place, in which she was overpowered. Coffman had a knife, and when he had his wife powerless in his grasp he cut her throat, causing her instant death.

According to his statement, when he looked on her lifeless body his sanity was immediately restored and he realized what he had done.

GIRL'S BODY FOUND

Remains of Miss Vanderbilt Discovered In Raritan Canal.

Princeton, N. J., May 19.—The body of Miss Bertha Vanderbilt, assistant in the library of Princeton university, who disappeared last week, was found floating in the Raritan canal a short distance from here.

The body was found by William Balke and J. Millwood Salte, two boy campers, while they were rowing up the canal. When they had reached a point about half a mile from the Carnegie lake aqueduct, into which it was believed Miss Vanderbilt fell, they found the body close to the shore.

Although parts of the girl's clothing are missing, there appeared to be no signs of foul play. A few slight scars, which may have been received during the five days the body was rolled along the bed of the stream, were on the face and forehead.

Miss Vanderbilt was last seen at the aqueduct, and it is supposed that she was drowned in an attempt to ford the stream, which flows under the canal.

Ex-Millionaire Kills Son In Death Pact

Chicago, May 19.—After relating a terrible story of having killed his young son in fulfillment of a death pact, Henry Rudolph Amann fell at the feet of an army surgeon in Fort Sheridan and was close to death from two self-inflicted wounds near his heart. He and Walter Amann, twelve years old, signed a compact to die, and the little fellow went to sleep in his father's arms, knowing that he was to be killed in his slumber. The crazed man, once a millionaire, but now reduced to poverty, waited till the boy was sound asleep. Then he opened his son's shirt, felt for the heart and drove a knife into the youngster's breast to the hilt. Amann made two thrusts at his own heart, but missed it. Amann, unconscious from his wounds, lay beside the boy's body for twelve hours. When he recovered his senses he crawled to the fort and told his story.

HOW THEY MEASURED

Expert in Capitol Trial Explains How They Did It

The capitol conspiracy case has gone over until next Tuesday with the jurors having had an opportunity to catch more than a glimpse of the two metal filing cases that will prove one of the state's most important exhibits in the case.

The filing cases, which have been taken from the department of the secretary of the commonwealth, have been set up in the courtroom and carefully covered with canvas.

The commonwealth had expected to get the cases before the jury before adjournment, and worked up to that point by calling George H. Richter, of Boston, the metal expert, who has examined and measured all the cases and tables covered by the invoice in the present case.

When they were ready to unveil the cases it was discovered that some of the documents relating to the files were missing from the pigeon-holes, and as this made the case incomplete, the formal offer in evidence of the cases was postponed for the present.

Richter gave the cubic measurement of one of the cases he had examined, and was also questioned as to the square feet of finished surface in the same case.

He said there was two main sections to the case, and that there were 53.12 cubic feet in the lower or base section, 72.60 cubic feet in the upper section, and 125.72 cubic feet in the entire case. He also said that the case contained three finished surfaces, the front and two sides, and gave the square feet in three surfaces as "38 square feet in the base, 71.16 in the upper section and 113.16 in the entire case."

Just as in the cases of Sanderson's furniture, the crux of the contest now on is the method of making measurements. Herein, according to the allegations of the commonwealth, lay the conspiracy to pile up exorbitant charges.

In Cassel's case the issue is plain. Documents introduced prove that his company was to be paid by the square foot. Despite this fact, it was shown that measurers who in 1906 were busy verifying Cassel's figures, multiplied length, breadth and depth, divided this obviously cubic result by 1728 the number of cubic inches in a cubic foot, and charged the state for the resulting "square feet." Moreover, the measurers and state officials certified to the correctness of this calculation and Cassel's company got its money.

Woman Among Mrs. Guinness' Victims

La Port, Ind., May 19.—Autopsies of the seven unidentified bodies exhumed from Mrs. Belle Guinness' private burial ground, revealed the fact, according to the reports of Dr. P. T. Wilcox and George R. Osborn, that one of the seven was a female. This revelation aroused new interest in the story that a man and a woman came to the house one night in 1904 to take Jennie Olsen to a Los Angeles college, as Mrs. Guinness told those about the place. The next morning, Jennie and the man and woman were gone. Mrs. Guinness said that they had left on an early train for California. The body now declared to be that of a woman was taken from the same hole as was that of Jennie Olsen. In that hole also were the bodies of Ole Budsberg, of Iowa, Wis., and that of another man. The theory now advanced is that Mrs. Guinness may have, on the same night, murdered Jennie Olsen and the man and woman who had come to take her to California, and buried all three bodies, dismembered, in the same pit. The body of Budsberg, who was murdered later than this night, was found nearer the surface than the other three.

Seven Miners Killed.

The town of Wyoming, Pa., was thrown into a state of excitement when word came from Mt. Lookout colliery, operated by the Temple Coal and Iron company, that an explosion of gas had occurred and that many miners and laborers had been killed. When the fire boss started into the mine to make his rounds he discovered a fire. He at once reported it, and with three men he tried to subdue the flames, but they met with gas while trying to do so. Shortly after a slight explosion took place burning the four men but not seriously injuring them. They then came out of the mine and the inside foremen summoned a gang of men together and went into the mine to put out the fire.

They then let air in from another gangway to allow the gas to escape and while doing so a second explosion took place, and seven men, all miners and laborers, were instantly killed and five others burned upon the hands and face.

The killed are: Pascal Smith, married with a family, Frank Smith, Michael McNulty, Oscar Smallcomb, married with family; George Metcalf, married, with family; Lewis Pataskay, married; Joseph Yancanden, married.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

Wednesday, May 13.
Benjamin James Fernie, Ph. D., for many years associate editor of the Christian Herald, died at Lakewood, N. J., after a prolonged illness.

Walter G. Berg, chief engineer of the Lehigh Valley railroad, died unexpectedly at his home in New York.

S. C. Peters, recently a pay clerk on the cruiser Rainbow, was arrested at Manila for alleged embezzlement of \$30,000.

John Loughhead, aged forty years, living apart from his seventeen-year-old wife, broke into her bedroom at her mother's home at Toledo, O., and shot her, inflicting a fatal wound, then turned the revolver on himself and blew out his brains.

Thursday, May 14.

Joseph Herzog, formerly a prominent business man of Lancaster, Pa., committed suicide by hanging in a stable.

A bill was passed by the house of representatives providing for the protection of owners of United States patents appropriated by the government.

Seventy-five ovens of the Pennsylvania, Beech Creek and Eastern Coal & Coke company, at Gallitzin, Pa., which had been idle, have resumed operations.

Three foreigners, alleged members of a Black Hand organization, recently convicted in the circuit court of conspiring to take property not their own, were sentenced at Morgantown, W. Va., to ten years' imprisonment.

Friday, May 15.

The cornerstone of the new \$300,000 naval Y. M. C. A. building at Norfolk Va., given by John D. Rockefeller, was laid Thursday.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, accompanied by his wife and daughter, arrived in Washington Thursday evening from San Francisco.

David Daniels, of Philadelphia, a freight conductor, was instantly killed by a draft of cars in the Harrisburg yards of the Pennsylvania railroad.

Michael Mulcahy, sixty-eight years old, the last survivor of the three aides who accompanied General Phil Sheridan on his famous ride to Winchester, died at Cleveland, O., after a two-weeks' illness from apoplexy.

Saturday, May 16.

Walter Augustus Wyckoff, A. M., assistant professor of political economy in Princeton university, died at Princeton, N. J., aged fifty years.

Edward Boeck, who pleaded guilty in New York to the theft of more than \$100,000 worth of jewelry, was sentenced to Sing Sing for not less than six years or more than seven years.

Smith W. Ketchum, a prominent Detroit business man, died at a hospital in Buffalo, N. Y., from a stroke of apoplexy, superinduced by being struck by a cab as he was boarding a street car.

Sunday, May 17.

Fifty masked "night riders" invaded the Hinton section of Scott county, Ky., and destroyed many tobacco beds.

Conrad Pfomm, a miner, was instantly killed in the Cranberry colliery, near Hazleton, Pa., by a fall of coal.

Sailing from Boston for Europe for his health, accompanied by his wife, Senator Tillman prophesied a Democratic victory should the Republicans nominate Secretary Taft.

In hiring crews at Superior, Wis., for the approaching ore shipping season, the United States Steel corporation is sticking to the open-shop plan, unions being disregarded.

Tuesday, May 19.

Edward B. Deacon, a well-to-do farmer, committed suicide by shooting at his home, near Mount Holly, N. J.

John P. Palmer, a farmer, living near Dyersburg, Tenn., stabbed and fatally wounded his son during a family quarrel.

Secretary Metcalf has detailed Rear Admiral D. Evans, fleet commander in chief of the Atlantic fleet, to duty with the general board of the navy, which has to do with the preparation of plans for the naval campaigns for use in time of war.

Jennie Blunt, who shot and wounded Charles M. Sanford, a Brooklyn lawyer, in his office, last February, after he had refused to give her money, was sentenced to serve not less than three nor more than four years in the state prison at Auburn, N. Y.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS

BALTIMORE—WHEAT steady. No. 2 spot, \$1.03 1/2 @ 1.03 3/4; steamer No. 2 spot, 98 @ 98 1/2 c.; southern, 98 @ 98 1/2 c. CORN steady; mixed spot, 72 @ 72 1/2 c.; steamer mixed, 68 @ 68 1/2 c.; southern, 75c. OATS steady; white, No. 2, 59 1/2 @ 60c.; No. 3, 58 1/2 @ 59c.; No. 4, 56 @ 56 1/2 c.; mixed, No. 2, 54 1/2 @ 55c.; No. 3, 54 @ 55c. BUTTER easy; creamery separator extras, 26c.; h-l, 19 @ 20c.; prints, 27 @ 28c.; Maryland and Pennsylvania dairy prints, 16 @ 17c. EGGS steady; fancy Maryland, 15 @ 16c.; Virginia and West Virginia, 16 @ 17c.; southern, 15 1/2 c.

Live Stock Markets.

PITTSBURGH (Union Stock Yards)—CATTLE: lower; choice, \$6.75 @ 6.80; prime, \$6.75 @ 6.80; mixed, \$6.50 @ 6.60; prime wethers, \$5.20 @ 5.30; culls and common, \$2.25 @ 2.35; lambs, \$4.60 @ 4.70; veal calves, \$6.75 @ 6.80; active; prime heavies and medium, \$5.75 @ 5.80; heavy Yorkers, \$5.50 @ 5.60; light Yorkers, \$5.40 @ 5.50; pigs, \$5.00 @ 5.10; roughs, \$4.50 @ 4.60.

New Oxford Item.

VOL. XXX.

NEW OXFORD, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1908.

NO 5.

Headache Sufferers

Do you want relief—in just a few moments and no bad after-effects.

If so, you have only to take, Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills.

If subject to headache, have them with you always. No harm can come from their use, if taken as directed, as they contain no opium, chloral, morphine, cocaine, chloroform, heroin, alpha and beta eucaine, cannabis indica or chloral hydrate, or their derivatives.

Ask your druggist about them.

"It gives me great pleasure to be able to refer to the Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills as the best remedy we have ever had in our house for the prevention and cure of headache. My wife who has been a constant sufferer for years with the above complaint, joins me in recommending Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, hoping they may fall into the hands of all who suffer."

J. I. BUSH, Watervliet, N. Y.
Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first package will benefit. If it fails, he will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Register's Notices.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons concerned, that Administration Accounts hereinafter mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams County, Pa., for confirmation and allowance, on Monday, the 15th day of June, 1908, at 10:30 o'clock, A. M., viz:—
176.—The first and final account of J. Frank Hartman and I. W. Bucher, Administrators of and Trustees to sell the real estate of Jacob Hartman, late of Franklin township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.
177.—The account of J. L. Butt, Trustee of a fund for the use of William Stallsmith during life and after his death to legatees under will of Rachel Stallsmith, late of Straban township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.
178.—The first and final account of Clayton A. Spahr and John K. Zeiler, Administrators of the estate of, and attorneys in fact for the heirs of Cyrus Miller, dec'd, late of Reading township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.
179.—The first and final account of Jacob Shesley, Executor of the last will and testament of Annie Shesley (Mrs. George Shesley) late of Franklin township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.
180.—The first and final account of Daniel A. Thomas, Esq., Executor of the will of Sophia Funk, dec'd.
181.—The first and final account of Daniel A. Thomas, Administrator of estate of Jacob Winand, late of Huntington township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.
182.—The first and final account of Samuel D. Reck, Executor of the last will and testament of Sabina Reck, late of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.
183.—The first and final account of Adam F. Bucher, Administrator of Annie M. Bucher, late of Franklin township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.
184.—The first and final account of Dr. W. M. Biggs, Executor of the last will and testament of Basil Biggs, late of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.
185.—The first and final account of Catharine Wagner, Administratrix of the estate of Silas Wagner, late of Straban township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.
186.—The first and final account of J. C. Oyler, Administrator of Zachariah Oyler, dec'd, late of Menallen township, Adams county, Pa.
187.—The first and final account of Jacob F. Bucher, Executor of the last will and testament of Jesse Bucher, late of Berwick township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd.
D. F. STEFFY, Register.

Court Items.

All accounts as advertised by Register and Recorder Steffy, were confirmed.
In the matter of the first and final account of Henry M. Strine, adm'r of Henry Noel, late of Mountpleasant township, dec'd, by agreement of counsel exceptions were withdrawn and account confirmed.
The Citizens Trust Company of Gettysburg, was appointed trustee of a certain dower fund in the estate of Geo. L. Kauffman, late of Hamiltonban township, dec'd, and bond approved.
Chas S. Duncan, Esq., was appointed auditor to make distribution of the balance remaining in the hands of N. R. and W. A. Beamer, adm'rs of C. H. Beamer, dec'd.

Lafean Got Lion's Share.

In the public building bill, just passed by the House, \$300,000 is set aside for a new federal building at York, with the proviso that an amount not to exceed \$355,000 is to be applied to the purchase of additional ground to the site recently bought at the south-west corner of George and Princess streets.

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The following was the program: Music in charge of Gideon Grange, No. 810, orchestra; address of welcome, C. Tawney, response, Prof. Daniel Eberly; music, orchestra; addresses were made by Dr. C. E. Goldsborough, Prof. D. Eberly, P. S. Bowman and J. McIlhenry; recitation, Miss T. Harman; music, Gideon Grange.

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The meeting was largely attended and much interest was manifested in the proceeding. A banquet was served in the hall by the ladies of Straban Grange and a good time was enjoyed by all present.

Pigeon Saves Friend's Life.

The remarkable instinct of a pet pigeon resulted in saving the life of a small boy in Adams county, according to J. P. Shaner, of New York, who spent several days in the county last week. James Myers and his pet pigeon are inseparable companions. The boy is not quite seven years old. Friday he started from his father's barn and was accompanied by his pet. In climbing over a fence he lost his equilibrium, and fell. The wire strands of the fence are covered with a heavy vine. In falling the boy's feet became entangled in this vine, and with his head hanging down, he was unable to extricate himself. The fence separates the field from a rock-ribbed ravine about four feet in depth, and it was in the ravine that the boy would have fallen. As it was, his head dangled over the side of the ledge. Seeing the helpless condition of his friend and companion, and with an instinct of almost human proportions, the pigeon flew back to the barn where the boy's father and Mr. Shaner were talking. Time after time it flew in and out the barn, flapping its wings and cooing heavily. Surmising that something was wrong, and missing his son, Myers at last followed the bird. Mr. Shaner accompanied him. Without hesitation the bird flew direct to the spot where the little fellow was hanging by his feet. The blood had rushed to his head and he was in a semi-conscious condition. Myers and Shaner extricated the lad and carried him back to his home. The pigeon accompanied, and when Mr. Shaner left the farm, boy and pigeon were in the yard playing contentedly.

A correspondent says Reading township should have a policeman for every hen house, smoke house and barn in the township. Stealing is nothing new, it is a nightly occurrence. A few weeks ago F. A. Staub missed one of his fine laying turkey hens and on searching for her the missing hen was found about 1 mile from the barn in a field, with both legs broken below the knees. Not a feather nor scar could be found to indicate that a dog had gotten hold of the turkey. A few nights afterwards C. A. Rife had the luck to find five of his fat laying hens choked to death in the hen house.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Bryant and son, of Atlantic City, are spending some time with friends in town.

Miss Mary Emmert, Center Square, spent several days with friends at Baltimore.

Tax Notice.

An abatement of 5 per cent. will be given on State and County Tax until June 1st. S. F. KEENEY, Collector.

Alta Mae, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Eicholtz of Tyrone township, died Tuesday morning, aged 6 days. Interment was made at Pines church Wednesday morning.

ROBBERY HIS MOTIVE

Slayer of Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard and Servant Confesses.

ARTIST FARM HAND'S STORY

Matawan, N. J., May 19.—After more than fifteen hours of questioning by the police, Frank Zastera, the young Bohemian farm hand employed on the poultry farm of William B. Sheppard, at Wickatunk, confessed that he killed Sheppard, his wife and Jennie Bendy, the maid.

Assistant Prosecutor Stokes made this announcement. Zastera described the shooting, and admitted he had committed the triple murder for the purpose of robbery. The farm hand has lied, however, in regard to what he did with the money he took from the house. He told the police two tales regarding his hiding place, but both proved to be false.

This was Zastera's story of the killing: "I just felt like it all of a sudden. It just came to me to do it, and after killing one I couldn't stop."

"Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard and Jennie and myself were up pretty late, playing the phonograph in the dining room. When I got to bed I couldn't sleep. About 4 o'clock I thought I heard a noise in the yard. I got up and put on my clothes. On my way to the yard I saw the repeating gun in the corner."

"I picked it up and aimed it at different things. Then I heard a step, and I hid in the parlor, near the door. Mrs. Sheppard had to pass it as she came down stairs. She was in her nightgown, getting milk for the baby. 'I waited till she came back from the kitchen, then I spoke to her. When she screamed I fired, just as she got to the first step. She went down, but I sent two more shots into her.'"

"Mr. Sheppard kind of leaned over the railings and looked down. I fired at him and hit him. He slid down the stairs. Before he reached the bottom I gave him another shot, and he fell across his wife."

"Then I saw Jennie, the servant, running away from me. I fired only once at her, but she fell through the door and didn't move."

Zastera is far from the typical farm laborer. He is an artist, a violinist, a worker in pyrography on leather. His home is at 347 East Seventy-second street, New York city, where, in winter, he lived with his respectable, comfortably situated family. He earned a good living by designing and decorating expensive purses. At night he attended art schools, having been a pupil at the Cooper Union and the National Academy of Design among others.

SPENDS OVER A BILLION

Appropriations Authorized By Congress Amount to \$1,026,000,000.

Washington, May 19.—The sixtieth congress will have earned the title of a "billion-dollar congress" at its first session before adjournment is taken at the end of this week.

It is estimated that the total appropriations will reach \$1,026,000,000, the largest amount ever appropriated at a single session.

The various items contributing to make up this prodigious aggregate are: Sundry civil, \$120,000,000; legislative, executive and judicial, \$33,000,000; army, \$95,382,000; postoffice, \$221,765,000; pensions, \$163,000,000; fortifications, \$11,500,000; agriculture, \$11,642,000; District of Columbia, \$11,500,000; diplomatic and consular, \$4,000,000; naval, \$122,662,000; Indian, \$30,000,000; urgent deficiency, \$26,000,000; public buildings, \$25,000,000; general deficiency, \$17,000,000; military academy, new immigrant station at Philadelphia, relief of cyclone sufferers in the south, etc., \$1,500,000; permanent annual appropriations, \$154,000,000.

Members of the appropriation committee, however, think they will run somewhere between \$850,000,000 and \$900,000,000. This would mean a deficit of between \$125,000,000 and \$175,000,000.

Girls Left Bound In Woods.

Uniontown, Pa., May 19.—Members of the Pennsylvania state police, county detectives and a large number of citizens are searching this vicinity for the unknown assailants of Mary Kolesca, eleven years of age, and Helen Swink, thirteen years old, who have been seriously assaulted. Threats of lynching are made. The two young girls were found in a woods in a critical condition. Their clothes were torn and their hands bound.

Murder In Soldiers' Home.

Dayton, O., May 19.—Bitter enmity between two old soldiers culminated in a murder at the Soldiers' home, following a quarrel, when John Samuel, aged sixty-seven, deliberately threw from a second-story window of the barracks James Bowlin, aged seventy-three. Bowlin fell head foremost on the cement pavement below. His skull was fractured and he soon died.

PASSENGER TRAINS CRASH

Many Injured In Collision on the Reading Railway.

Lewisburg, Pa., May 19.—Through a misunderstanding of orders, two Reading passenger trains collided at a curve just north of here. Both engines were badly wrecked, and a number of passengers and the crew of the southbound train were injured. A freight was standing on the northbound track, and orders had been issued to the southbound passenger train to lay at a cut-off a mile above town to allow the northbound train, known as the "cannon ball" express, to go up the southbound tracks around the freight. In response to a signal from the flagman of the freight crew and in disobedience of orders, the southbound passenger came beyond the cut-off and collided with the "cannon ball" express.

The injured are: George Haupt, fireman, Shamokin, ribs broken; O. G. Neudorffer, express messenger, Reading, arm and ribs injured; Harry Anthony, baggagemaster, Port Clinton, hip and leg injured; Charles Smith, conductor, Shamokin, back wrenched; G. O. Roper, Williamsport, head cut; Walter F. Beishline, Williamsport, internally injured, head badly cut; G. Sommer, Williamsport, head and knee injured; Mrs. Roger Williams and fifteen-month-old baby, Williamsport, body bruises; Mrs. William Waterhouse, Sunbury, knee, hip and arm injured, nose broken; Mrs. Johnson Baugh, Millhall, leg and back injured; Mrs. E. C. Yeagel, Milton, face bruised; C. K. Sober, Lewisburg, head cut; Miss Edna D. Schoch, Lewisburg, face cut.

SLEW WIFE AFTER REVIVAL

West Virginia Minister Chased Woman Around Garden and Cut Her Throat.

Fairmont, W. Va., May 19.—Temporarily insane, according to his own statement, Rev. S. A. Coffman, aged fifty years, a prominent Methodist Episcopal clergyman, cut his wife's throat. A moment after the crime, he says, he regained his senses and realized what he had done. He surrendered himself.

Mr. Coffman lived at Rosstown, about three miles from here, and was in charge of two or three local churches.

During the last week or two he has been conducting revival services and has been adding to the membership of his churches. Sunday he finished his revival and appeared to be well pleased with the result.

After midnight he and his wife were discussing the services, when he suddenly seized a poker and began striking her on the head. Mrs. Coffman succeeded in escaping from the house to a garden, but was followed closely by her husband. When he caught up with her another fight for her life took place, in which she was overpowered. Coffman had a knife, and when he had his wife powerless in his grasp he cut her throat, causing her instant death.

According to his statement, when he looked on her lifeless body his sanity was immediately restored and he realized what he had done.

GIRL'S BODY FOUND

Remains of Miss Vanderbilt Discovered In Raritan Canal.

Princeton, N. J., May 19.—The body of Miss Bertha Vanderbilt, assistant in the library of Princeton university, who disappeared last week, was found floating in the Raritan canal a short distance from here.

The body was found by William Balke and J. Millwood Salte, two boy campers, while they were rowing up the canal. When they had reached a point about half a mile from the Carnegie lake aqueduct, into which it was believed Miss Vanderbilt fell, they found the body close to the shore.

Although parts of the girl's clothing are missing, there appeared to be no signs of foul play. A few slight scars, which may have been received during the five days the body was rolled along the bed of the stream, were on the face and forehead.

Miss Vanderbilt was last seen at the aqueduct, and it is supposed that she was drowned in an attempt to ford the stream, which flows under the canal.

Ex-Millionaire Kills Son In Death Pact

Chicago, May 19.—After relating a terrible story of having killed his young son in fulfillment of a death pact, Henry Rudolph Amann fell at the feet of an army surgeon in Fort Sheridan and was close to death from two self-inflicted wounds near his heart. He and Walter Amann, twelve years old, signed a compact to die, and the little fellow went to sleep in his father's arms, knowing that he was to be killed in his slumber. The crazed man, once a millionaire, but now reduced to poverty, waited till the boy was sound asleep. Then he opened his son's shirt, felt for the heart and drove a knife into the youngster's breast to the hilt. Amann made two thrusts at his own heart, but missed it. Amann, unconscious from his wounds, lay beside the boy's body for twelve hours. When he recovered his senses he crawled to the fort and told his story.

HOW THEY MEASURED

Expert in Capitol Trial Explains How They Did It.

The capitol conspiracy case has gone over until next Tuesday with the jurors having had an opportunity to catch more than a glimpse of the two metal filing cases that will prove one of the state's most important exhibits in the case.

The filing cases, which have been taken from the department of the secretary of the commonwealth, have been set up in the courtroom and carefully covered with canvas.

The commonwealth had expected to get the cases before the jury before adjournment, and worked up to that point by calling George H. Richter, of Boston, the metal expert, who has examined and measured all the cases and tables covered by the invoice in the present case.

When they were ready to unveil the cases it was discovered that some of the documents relating to the files were missing from the pigeon-holes, and as this made the case incomplete, the formal offer in evidence of the cases was postponed for the present.

Richter gave the cubic measurement of one of the cases he had examined, and was also questioned as to the square feet of finished surface in the same case.

He said there was two main sections to the case, and that there were 53.12 cubic feet in the lower or base section, 72.60 cubic feet in the upper section, and 125.72 cubic feet in the entire case. He also said that the case contained three finished surfaces, the front and two sides, and gave the square feet in three surfaces as "38 square feet in the base, 71.16 in the upper section and 113.16 in the entire case."

Just as in the cases of Sanderson's furniture, the crux of the contest now on is the method of making measurements. Herein, according to the allegations of the commonwealth, lay the conspiracy to pile up exorbitant charges.

In Cassel's case the issue is plain. Documents introduced prove that his company was to be paid by the square foot. Despite this fact, it was shown that measurers who in 1906 were busy verifying Cassel's figures, multiplied length, breadth and depth, divided this obviously cubic result by 1728 the number of cubic inches in a cubic foot, and charged the state for the resulting "square feet." Moreover, the measurers and state officials certified to the correctness of this calculation and Cassel's company got its money.

Woman Among Mrs. Guinness' Victims

La Port, Ind., May 19.—Autopsies of the seven unidentified bodies exhumed from Mrs. Belle Guinness' private burial ground, revealed the fact, according to the reports of Dr. F. T. Wilcox and George R. Osborne, that one of the seven was a female. This revelation aroused new interest in the story that a man and a woman came to the house one night in 1904 to take Jennie Olsen to a Los Angeles college, as A. S. Guinness told those about the place. The next morning, Jennie and the man and woman were gone. Mrs. Guinness said that they had left on an early train for California. The body now declared to be that of a woman was taken from the same hole as was that of Jennie Olsen. In that hole also were the bodies of Ole Budsberg, of Iowa, Wis., and that of another man. The theory now advanced is that Mrs. Guinness may have, on the same night, murdered Jennie Olsen and the man and woman who had come to take her to California, and buried all three bodies, dismembered, in the same pit. The body of Budsberg, who was murdered later than this night, was found nearer the surface than the other three.

Seven Miners Killed.

The town of Wyoming, Pa., was thrown into a state of excitement when word came from Mt. Lookout colliery, operated by the Temple Coal and Iron company, that an explosion of gas had occurred and that many miners and laborers had been killed. When the fire boss started into the mine to make his rounds he discovered a fire. He at once reported it, and with three men he tried to subdue the flames, but they met with gas while trying to do so. Shortly after a slight explosion took place burning the four men but not seriously injuring them. They then came out of the mine and the inside foremen summoned a gang of men together and went into the mine to put out the fire.

They then let air in from another gangway to allow the gas to escape and while doing so a second explosion took place, and seven men, all miners and laborers, were instantly killed and five others burned upon the hands and face.

The killed are: Pascal Smith, married with a family, Frank Smith, Michael McNulty, Oscar Smallcomb, married, with family; George Metcalf, married, with family; Lewis Pataskay, married; Joseph Yancanden, married.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS

Wednesday, May 13.
Benjamin James Fernie, Ph. D. for many years associate editor of the Christian Herald, died at Lakewood, N. J., after a prolonged illness.

Walter G. Berg, chief engineer of the Lehigh Valley railroad, died unexpectedly at his home in New York.

S. C. Peters, recently a pay clerk on the cruiser Rainbow, was arrested at Manila for alleged embezzlement of \$30,000.

John Loughhead, aged forty years, living apart from his seventeen-year-old wife, broke into her bedroom at her mother's home at Toledo, O., and shot her, inflicting a fatal wound, then turned the revolver on himself and blew out his brains.

Thursday, May 14.
Joseph Herzog, formerly a prominent business man of Lancaster, Pa., committed suicide by hanging in a stable.

A bill was passed by the house of representatives providing for the protection of owners of United States patents appropriated by the government.

Seventy-five owners of the Pennsylvania, Beech Creek and Eastern Coal & Coke company, at Gallitzin, Pa., which had been idle, have resumed operations.

Three foreigners, alleged members of a Black Hand organization, recently convicted in the circuit court of conspiring to take property not their own, were sentenced at Morgantown, W. Va., to ten years' imprisonment.

Friday, May 15.

The cornerstone of the new \$300,000 naval Y. M. C. A. building at Norfolk Va., given by John D. Rockefeller, was laid Thursday.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, accompanied by his wife and daughter, arrived in Washington Thursday evening from San Francisco.

David Daniels, of Philadelphia, a freight conductor, was instantly killed by a draft of cars in the Harrisburg yards of the Pennsylvania railroad.

Michael Mulcahy, sixty-eight years old, the last survivor of the three aides who accompanied General Phil Sheridan on his famous ride to Winchester, died at Cleveland, O., after a two-weeks' illness from apoplexy.

Saturday, May 16.

Walter Augustus Wyckoff, A. M., assistant professor of political economy in Princeton university, died at Princeton, N. J., aged fifty years.

Edward Boeck, who pleaded guilty in New York to the theft of more than \$100,000 worth of jewelry, was sentenced to Sing Sing for not less than six or more than seven years.

Smith W. Ketchum, a prominent Detroit business man, died at a hospital in Buffalo, N. Y., from a stroke of apoplexy, superinduced by being struck by a cab as he was boarding a street car.

Monday, May 18.

Fifty masked "night riders" invaded the Hinton section of Scott county, Ky., and destroyed many tobacco beds. Conrad Pfromm, a miner, was instantly killed in the Cranberry colliery, near Hazleton, Pa., by a fall of coal.

Sailing from Boston for Europe for his health, accompanied by his wife, Senator Tillman prophesied a Democratic victory should the Republicans nominate Secretary Taft.

In hiring crews at Superior, Wis., for the approaching ore shipping season, the United States Steel corporation is sticking to the open-shop plan, unions being disregarded.

Tuesday, May 19.

Edward B. Deacon, a well-to-do farmer, committed suicide by shooting at his home, near Mount Holly, N. J. John P. Palmer, a farmer, living near Dyersburg, Tenn., stabbed and fatally wounded his son during a family quarrel.

Secretary Metcalf has detailed Rear Admiral D. Evans, late commander in chief of the Atlantic fleet, to duty with the general board of the navy, which has to do with the preparation of plans for the naval campaigns for use in time of war.

Jennie Blunt, who shot and wounded Charles M. Sanford, a Brooklyn lawyer, in his office, last February, after he had refused to give her money, was sentenced to serve not less than three nor more than four years in the state prison at Auburn, N. Y.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS

BALTIMORE—WHEAT steady. No. 2 spot, \$1.03 1/4 @ 1.03 1/2; steamer No. 2 spot, 98 @ 98 1/4; southern, 98 @ 98 1/4. CORN steady; mixed spot, 72 @ 72 1/4; steamer mixed, 66 @ 68 1/4; southern, 75c. OATS steady. White No. 2, 59 1/2 @ 60c; No. 3, 58 1/2 @ 59c; No. 4, 55 @ 55 1/2; mixed, No. 2, 56 1/2 @ 57c; No. 3, 54 @ 55c. BUTTER easy, creamery separator extras, 26c; b-l, 19 @ 20c; prints, 27 @ 28c; Maryland and Pennsylvania dairy prints, 16 @ 17c. EGGS steady; fancy Maryland, 16 @ 17c; Virginia, 16 1/2 @ 17c; southern, 16 1/2 @ 17c.

Live Stock Markets.

PITTSBURGH (Union Stock Yards)—CATTLE lower; choice, \$6.75 @ 6.80; prime, \$6 @ 6.75. SHEEP slow and lower; prime wethers, \$5.20 @ 5.30; culls and common, \$2.25 @ 2.50; lambs, \$4 @ 6.50; prime calves, \$6 @ 7.50. HOGS active; prime heavies, and meat, \$5.75 @ 5.80; heavy Yorkers, \$5.50 @ 5.75; light Yorkers, \$5.40 @ 5.50; pigs, \$5 @ 6.00; roughs, \$4.50 @ 4.80.

TO THE INFLUENZA GERM.

By the shivering fits which chill us,
By the feverish heats which grill us,
By the pains acute which fill us,
By the aches which maul and mull us,
By the quacks who draught and pull us,
By the hydropaths who swell us,
By the allopaths who bill us,
By the nervous ones which kill us,
Tell us, tell us, wee Baecillus,
What, and why, and whence you are!

Say, are you a germ atomic?
Have you uses economic?
Are you truly miasmatic?
Are you solid or lymphatic?
Frankly, is your case asymptotic?
Are you native or exotic?
When your business is transacted
Is your stay to be protracted?
And do you intend, Baecillus,
To return again and kill us?
Do make answer, if you please!

Tell us briefly, tiny mystery,
What's your source and what's your his-
tory;
Clear the clouds of obfuscation
That surround you!
Furnish, without more obstruction,
Your belated introduction;
Let us know your why and wherefore,
What it is you're in the for;
And meanwhile, O wee Baecillus,
Since with morbid dread you fill us,
Frithee, take your leave at once!

—London World.

THE TRAIL OF THE POPPY

By Marie Budd.

It had been a hard day. Excite-
ment had run high on the Stock
Exchange, fortunes been made and
lost, and now, as he leaned wearily
back in his chair and tried to find
comfort in his after dinner cigar,
every overstrained nerve pulsed with
fatigue and clamored loudly, insis-
tently for relief. A thousand little
devils seemed to be pounding with
beaten hammers on his temples, and
with a sigh of desperation he threw
his half-smoked cigar in the grate,
and rang the bell sharply for his
valet.

"Johnson," he said curtly, as that
long suffering individual appeared,
"if anyone calls to see me to-night,
say I am not at home."

He waited impatiently, while
Johnson bowed and closed the door,
then glancing around furtively, sus-
piciously opened a drawer in his
desk, and drew forth a tiny hypodermic
syringe. He looked at it thought-
fully, curiously and muttered, "I
wonder if I am getting to depend too
much on this devilish thing? Any-
way I must have relief to-night no
matter what the price may be."

He frowned, hesitated, and then
baring his strong white arm, touched
it gently with the needle, and throw-
ing himself on the couch waited rest-
lessly for the effect. Gradually the
throbbing pulses quieted down. The
little devils stopped their hammering,
and the lines of pain and fatigue
were erased from his face under the
magic fingers of the drug. He
stretched his tired limbs luxuriously;
already he felt himself a new man.
The cares and anxieties of the day
seemed mere child's play. What a
fool he had been to get so worked
up! Everything was all right.

Why was he moping in that dull
room by himself? The night with all
its attractions was still young. He
would go and take Elaine to hear
Melba in the famous "Jewel Song";
he was a fool not to have thought of
it before. Elaine always rested him
anyway, with her gentle soothing
ways. Poor little girl, he had neg-
lected her shamefully for that
wretched deal he had been trying to
make. Never mind! In a few weeks
she would be his wife, and then he
would make it up to her a thousand
fold. He seized his coat and hat and
hurried from the house.

The chill night air smote him
pleasantly, and he drew long breaths
of enjoyment. The sounds from the
streets struck on his ears like de-
licious music. His feet hardly
seemed to touch the sidewalk, so
light, so buoyant did he feel. What
an unspeakable gift life was! How
full of hope and delightful expec-
tancy! It was only a fool or a coward
who could find a dark shadow to
cover in. Elaine would be so glad
to see him; he had sent word not to
expect him that evening, so the sur-
prise would be doubly pleasant.

He sprang lightly up the stairs of
her house and rang the bell. The
maid seemed to hesitate about ad-
mitting him, but he pushed a coin
into her not unwilling hand, and
putting her gently aside, darted
laughingly up the stairs. He well
knew the way to her boudoir.

He knocked and called softly:
"Elaine! Elaine! It is I." There was
no answer, and pushing the door
open he peered into the room.

Ah! There she was asleep by the
fire. Well! He would kiss her into
wakefulness. Her back was turned
toward him. One slender arm hung
limp and nerveless at her side. He
tip-toed quietly across the room, and
smiling happily, leaned over the
chair. She was breathing heavily;
her beautiful unbound hair fell in a
dishevelled mass over his disordered
gown and strayed across her white
bosom. Her large, dark eyes were
half opened, and staring straight
ahead. The delicate, sensitive lips
hung loose and purpled. The whole
figure was expressive of total aban-
donment to some evil blighting in-
fluence.

The smile slowly faded from his
face and a look of horror, disgust
and loathing took its place. Was
this sudden, insensate thing the
woman he had placed above all
others? Had chosen for his life
companion? His practised eye had
caught the meaning of those tiny
scars on the naked arm. She, too!
My God, it was horrible.

He stumbled blindly from the
room. The elation of an hour ago

fell from him like a warm garment
and left his naked soul bare to a
thousand nameless fears and terrors.
He shivered as the night air blew
sharply on his heated face, and
turned up his coat collar in a vain
endeavor to protect himself.

The noises of the night were mad-
dening. The devils were beginning
to pound on his temples again. What
a curse life was; thrust as it was on
one without any option of their own.
It was not to be endured. There was
no truth or happiness to be found
anywhere; everything was useless,
hopeless, horrible. He would end it
all.

He stumbled heavily along; each
foot seemed a weight more than he
could lift. His brain was in a whirl
of confusion. One idea alone stood
out prominently, and that was to find
somewhere oblivion, relief from con-
sciousness. He turned his bewildered
steps toward the river. Its low, sul-
len murmur seemed to lull and
soothe him, as he hung fascinated
over its dark depths, too inert and
nerveless to make a final effort. Then
exerting all his strength he plunged
forward. He felt himself falling,
falling, and as he struck the icy
water with a half suppressed scream
he opened his eyes.

Johnson, with an expression full
of anxiety, was dashing cold water
on his face. The sun streamed
warmly into the room, and through
the closed window penetrated the
shrill, cheery cry of "Mornin' papes."
The dear old every day world was
waking into life again. He looked
around bewildered, and then the
blessed truth rushed upon him.
"Thank God! Thank God!" he whis-
pered brokenly. "It was only a
dream born of that narcotic fiend."
There was still time for redemption.
Life, love, hope were still within his
grasp.—Boston Sunday Post.

How the Geese Led the Turkeys

By GEORGE HUBBARD.

No more curious examples of one
of these side issues of sport can be
found than is offered by a match
made when George IV. was still
Prince of Wales. The match was a
famous one in its day from its ex-
ceptional nature, the parties engaged
in it and the unexpected denouement.
The Hon. George Hanger, afterward
Lord Coleraine, was one of the ele-
brated and eccentric personages of
the day. At one of the gay parties at
Carlton House Mr. Hanger was led
in the course of the conversation to
declare that a turkey could travel
faster than a goose. The Prince of
Wales, who had great confidence in
his judgment as to all matters of
"wind, limb and speed," agreed with
him in this declaration. A Mr. Berke-
ley differed from them and a match
was at once arranged. Twenty tur-
keys were entered against twenty
geese. The distance to be traveled
was ten miles. The race was for five
hundred pounds. Indeed the confi-
dence in the turkeys was so great
that odds of two to one were offered
—and taken—that these birds would
win. The prince at once arranged to
have twenty of the finest and gamest
turkeys collected. At the time and
place appointed he met Mr. Berkeley
with his entries of geese. The race
began. From the start there was ev-
ery indication that the turkeys would
come in winners "hands down" or
wings down. They tripped onward at
a brisk pace, which the geese, with
their heavier waddle, were not able
to equal. Indeed, at the end of three
hours the turkeys were leading by
two miles. But night was falling.
As the light grew less the turkeys
displayed signs of uneasiness. They
began to look at the trees that ap-
peared by the wayside and edged to-
ward them. The prince, with a pole,
to which was fastened a piece of red
cloth, did what he could to urge them
forward. First one escaped, and
raising itself to a pendant limb, set-
tled itself down comfortably. This
one was no sooner dislodged than an-
other established itself in a like man-
ner. Barley scattered along the road
did not aid in the least. The turkeys
had concluded that it was time to
turn in, and turn in or turn out they
did. In a few minutes all of the
twenty were roosting in trees, from
which it was impossible to drive them.
Meanwhile the geese came lumbering
on. They slowly passed their slum-
bering competitors. The race fin-
ished with the geese first and the tur-
keys "nowhere."—Metropolitan Mag-
azine.

The Honor of an Indian.

It is for you to show in your own
lives that the honor of an Indian is
not for sale, the word of an Indian
something more than an empty form
of speech; that you care for your
parents and friends and your country,
not because you expect to get some-
thing out of them in the way of re-
ward, but because you are ready to
give to them whatever they need at
your hands. If you can accept this
for yourselves, and believe it of oth-
ers, and say so plainly, you will do
good to your country and your fellow
men beyond all power to calculate.—
Carlisle (Pa.) Arrow.

Oil Fuel For Warships.

The British admiralty is consid-
ering the possibility of supplanting coal
with oil in the "mosquito" fleet, the
swiftest of England's war boats. A
fleet of naval tank steamers would
keep the depots supplied.

New Idea in Torpedo Boats.

The Japanese Government is build-
ing an unusually large torpedo boat
which will carry one heavy gun and
four torpedo tubes. Her displace-
ment will be 1100 tons and her speed
thirty-nine miles an hour.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Courtesy is the bond of all society.
—Italian.

Hope is the dream of the man
awake.—Cato.

Let him who has deserved the palm
bear it.—Nelson.

Jesters must be content to taste of
their broth.—Latin.

Humility is the A. B. C. of a spiri-
tual life.—St. Vincent de Paul.

To lose one's self control is like giv-
ing one's sword to the enemy.—Home
Notes.

Conscience is the voice of the soul,
the passions are the voice of the body.
—French.

Educate men without religion and
you make them but clever devils.—
Wellington.

Many a true word is spoken in jest,
but the majority of lies are uttered in
dead earnest.—Judge.

It is not the strength, but the dura-
tion of great sentiments that make
great men.—Friedrich Nietzsche.

Nothing is more annoying than to
see others despise what one would
give one's head to possess.—Home
Notes.

The colors on the artist's palette
makes no show, but when they are
spread on the canvas we see their
beauty.—Gellie.

The grand essentials of happiness
are: Something to do, something to
love and something to hope for.—
Thomas Chalmers.

Education is a better safeguard of
liberty than a standing army. If we
retrench the wages of a schoolmaster,
we must raise those of the recruiting
sergeant.—Everett.

Faith and trust, and the pledging
of ourselves to the infinite will and
love, are qualities that cannot be cre-
ated in us by the Almighty as natural
forms of our inward constitution.
They are results of the spiritual pow-
ers set in opposition to hardship, per-
plexity, sorrow and the sight of things
seeming to drift wrong.—Star King.

PAYING BY CHECK IN ENGLAND.

The Kind of References Required to
Open a Bank Account in That
Country.

"I like the American custom of car-
rying money loose in the pocket," said
D. H. Lieban, a retired banker of Lon-
don. "In England gentlemen and busi-
ness men carry very little mo-
ney. Nearly everything is paid for by
check, except, of course, money enough
to pay the small incidental expenses
of a day.

"If a man goes into a store to buy a
hat he does not pay money for it but
gives a check. If he is dining at a pub-
lic place he very likely pays for his
meal with a check. The system of cred-
it in England is different from that in
this country, and the mere fact that a
man has an account in a bank serves
to give him standing.

"One cannot open an account with a
bank in England merely by carrying
money to the bank and depositing it.
He must have two first class refer-
ences before a bank will accept his
account, and when reference is given
it means that the person giving it
would endorse or stand for the person
to whom it is given.

"A reference in England means
more than a mere phrase. Checks on
banks in England cannot be obtained
for the mere asking, and a man must
have an account in order to get checks
from any bank. They cannot be picked
up on bank counters or in public
places.

"Private accounts in English banks
are not accepted unless they are paid
for, the general charge being £10 a
year. There are one or two banks in
England which discriminate so care-
fully in the accounts they accept that
when a person is fortunate enough to
be permitted to open an account with
them he can get credit in any city in
England or the continent of Europe."
—Washington Post.

A Whole Village Makes Violins.

There is a little town named Mark-
neukirchen in Saxony, where nearly
every inhabitant is engaged in the
manufacture of violins. The industry
gives employment to nearly 15,000 peo-
ple, who live in Markneukirchen, and
the surrounding villages. The old men
make the ebony fingerboards, screws
and stringholders, and the younger
ones, with strong, steady hands and
clear eyes, put the pieces together,
which is the most difficult performance
of all. The women attain marvelous
skill in polishing the violin after it
is fitted up, and almost every family
has its own peculiar method of pol-
ishing, which is handed down from
mother to daughter—some exceeding
in a deep wine color, others in citron
or orange color. The more expensive
violins are polished from 20 to 30 times
before they are considered perfect and
ready for use.—Detroit News.

Two Greeks.

A Scotsman arrived at Euston station
one day by a noon train and gravely
asked a caddy if he could drive him to
catch a train at Waterloo station at 4
o'clock. Caddy, after much cogita-
tion, thought he could do it in the
time. The traveller got inside and
for three hours and fifty minutes that
caddyman drove the man from the North
by devious ways across London. When
he was set down at Waterloo the Scots-
man sought a policeman.

"What's the fare from Euston?" he
asked.

"One and six," was the response.
"Here," said the canny one, "will
you kindly settle with the caddyman
while I get my ticket?"—Tit-Bits.

MRS. PHARAOH'S GEMS.

London Egyptologist Discusses Find
of Jewels at Thebes.

Confirmation of the report of the
discovery of the jewels of the wife of
Seti II., who was probably the Pharaoh
of the Book of Exodus, has been re-
ceived by the British Museum, Lon-
don.

"The discovery of these jewels,"
said Dr. Wallis Budge of that institu-
tion, "is of the greatest importance,
and it is a further triumph for Theo-
dore M. Davis, the American million-
aire who is backing the excavation
in the Valley of the Kings near
Thebes, and also for E. R. Ayrton,
the English Egyptologist whose recent
luck has earned for him the name of
"the King finder."

"The excavations in this valley are
being directed by Mr. Quibell, for the
Egyptian Government Service des An-
tiquities, with the greatest care. These
jewels will not come to England, nei-
ther is there any present possibility
of their leaving Egypt. They will be
removed to the Cairo Museum.

"The importance of the find lies in
this, that, although the actual mummy
of the Queen has not been found, the
bracelets of heavy gold, the huge ear-
rings, the elaborately worked rings,
and possibly the crown worn by all
the Egyptian Queens together with a
host of accessories, will have their
story to tell of her life and history.
They may even set at rest the claims
that Rameses II. was the Pharaoh of
the Exodus, and enthrone Seti II., and
the Queen, whose jewels have now
been found as the rulers with whom
Moses talked, who had his upbringing,
"who knew not Joseph," who suffered
the plagues, and were prominent fig-
ures in one of the most vivid chapters
of the Bible.

"Valuable, again, is the find in this,
that extremely little is known of the
wife of Seti II. Of Seti himself we
have some particulars. He is was
who seized the great obelisks at Heli-
opolis known as Cleopatra's Needles—
one of which is on the Thames Em-
bankment and another in Central
Park, New York City."

Horse That Goes to Church.

H. B. Smith of this town has a re-
markable bay horse Muggins, which
appears to have more religious instinct
than the majority of animals.

The horse has been used by Mr.
Smith for the last twenty-five years to
draw the family to the village church.
In the last twenty years there have
been only two Sundays on which Mug-
gins didn't have to carry some mem-
ber of the family to church. The sec-
ond occasion was a few Sundays ago.
A year ago the horse was turned into
the yard for a little Sunday recreation
and nothing more was thought of Mug-
gins until the far distant toll of the
church bell was heard. Then the
horse pricked up his ears and realiz-
ing that he was late, started off at a
quick pace for the church. He went
directly under the shed and took his
accustomed place, where he remained
until it was time to go home.

A couple of weeks ago the horse
made his second appearance at the
church alone. Mr. Smith had placed
Muggins in a stall and had left the
stable door slightly ajar. The old bell
told exceptionally loud and long, and
Muggins could not resist the call. In
some manner he slipped his halter and
made his way from the stable to the
church, where he remained until the
service was over. The parson patted
the horse affectionately as he trotted
up to the door, and then he started on
his homeward journey.—Monterey cor-
respondence Boston Globe.

The Coming Steamship.

In building new ships to accommo-
date a White Star vessel 1000 feet
long, Messrs. Harland and Wolff are
clearly planning to fulfil the prophe-
cies of men who only a few years ago
were counted among the visionaries;
and in so doing the Irish shipbuilding
will relegate today's Leviathans to to-
morrow's squadron of ferryboats.
What a tiny tug the proud 500-footer
will seem when docked alongside a
floating microcosm nearly a quarter
of a mile long! So swift has been the
growth of transatlantic liners during
the last few years that no layman has
the courage to believe the pessimistic
naval architects when they declare
the limit of length and draft to have
been nearly reached. There are possi-
bly 10,000 sober-minded New Yorkers
who find no difficulty today in believ-
ing that their grandchildren will cross
the ocean on a ship two miles long
and be carried from the gangplank
to their respective staterooms in a
trolley car.—New York Tribune.

Bismarck's Fall.

Various explanations have been given
of Prince Bismarck's dismissal—
such as, that he objected to the labor
rescripts, that he opposed the abolition
of the laws against Socialists, that he
sisters shrd s s hsa setaolnetaoetoe
would not tolerate the new emperor's
direct consultation with the other min-
isters or the parliamentary leaders,
and that he was in the habit of remind-
ing the young monarch too frequently
of the ways and methods of the old
one. All of these things together, as-
sisted by the probable fact that Em-
peror William II., wanted a clear field,
led to Bismarck's fall.—The American.

The Seats Were Safe.

"It would please me mightily, Miss
Stout," said Mr. Mugley, "to have you
go to the theatre with me this even-
ing."

"Have you secured the seats?" asked
Miss Vera Stout.

"Oh! come now," he protested;
"you're not so heavy as all that."—
The Catholic Standard and Times.

TEA DRINKING IN ENGLAND.

A Scientific Man's Experiments in
Brewing Different Kinds of Tea.

Acting upon the suggestion of the
Southwark borough council, Dr. Tebb,
public analyst for the borough, has
made an investigation into the nature
of the tea commonly drunk in London,
and has published his results in an in-
teresting pamphlet on "Tea and the
Effects of Tea Drinking." He points
out that when tea was first introduced
into England it was looked upon as a
medicine rather than as a beverage.
In 1657 a merchant named T. Garwey
published an advertisement sheet ex-
tolling the beneficial effects of tea, and
inviting purchasers to taste it at his
office in the city. The first official
notice is found in an act of Charles II.,
in which a duty of 8d. is imposed upon
every gallon of tea sold. During the
18th century the drinking of tea gradu-
ally became fashionable, but it was
not until well into the 19th century
that its use became general. In the
years between 1801 and 1810, the
amount of tea annually consumed per
head of population was only 1.41
pounds; but by 1901-2 it had risen to
6.10 pounds per head, a quantity much
in excess of that consumed in most
continental countries. In some of the
British colonies, still greater quanti-
ties are drunk, the amounts in differ-
ent parts of Australia, for instance,
ranging from 6.14 to 10.07 pounds per
head.

This large consumption of tea must
unquestionably have its effect upon
the health of the nation; and there is
medical evidence that many cases of
lunacy are to be attributed to exces-
sive tea drinking. The chief active
agent in tea is an alkaloid which is
believed to be identical with the caf-
eine in coffee. It is to this alkaloid that
tea owes its stimulating action upon
the nerves. To the other important
constituent, the tannin, are attributed
most of the well known injurious ef-
fects of excessive tea drinking. In
Dr. Tebb's experiments to determine
the proportion of these two substances
in the tea as drunk in London, infu-
sions were prepared from 43 represen-
tative samples of different origin, eight
grammes of tea being treated for five
minutes with 600 cubic centimeters of
boiling water in each case. The aver-
age amount of alkaloid found in the
infusions from Indian tea was 2.84
percent, while Ceylon tea gave 2.64
percent, and China tea 2.40 percent.
The corresponding amounts of tannin
were 7.43, 7.85, 6.03 percent, respec-
tively. In similar analyses of the teas
sold by the four companies supplying
most of the restaurants in London, In-
dian teas yielded infusions containing
2.04 to 3.02 percent of alkaloid and 6.03
to 9.74 percent of tannin; China teas,
2.15 to 2.51 percent of alkaloid and 3.02
to 5.85 percent of tannin; and Russian
tea, 2.30 percent of alkaloid and 5.36
percent of tannin. These results bear
out the commonly accepted belief that
China tea usually contains less tannin
than India teas, and although this is
not invariably the case, it is easily
possible with the aid of analysis to ob-
tain supplies of such tea containing a
very low proportion of the injurious
constituent.—Knowledge and Scienti-
fic News.

Wild Tribe of Poets.

Among the wild tribes to be found
in the Philippines are the Bogobos,
the most picturesque people in the trop-
ics. Their origin is unknown, and
all sorts of opinions have been ex-
pressed concerning them. One tale
told of them is that their first ances-
tors were all poets and musicians,
and that the dislike for the practical
which is always noticeable among
them, has come down through the gen-
erations.

Those that have taught among the
Bogobos say that, given a song or a
poem to learn, and they will study and
dream over it for hours, but give the
Bogobo a problem in mathematics, and
he immediately becomes ill and wants
to go home.

Living at Santa Cruz, in the Davao
district, is Miss Benedict, a University
of Chicago woman, who is collecting
everything peculiar to the Bogobo.

It has been found that the headwork
done by them is quite like that of the
American Indian, but there is no other
likeness in the races beyond that.
—Manila American.

Bagpipes in the Punjab.

Scotch bagpipes are a very popular
instrument among the natives of the
Punjab, in India. The late Maharajah
of Patiala had a fine band of bag-
pipers, wholly composed of Sikhs and
other natives, who had been trained
by a piper from one of the British
Highland regiments. Many of the
Indian frontier forces—noticeably the
Gurkha regiments—have bagpipe
bands of their own. An amusing in-
stance of Chotch pride is told by a re-
tired Indian officer in this con-
nection. He was one day visit-
ing the court of the Rajah of
Jeend, and noticed that the only
person who broke through the rigid
rule of etiquette which forbids the
wearing of shoes in the presence of
the Rajah was his bagpiper. Judicious
inquiry elicited the fact that the sturdy
Scot when being engaged as the court
musician had stipulated that he was
not to be obliged to go about the court
in bare feet, as he regarded it as de-
rogatory to his native country that he
should do this thing!—Dundee Adver-
tiser.

Melodrama in High Life.

"Then you refuse me?" hissed the
foreign nobleman.

"Yes," yawned the beautiful girl.

"Just a plain American beef baron or
pork prince is good enough for me,"
—Washington Herald.

EAGLE HOTEL

Center Square, New Oxford, Pa.

CHARLEY HERSH, - PROPRIETOR

House newly refitted and refurb-
ished in first-class order through-
out. Tables supplied with the best
of the market affords Barstocked with
choice wines, liquors and cigars. Ex-
tensive stabling and attentive host-
lers. Charges moderate. House
heated throughout by steam.

For the Best of
Accommodations Stop at

The Hotel Oxford

Pitt St., midway between W. M. De-
pot and Center Square, New Oxford.

F. L. FLESHMAN, PROP.

Traveling Men's Headquarters.
Charges moderate. Choice wines,
liquors and cigars. House refurb-
ished throughout. All modern con-
veniences—steam heat, bath rooms,
telephones, etc. Tables supplied with
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stabling.

WM. McSHERRY, JR.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa.

Will carefully and promptly attend to all
legal business entrusted to him. Office Op-
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GETTYSBURG, PA.

Office on second floor of Star and Sentinel
Building. Will attend promptly to all legal
business submitted to them.

SPORTING BREVITIES.

"Packy" McFarland, of Chicago,
defeated Jimmy Britt in the sixth
round of their twenty round fight at
Colma, Cal.

Adam Ryan, the Chicago light-
weight, is being side-stepped by all
the lightweight in Philadelphia.
Ryan can make 130 pounds.

Fifty-five trotters have been en-
tered to compete at Hartford on La-
bor Day for \$10,000 Charter Oak
Purse for horses of the 2:09 class.

Harry Vardon defeated Arnaud
Massy by nine up and seven to play
in a thirty-six hole match on the links
at Deal, on the Kentish coast, in Eng-
land.

With a disadvantage of at least
eight pounds against him Abe Attell,
champion featherweight of America,
fought Battling Nelson, of Chicago,
to a fifteen round draw.

Peter Latham

TO THE INFLUENZA GERM.

By the shivering fits which chill us,
By the feverish heats which burn us,
By the pains acute which fill us,
By the aches which maul and mill us,
By the quacks who draught and pill us,
By the hydropaths who swell us,
By the allopaths who kill us,
By the nervous fears which kill us,
Tell us, tell us, wee Bacillus,
What, and why, and whence you are!

Say, are you a germ atomic?
Have you uses economic?
Are you truly miasmatic?
Are you solid or lymphatic?
Frankly, is your case zymotic?
Are you native or exotic?
When your business is transacted
Is your stay to be protracted?
And do you intend, Bacillus,
To return again and kill us?
Do make answer, if you please!

Tell us briefly, tiny mystery,
What's your source and what's your history:
Clear the clouds of obfuscation
That surround your incubation!
Furnish, without more obstruction,
Your belated introduction!
Let us know your why and wherefore,
What it is you're in the air for;
And meanwhile, O wee Bacillus,
Since with morbid dread you fill us,
Frithee, take your leave at once!

—London World.

THE TRAIL OF THE POPPY

By Marie Budd.

It had been a hard day. Excitement had run high on the Stock Exchange, fortunes been made and lost, and now, as he leaned wearily back in his chair and tried to find comfort in his after dinner cigar, every overstrained nerve pulsed with fatigue and clamored loudly, insistently for relief. A thousand little devils seemed to be pounding with heated hammers on his temples, and with a sigh of desperation he threw his half-smoked cigar in the grate, and rang the bell sharply for his valet.

"Johnson," he said curtly, as that long suffering individual appeared, "if anyone calls to see me to-night, say I am not at home."

He waited impatiently, while Johnson bowed and closed the door, then glancing around furtively, suspiciously opened a drawer in his desk, and drew forth a tiny hypodermic syringe. He looked at it thoughtfully, curiously and muttered, "I wonder if I am getting to depend too much on this devilish thing? Anyway I must have relief to-night no matter what the price may be."

He frowned, hesitated, and then baring his strong white arm, touched it gently with the needle, and throwing himself on the couch waited restlessly for the effect. Gradually the throbbing pulses quieted down, the little devils stopped their hammering, and the lines of pain and fatigue were erased from his face under the magic fingers of the drug. He stretched his tired limbs luxuriously; already he felt himself a new man. The cares and anxieties of the day seemed mere child's play. What a fool he had been to get so worked up! Everything was all right.

Why was he moping in that dull room by himself? The night with all its attractions was still young. He would go and take Elaine to hear Melba in the famous "Jewel Song;" he was a fool not to have thought of it before. Elaine always rested him anyway, with her gentle soothing ways. Poor little girl, he had neglected her shamefully for that wretched deal he had been trying to make. Never mind! In a few weeks she would be his wife, and then he would make it up to her a thousand fold. He seized his coat and hat and hurried from the house.

The chill night air smote him pleasantly, and he drew long breaths of enjoyment. The sounds from the streets struck on his ears like delicious music. His feet hardly seemed to touch the sidewalk, so light, so buoyant did he feel. What an unspeakable gift life was! How full of hope and delightful expectancy! It was only a fool or a coward who could find a dark shadow to cower in. Elaine would be so glad to see him; he had sent word not to expect him that evening, so the surprise would be doubly pleasant.

He sprang lightly up the stairs of her house and rang the bell. The maid seemed to hesitate about admitting him, but he pushed a coin into her not unwilling hand, and putting her gently aside, darted laughingly up the stairs. He well knew the way to her boudoir.

He knocked and called softly: "Elaine! Elaine! It is I." There was no answer, and pushing the door open he peered into the room.

Ah! There she was asleep by the fire. Well! He would kiss her into wakefulness. Her back was turned toward him. One slender arm hung limp and nerveless at her side. He tip-toed quietly across the room, and smiling happily, leaned over the chair. She was breathing heavily; her beautiful unbound hair fell in a dishevelled mass over his disordered gown and strayed across her white bosom. Her large, dark eyes were half opened, and staring straight ahead. The delicate, sensitive lips hung loose and purpled. The whole figure was expressive of total abandonment to some evil blighting influence.

The smile slowly faded from his face and a look of horror, disgust and loathing took its place. Was this sudden, insensate thing the woman he had placed above all others? Had chosen for his life companion? His practised eye had caught the meaning of those tiny scars on the naked arm. She, too! My God, it was horrible.

He stumbled blindly from the room. The elation of an hour ago

fell from him like a warm garment and left his naked soul bare to a thousand nameless fears and terrors. He shivered as the night air blew sharply on his heated face, and turned up his coat collar in a vain endeavor to protect himself.

The noises of the night were maddening. The devils were beginning to pound on his temples again. What a curse life was; thrust as it was on one without any option of their own. It was not to be endured. There was no truth or happiness to be found anywhere; everything was useless, hopeless, horrible. He would end it all.

He stumbled heavily along; each foot seemed a weight more than he could lift. His brain was in a whirl of confusion. One idea alone stood out prominently, and that was to find somewhere oblivion, relief from consciousness. He turned his bewildered steps toward the river. Its low, sullen murmur seemed to lull and soothe him, as he hung fascinated over its dark depths, too inert and nerveless to make a final effort. Then exerting all his strength he plunged forward. He felt himself falling, falling, and as he struck the icy water with a half suppressed scream he opened his eyes.

Johnson, with an expression full of anxiety, was dashing cold water on his face. The sun streamed warmly into the room, and through the closed window penetrated the shrill, cheery cry of "Mornin' papes." The dear old every day world was waking into life again. He looked around bewildered, and then the blessed truth rushed upon him. "Thank God! Thank God!" he whispered brokenly. "It was only a dream born of that narcotic fiend." There was still time for redemption. Life, love, hope were still within his grasp.—Boston Sunday Post.

How the Geese Led the Turkeys

By GEORGE HUBBARD.

No more curious examples of one of these side issues of sport can be found than is offered by a match made when George IV. was still Prince of Wales. The match was a famous one in its day from its exceptional nature, the parties engaged in it and the unexpected denouement. The Hon. George Hanger, afterward Lord Coleraine, was one of the celebrated and eccentric personages of the day. At one of the gay parties at Carlton House Mr. Hanger was led in the course of the conversation to declare that a turkey could travel faster than a goose. The Prince of Wales, who had great confidence in his judgment as to all matters of "wind, limb and speed," agreed with him in this declaration. A Mr. Berkeley differed from them and a match was at once arranged. Twenty turkeys were entered against twenty geese. The distance to be traveled was ten miles. The race was for five hundred pounds. Indeed the confidence in the turkeys was so great that odds of two to one were offered—and taken—that these birds would win. The prince at once arranged to have twenty of the finest and gamest turkeys collected. At the time and place appointed he met Mr. Berkeley with his entries of geese. The race began. From the start there was every indication that the turkeys would come in winners "hands down" or wings down. They tripped onward at a brisk pace, which the geese, with their heavier waddle, were not able to equal. Indeed, at the end of three hours the turkeys were leading by two miles. But night was falling. As the light grew less the turkeys displayed signs of uneasiness. They began to look at the trees that appeared by the wayside and edged toward them. The prince, with a pole, to which was fastened a piece of red cloth, did what he could to urge them forward. First one escaped, and raising itself to a pendant limb, settled itself down comfortably. This one was no sooner dislodged than another established itself in a like manner. Barley scattered along the road did not aid in the least. The turkeys had concluded that it was time to turn in, and turn in or turn out they did. In a few minutes all of the twenty were roosting in trees, from which it was impossible to drive them. Meanwhile the geese came lumbering on. They slowly passed their slumbering competitors. The race finished with the geese first and the turkeys "nowhere."—Metropolitan Magazine.

The Honor of an Indian.

It is for you to show in your own lives that the honor of an Indian is not for sale, the word of an Indian something more than an empty form of speech; that you care for your parents and friends, and your country, not because you expect to get something out of them in the way of reward, but because you are ready to give to them whatever they need at your hands. If you can accept this for yourselves, and believe it of others, and say so plainly, you will do good to your country and your fellow men beyond all power to calculate.—Carlisle (Pa.) Arrow.

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It is not the strength, but the duration of great sentiments that make great men.—Friedrich Nietzsche.

Nothing is more annoying than to see others displace what one would give one's head to possess.—Home Notes.

The colors on the artist's palette makes no show, but when they are spread on the canvas we see their beauty.—Geikie.

The grand essentials of happiness are: Something to do, something to love and something to hope for.—Thomas Chalmers.

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of a schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.—Everett.

Faith and trust, and the pledging of ourselves to the infinite will and love, are qualities that cannot be created in us by the Almighty as natural forms of our inward constitution. They are results of the spiritual powers set in opposition to hardship, perplexity, sorrow and the sight of things seeming to drift wrong.—Star King.

PAYING BY CHECK IN ENGLAND.

The Kind of References Required to Open a Bank Account in That Country.

"I like the American custom of carrying money loose in the pocket," said D. H. Lieban, a retired banker of London. "In England gentlemen and business men carry very little money."

Nearly everything is paid for by check, except, of course, money enough to pay the small incidental expenses of a day.

"If a man goes into a store to buy a hat he does not pay money for it but gives a check. If he is dining at a public place he very likely pays for his meal with a check. The system of credit in England is different from that in this country, and the mere fact that a man has an account in a bank serves to give him standing."

"One cannot open an account with a bank in England merely by carrying money to the bank and depositing it. He must have two first class references before a bank will accept his account, and when reference is given it means that the person giving it would endorse or stand for the person to whom it is given."

"A reference in England means more than a mere phrase. Checks on banks in England cannot be obtained for the mere asking, and a man must have an account in order to get checks from any bank. They cannot be picked up on bank counters or in public places."

A Whole Village Makes Violins.

There is a little town named Markneukirchen in Saxony, where nearly every inhabitant is engaged in the manufacture of violins. The industry gives employment to nearly 15,000 people, who live in Markneukirchen, and the surrounding villages. The old men make the ebony fingerboards, screws and stringholders, and the younger ones, with strong, steady hands and clear eyes, put the pieces together, which is the most difficult performance of all. The women attain marvelous skill in polishing the violin after it is fitted up, and almost every family has its own peculiar method of polishing, which is handed down from mother to daughter—some exceeding in a deep wine color, others in citron or orange color. The more expensive violins are polished from 20 to 30 times before they are considered perfect and ready for use.—Detroit News.

Two Greeks.

A Scotsman arrived at Euston station one day by a noon train and gravely asked a caddy if he could drive him to catch a train at Waterloo station at 4 o'clock. Caddy, after much cogitation, thought he could do it in the time. The traveller got inside and for three hours and fifty minutes that cabman drove the man from the North by devious ways across London. When he was set down at Waterloo the Scotsman sought a policeman.

"What's the fare from Euston?" he asked.

"One and six," was the response. "Here," said the caddy one, "will you kindly settle with the cabman while I get my ticket?"—Tit-Bits.

MRS. PHAROAH'S GEMS.

London Egyptologist Discusses Find of Jewels at Thebes.

Confirmation of the report of the discovery of the jewels of the wife of Seti II, who was probably the Pharaoh of the Book of Exodus, has been received by the British Museum, London.

"The discovery of these jewels," said Dr. Wallis Budge of that institution, "is of the greatest importance, and it is a further triumph for Theodore M. Davis, the American millionaire who is backing the excavation in the Valley of the Kings near Thebes, and also for E. R. Ayrton, the English Egyptologist whose recent luck has earned for him the name of 'the King finder.'"

"The excavations in this valley are being directed by Mr. Quibell, for the Egyptian Government Service des Antiquities, with the greatest care. These jewels will not come to England, neither is there any present possibility of their leaving Egypt. They will be removed to the Cairo Museum."

"The importance of the find lies in this, that, although the actual mummy of the Queen has not been found, the bracelets of heavy gold, the huge earrings, the elaborately worked rings, and possibly the crown worn by all the Egyptian Queens together with a host of accessories, will have their story to tell of her life and history. They may even set at rest the claims that Ramesses II. was the Pharaoh of the Exodus, and enthrone Seti II, and the Queen, whose jewels have now been found as the rulers with whom Moses talked, who had his upbringing, 'who knew not Joseph,' who suffered the plagues, and were prominent figures in one of the most vivid chapters of the Bible."

"Valuable, again, is the find in this, that extremely little is known of the wife of Seti II. Of Seti himself we have some particulars. He is a well known as the great obelisks at Heliopolis known as Cleopatra's Needles—one of which is on the Thames Embankment and another in Central Park, New York City."

Horse That Goes to Church.

H. B. Smith of this town has a remarkable bay horse Muggins, which appears to have more religious instinct than the majority of animals.

The horse has been used by Mr. Smith for the last twenty-five years to draw the family to the village church. In the last twenty years there have been only two Sundays on which Muggins didn't have to carry some member of the family to church. The second occasion was a few Sundays ago. A year ago the horse was turned into the yard for a little Sunday recreation and nothing more was thought of Muggins until the far distant toll of the church bell was heard. Then the horse pricked up his ears and realizing that he was late, started off at a quick pace for the church. He went directly under the shed and took his accustomed place, where he remained until it was time to go home.

A couple of weeks ago the horse made his second appearance at the church alone. Mr. Smith had placed Muggins in a stall and had left the stable door slightly ajar. The old bell tolled exceptionally loud and long, and Muggins could not resist the call. In some manner he slipped his halter and made his way from the stable to the church, where he remained until the service was over. The parson patted the horse affectionately as he trotted up to the door, and then he started on his homeward journey.—Monterey correspondence Boston Globe.

The Coming Steamship.

In building new ships to accommodate a White Star vessel 1000 feet long, Messrs. Harland and Wolff are clearly planning to fulfill the prophecies of men who only a few years ago were counted among the visionaries; and in so doing the Irish shipbuilding will relegate today's Leviathans to tomorrow's squadron of ferryboats. What a tiny tug the proud 500-footer will seem when docked alongside a floating microcosm nearly a quarter of a mile long! So swift has been the growth of transatlantic liners during the last few years that no layman has the courage to believe the pessimistic naval architects when they declare the limit of length and draft to have been nearly reached. There are possibly 10,000 sober-minded New Yorkers who find no difficulty today in believing that their grandchildren will cross the ocean on a ship two miles long and be carried from the gangplank to their respective staterooms in a trolley car.—New York Tribune.

Bismarck's Fall.

Various explanations have been given of Prince Bismarck's dismissal—such as, that he objected to the labor rescripts, that he opposed the abolition of the laws against Socialists, that he sisters shrd s s s eta setaotetactoeae would not tolerate the new emperor's direct consultation with the other ministers or the parliamentary leaders, and that he was in the habit of reminding the young monarch too frequently of the ways and methods of the old one. All of these things together, assisted by the probable fact that Emperor William II. wanted a clear field, led to Bismarck's fall.—The American.

The Seats Were Safe.

"It would please me mightily, Miss Stout," said Mr. Mugley, "to have you go to the theatre with me this evening."

"Have you secured the seats?" asked Miss Vera Stout.

"Oh! come now," he protested; "you're not so heavy as all that."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

TEA DRINKING IN ENGLAND.

A Scientific Man's Experiments in Brewing Different Kinds of Tea.

Acting upon the suggestion of the Southwark borough council, Dr. Tebb, public analyst for the borough, has made an investigation into the nature of the tea commonly drunk in London, and has published his results in an interesting pamphlet on "Tea and the Effects of Tea Drinking." He points out that when tea was first introduced into England it was looked upon as a medicine rather than as a beverage. In 1657 a merchant named T. Garway published an advertisement sheet extolling the beneficial effects of tea, and inviting purchasers to taste it at his office in the city. The first official notice is found in an act of Charles II., in which a duty of 8d. is imposed upon every gallon of tea sold. During the 18th century the drinking of tea gradually became fashionable, but it was not until well into the 19th century that its use became general. In the years between 1801 and 1810, the amount of tea annually consumed per head of population was only 1.41 pounds; but by 1901-3 it had risen to 6.10 pounds per head, a quantity much in excess of that consumed in most continental countries. In some of the British colonies, still greater quantities are drunk, the amounts in different parts of Australia, for instance, ranging from 6.14 to 10.07 pounds per head.

This large consumption of tea must unquestionably have its effect upon the health of the nation; and there is medical evidence that many cases of lunacy are to be attributed to excessive tea drinking. The chief active agent in tea is an alkaloid which is believed to be identical with the caffeine in coffee. It is to this alkaloid that tea owes its stimulating action upon the nerves. To the other important constituent, the tannin, are attributed most of the well known injurious effects of excessive tea drinking. In Dr. Tebb's experiments to determine the proportion of these two substances in the tea as drunk in London, infusions were prepared from 43 representative samples of different origin, eight grammes of tea being treated for five minutes with 600 cubic centimeters of boiling water in each case. The average amount of alkaloid found in the infusions from Indian tea was 2.84 percent, while Ceylon tea gave 2.64 percent, and China tea 2.40 percent. The corresponding amounts of tannin were 7.43, 7.85, 6.08 percent, respectively. In similar analyses of the teas sold by the four companies supplying most of the restaurants in London, Indian teas yielded infusions containing 2.04 to 3.02 percent of alkaloid and 6.03 to 9.74 percent of tannin; China teas, 2.15 to 2.51 percent of alkaloid and 3.02 to 5.85 percent of tannin; and Russian tea, 2.30 percent of alkaloid and 5.36 percent of tannin. These results bear out the commonly accepted belief that China tea usually contains less tannin than India teas, and although this is not invariably the case, it is easily possible with the aid of analysis to obtain supplies of such tea containing a very low proportion of the injurious constituent.—Knowledge and Scientific News.

Wild Tribe of Poets.

Among the wild tribes to be found in the Philippines are the Bogobos, the most picturesque people in the tropics. Their origin is unknown, and all sorts of opinions have been expressed concerning them. One tale told of them is that their first ancestors were all poets and musicians, and that the dislike for the practical which is always noticeable among them, has come down through the generations.

Those that have taught among the Bogobos say that, given a song or a poem to learn, and they will study and dream over it for hours, but give the Bogobo a problem in mathematics, and he immediately becomes ill and wants to go home.

Living at Santa Cruz, in the Davao district, is Miss Benedict, a University of Chicago woman, who is collecting everything peculiar to the Bogobo.

It has been found that the headwork done by them is quite like that of the American Indian, but there is no other likeness in the races beyond that.

—Manila American.

Bagpipers in the Punjab.

Scotch bagpipers are a very popular instrument among the natives of the Punjab, in India. The late Maharajah of Patiala had a fine band of bagpipers, wholly composed of Sikhs and other natives, who had been trained by a piper from one of the British Highland regiments. Many of the Indian frontier forces—noticeably the Gurkha regiments—have bagpipe bands of their own. An amusing instance of Chotch-pride is told by a retired Indian officer in this connection. He was one day visiting the court of the Rajah of Jeend, and noticed that the only person who broke through the rigid rule of etiquette which forbids the wearing of shoes in the presence of the Rajah was his bagpiper. Judicious inquiry elicited the fact that the sturdy Scot when being engaged as the court musician had stipulated that he was not to be obliged to go about the court in bare feet, as he regarded it as derogatory to his native country that he should do this thing!—Dundee Advertiser.

Melodrama in High Life.

"Then you refuse me?" hissed the foreign nobleman.
"Yes," yawned the beautiful girl.
"Just a plain American beef baron or pork prince is good enough for me,"—Washington Herald.

EAGLE HOTEL

Center Square, New Oxford, Pa.

CHARLEY HERSH, - PROPRIETOR

House newly refitted and refurbished in first-class order throughout. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. House heated throughout by steam.

For the Best of Accommodations Stop at

The Hotel Oxford

Pitt St., midway between W. M. Depot and Center Square, New Oxford.

F. L. FLESHMAN, PROP.

Traveling Men's Headquarters. Charges moderate. Choice wines, liquors and cigars. House refurbished throughout. All modern conveniences—steam heat, bath rooms, telephone, etc. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Ample stabling.

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SPORTING BREVITIES.

"Packy" McFarland, of Chicago, defeated Jimmy Britt in the sixth round of their twenty round fight at Colma, Cal.

Adam Ryan, the Chicago lightweight, is being side-stepped by all the lightweights in Philadelphia. Ryan can make 130 pounds.

Fifty-five trotters have been entered to compete at Hartford on Labor Day for \$10,000 Charter Oak Purse for horses of the 2-09 class.

Harry Vardon defeated Arnaud Massy by nine up and seven to play in a thirty-six hole match on the links at Deal, on the Kentish coast, in England.

With a disadvantage of at least eight pounds against him Abe Attell, champion featherweight of America, fought Battling Nelson, of Chicago, to a fifteen round draw.

Peter Latham, the world's court tennis champion, conceding fifteen for one bisque, defeated George Standing two sets to one at the Racquet and Tennis Club.

At Cambridge, Mass., Yale defeated Harvard at soccer football by the score of one to nothing. Jennings made the only score, toward the end of the first half. A high wind made it almost impossible to play skillfully.

One more twenty round fight for Battling Nelson and there will be only two left to fight it out for the championship, Unholz and McFarland. Nelson is on the has-been list and the first good lightweight will beat him.

"I see that Englishmen think no game develops singleness of purpose and directness of method so much as cricket," says the baseball enthusiast. "That may be, but it struck me that what it developed mostly was the tea drinking habit."

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Joe Tinker's injured hand is healing nicely.

Manager Joe Kelley reports his pitchers as being in fine shape.

Pitcher Upp, of the Cincinnati Reds, is troubled with a persistently lame arm.

Tommy Sheehan has pleased Patsy Donovan with his conduct around third base.

Snodgrass, the Giants' young catcher from the Pacific Coast, has a great throwing arm.

Professional baseball has a Cad Coles, a Ty Cobb, a Dodge Criss and a Hobe Ferris.

Jake Stahl is showing consistent hitting form. Stahl can hit the ball when he has no managerial duties to worry him.

Deininger, the new outfielder of the Philadelphia Nationals, resembles Mike Donlin in his actions and position at the bat.

Mike Griffin, who in his day was a star outfielder, died at his home in Utica of pneumonia. Griffin played centre field for the Brooklyn for a number of seasons.

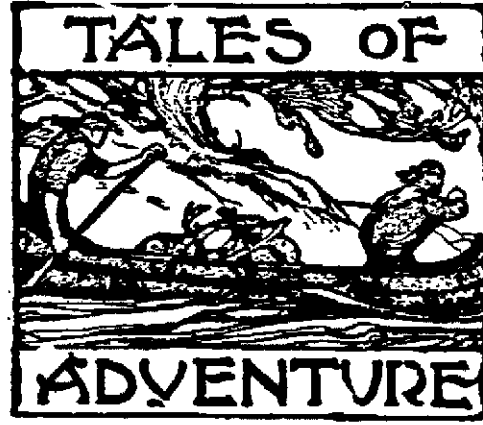
A freak game was played in Durham, N. C., recently. Trinity beat Dartmouth ten to nothing, the winners making only one hit. Dartmouth errors produced the runs.

After going through three seasons of football without a scratch, Dines, the Yale football and baseball player, was hurt while sliding in a baseball game in New Haven the other day.

"Eastern college ball clubs play season without determining the real champion," says a headline. Even so, and there is no pressing reason that they should do otherwise. The main idea is to keep the sport on a high plane.

A 20 per cent. tax on international dowries has been proposed. Reinforced by a 20 per cent. inheritance tax and a 20 per cent. natal tax, adds the New York Evening Post, it would make it too expensive for any millionaire to indulge himself in the three functions that make up our vital statistics.

The great body of the people who obey the law of toil and live by it are the security and safeguard of our social system. As long as they shall make up the great majority of the American people, protests the New Orleans Picayune, there will be no social revolution.



TALES OF ADVENTURE

EXPLORING PRIMEVAL CAVES.

In the summer of 1907 Robert Dunn was intrepid enough to brave the fumes and deadly gases of the new volcanic island which had just been thrust above the surface of Bering Sea. Of his unprecedented trip he writes as follows in the *Outing Magazine*:

"I stumbled over red-purple blocks, from the size of your head up. Where the water lapped them, they were ringed with a deeper and more deadly orange. Waist-high, clinkery patches of smaller stones, where slides had choked old vents were splashed white or pale with sulphur, trembling with heat or cooling weak steam wisps. Flop! I fell knee-deep into the lagoon. Blocks and boulders uncertainly propped eager landslides, all balanced just at the angle of rest, ready for the touch of a fly's foot to crash into the pale-bloody stew beneath. Higher, ridged cliffs choked with tufta eddied out vast coils of vapor from invisible vents, wonderful hot caves, crusted with white and yellow salts, throbbled and spluttered as if they hid a million scratched lucifers. I started slide after slide, saved myself by pawing the hot stuff on all fours, or by sudden balancing. My heart beat furiously. Well, this was the excitement I'd been thirsting for. The inner-questionings were answered by being overwhelmed. But suppose the Thing should stir and grow some more, right off? Suppose—

"The cool gale touched me, like a fevered being at a window opened suddenly. I was to windward of the steam. The crumbling shafts of Bogoslov, peppered with murees, were in full sight across the channel, and the open sea below was now only muddy. But upward? Oh, yes, you might dodge the caves and step lightly over the yellow vents, but where the purple blocks ended the upper cliffs shot up sheer, uncertain, crumbling into the upper pall—into God knows where, even if you got there. I had to see where I was going. You couldn't grope about, as if only exploring the steam room of a Turkish bath, which it was up there. I zig-zagged up and down awhile, testing each rock with a foot, for avalanches that would end in a hot plunge. At last a parting cloud of steam showed a gully.

"Though this led almost sheer into the guessed-at sky-line, it would guide, anyhow. I waited till the puffs waned, for the vents belched intermittently, irregularly, then started, maybe to be checked and choked in ten paces. I corkscrewed around the trembling, leprous-yellow places, holding wind where to breathe was to suffocate, dodging or side-stepping as my boot-soles scorched; and when a bunch of vents prisoned me a moment, I laid the thermometer on them, till a rift in the pall planned a way out. Funny but either a hole was a breathing Sten, and sent the mercury splash to the end of the tube, which told it hottest at 212 degrees, or it was plain ninety-four degrees—the average surface heat, rising only ten degrees or so when I jammed the bulb down. But that terrible suggestion of tension and reserve force, as the live ones panted into my face, all still as the grave!"

A TRAGEDY OF MISSION WORK.

"But the expedition to Timbuctu?" I queried. Pere Michel paused a moment and his eyes gazed thoughtfully at the crucifix which he held in his hand. "Ah, the expedition to Timbuctu, monsieur, it is a sad story.

"It was the desire of our order to establish a station in the South-west Sudan, and so Peras Paulmier, Menoret and Bouchaud started on their mission. They spoke Arabic well, for they had been living with the tribes in the Algerian Sahara, acquainting themselves with the language and customs of many of the desert tribes.

"South lay the great territory controlled by the Touaregs. Pere Paulmier and his associates occasionally came in touch with some of these nomads who strayed north with the caravans or entered the towns to trade. On several occasions the missionaries had dressed their wounds or sores. In return the Touaregs invited them to their homes in the desert, and later gave them assurances of their protection and a safe conduct south, which they accepted."

"With Touaregs, Pere Michel?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Ah, monsieur, the Arabs among whom they dwell tried to dissuade them, but the possibility of reaching their long-desired goal, Timbuctu, now seemed assured. From the time when they passed beyond the sandhills their whereabouts and happenings were shrouded in the greatest mystery, and they disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up. No communication from them of any kind ever reached their friends here at Maison Carree or elsewhere."—From "The White Fathers of North Africa," by Charles Wellington Furlong, in *Scribner*.

WOMAN BRAVES FROZEN NORTH.

After a trip of 1100 miles through the unknown northland, Mrs. Beech has arrived in Winnipeg with her husband and son, none the worse for the trip, which was the longest ever undertaken by a white woman under similar conditions. With eighteen dogs they left their homestead north of the Churchill River on December 10, the trip occupying a little more than three months. Their adventures and the privations they suffered were far worse than they had expected.

Mrs. Beech is more than fifty-five years old, and the trip was made against the advice of traders in the Far North. She arrived, however, in excellent health, and as soon as spring opens up the district will be ready and willing to return to the homestead, but will make the journey by canoe instead of dog sled. For the first week the snow was in first-class condition for fast time and they reached the Nelson River on the seventh day out. They found the river flowing, however, and crossing impossible. Food was scarce, and after twenty-three days in which they were close to starvation they were able to cross the river and obtain supplies from the Hudson Bay post. However, supplies were low at York Factory, and they were unable to obtain many of what generally are regarded as the necessities of life.

For forty-five days Beech and his wife and their son were continuously on snow-shoes. The worst experience of the trip was from January 23 to 27, when the thermometer registered sixty below zero. The party managed to kill a polar bear, which provided needed food for the travelers and their dogs, the skin eventually being disposed of to the Hudson's Bay Company for \$20. Beech witnessed a queer Indian funeral on his way down. It was that of Chief Sinclair, of the Norway House Indians, the body being followed to the grave by 3000 members of his tribe.

Beech was once a prominent member of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, but several years ago lost heavily on wheat and then decided to go into the north country for rest and as a means of earning a livelihood.—*Winnipeg Correspondence of the New York Press*.

TREED BY WOLVES.

From dusk to dawn, with the thermometer away below zero, two trappers clung to the branches of a slim tree while a pack of twenty ravenous timber wolves kept up an incessant chorus beneath. The men were Tom and Patrick Murphy and they had their experience in the Silver Mountains, near Port Arthur, Ontario.

They started off into the woods to Tom Murphy's trapping headquarters but before they had gone far they heard the baying of the wolves, which gradually became more distinct as the pack collected and got closer to them. The Murphys thought little of the matter until they realized that the wolves were on their track, following them at good speed. Two shots failed to scare off the leaders, so the Murphys got into the tree, but only just in time, as the leaders snapped at their heels.

In his hurry to reach safety Tom tore off a portion of his clothing on broken branches, and without food or overcoats the men kept in the tree all through the night, which to them seemed to last for ages.

When morning came the wolves scattered out of sight, but the hunters managed to pick off nine of them, for which they collected \$135 in bounty here to-day, being \$15 for each wolf.

RIDES LOG IN SWIRLING RAPIDS.

After being overturned in his boat and nearly drowned, J. E. Phillips, a miner, managed to mount a log, on which he rode for an entire night through the swirling waters of the treacherous Colorado River, to be rescued by the Indian police at Parker, Cal. Phillips, after a long prospecting trip, tried to cross the swift river below Needles. In mid-stream a huge bank of driftwood overtook him and swamped the boat. Phillips was on the point of going under for the last time when he got his grip on a log. In his weakened condition he could not reach shore.

BOY KILLS RABBIT DOG.

Earl Rice, ten years old, killed a mad dog in a single handed fight at his home in Aiton, writes a St. Louis correspondent. The boy beat the dog to death with a hammer after he had closed a door upon his neck and held it as in a vise. The boy was painfully bitten and bruised in the fight.

Every year there are said to be 500 deaths from hunger and destitution in London.



HINTS ON HORTICULTURE

SPRAYING AND SCRAPING.

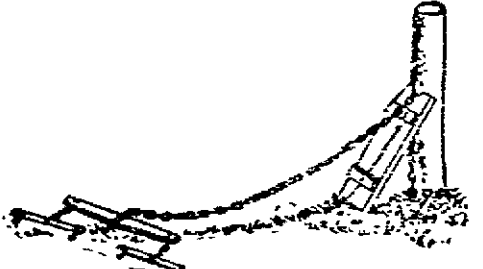
In some recent experiments at the New Hampshire experiment station it was found that at the average price of winter apples a profit of \$1 to \$1.35 per tree may be secured by two sprayings for the codling moth. Attention is also called to the value of scraping loose bark from the trees in order to destroy the favorable locations for the hibernation of the codling moth.—*Country Gentleman*.

STRAWBERRIES PROFITABLE.

I should consider strawberries a profitable crop at ten cents a quart sold in local markets, but of late years we have averaged about twelve cents per quart, selling them to our neighbors who do not raise strawberries. We set them in spring, cultivate and hoe during the summer, and keep them for only one crop, planting a fresh bed every season.—M. J. House, in the *American Cultivator*.

PULLING GARDEN POSTS.

An easy and practical method of pulling garden posts, by which all digging and hand labor is eliminated, is shown in cut. Take a plank, one foot wide, four feet long, and make a V-shaped notch at one end, nailing on several crosspieces to prevent splitting. This plank is used to change the horizontal draft to the vertical. Place one end of the chain



around the post close to the ground, incline the plank against the post so the lower end will be one and one-half feet from the base of the post, place the chain in the notch of the plank, hitch the team to the post and start up. In a few seconds the post is clear of the ground. In moving fences, says the *Farm and Home*, the chain should be attached to the rear axle of the wagon so the posts may be loaded and hauled to the new location.

PHLOXES.

The beautiful trailing phloxes such as *P. subulata* and its varieties brighten up the front of the borders. They are fine for edgings, and the many varieties keep up a display over a long season. The tall late flowering phloxes are among the finest of herbaceous plants, and should be in every garden. They are too well known to need describing, are varied in color and thrive anywhere. Buy good varieties and keep them true to name if possible. The pure whites and bright reds are the best.—*Indianapolis News*.

PLANTING EVERGREENS.

There is no wonderful secret in successful evergreen planting. Care should be taken to get hardy stock before growth begins in the spring. Under no circumstances should the roots be permitted to dry out. Before planting cultivate the ground carefully. Do not set trees loosely in the ground, as this permits them to be blown about by the wind and gives the soil best conditions for drying. Firm the soil about the trees with the heel and then sprinkle a little loose dirt over the firmed surface. A mulch of old straw or hay spread over the ground between the trees in the spring is very helpful. In exposed places a hedge of willow or Russian olive planted around them is almost essential.—*The Forester*.

PECAN GROVES PROFITABLE.

Strung along at a few points north of Jackson on the Illinois Central a few years ago some enterprising gentlemen established pecan groves. We remember two years after one grove of about 5000 trees was set out in a territory previously given over to commercial fertilizer, short staple cotton and poor white people. The natives were exceedingly amused that a man could be so visionary as to expect to get any return for money thus invested. There were even more enlightened people who passed by on comfortable trains and smiled at the experiment. To-day that grove is keeping its owner in clover and he can go to Europe every summer if he is so inclined.—*Meridian Star*.

OBJECT OF PRUNING.

1. To modify the vigor of the plant.
2. To produce large and better fruit.
3. To keep the plants or trees within manageable shape.
4. To change trees from wood bearing to fruit bearing and vice versa.
5. To remove superfluous or injured parts.
6. To facilitate spraying and harvesting.
7. To facilitate tillage.
8. To train the tree to some desired form.
9. To remove parts badly infested with insects and disease.—*Southern Fruit Grower*.

VEIL A REVERSION TO A PRIMITIVE INSTINCT.

Modern Woman Has Made It a Thing of Beauty—The Fineness of the Jabot the Parisienne Wears.

That the modern woman considers herself very much emancipated in every respect and a distinctly superior being to her sister of previous centuries and other countries is an established belief of the present time. This is undoubtedly true in most instances, but it is also to be remarked that the eternal feminine clings to certain primitive customs and habits, which still prevail among the less advanced nations, and the most up-to-date woman of the present time is really reverting to her savage ancestry when she adorns her head with barbaric ornaments and headgear, or swathes her face in heavy meshes of tulle and net, which only differ in kind and variety from the face cloths worn by the women of the Eastern nations or the veiled ladies of the Turkish harems.

A short walk or drive through our streets during the daytime at present reveals almost as strange and varied an assortment of veils and head coverings as could be found in any museum, where a collection of women's headgear had been on exhibition. Veiling the face is, of course, more or less of a protection for the skin, and the modern custom of the chiffon and tulle veils, which are so artistically draped over the hat and tied in loose bows under the chin is the direct outcome of automobilizing. In the first stage of the motor craze, veils were strictly utilitarian, and anything but becoming to the wearer. These were gradually superseded by softer textures and more becoming colors, and the motor veil of to-day is, like its wearer, a thing of beauty, though hardly a joy forever.

With the advent of the picturesque costumes of the last century, the Van Dyck and Gainsborough hars, with their long sweeping plumes came into fashion again, necessitating the correspondingly large and voluminous veil to drape over these same exaggerated plumes, so that the wearer is in many instances completely hidden beneath their meshes and lace trimmed borders. Picturesqueness is such a marked feature of modern dress, however, that the veil plays the most important part in the accessories of the costume, and one or two at least of these same lace or net or embroidered chiffon veils must be included in the average woman's wardrobe.

Exquisite in color, design and material as these lace and net veils are, they are not always, or by any means as becoming as the simpler and less elaborate veillings, which are everywhere to be found, and besides the lace veil, or, more properly speaking, scarf, one must have an assortment of the dotted and chiffon veiling. The rage for color in everything, which has come in vogue during the last year, has again brought into fashion the dotted nets, in colors which for a time were considered extremely bad form, and we are quite accustomed

this winter to the somewhat startling effects and large dots of color, of the solid shades with the dots that match, giving a rather theatrical appearance. It is true, to the wearer, and a rather distracting to the eye of the onlooker.

Purple, which is the most fashionable shade of the winter, though becoming to the general wearer, is often very trying when worn against the face in a veil of solid color, and it is better oftentimes to refrain from following the extreme of the fashion in this as in other respects. Many people, in spite of changes of fashion, retain their fondness for the plain close meshed veiling in black or white, with a medium sized chenille dot, which is always, it is said, the safest, and as a rule the most becoming to the average woman; while for those who wish to carry out the scheme of color of the costume and hat, there are many black meshed veillings with dots of the required color or to be found.

In choosing a veil it is generally better to select one with a mesh, which is clear and distinct, with one thread if possible, forming a square design, and the dots placed not far apart, as the pattern veillings, especially in black, are apt to make the skin look wrinkled.

The French veillings, except those of the most extreme type, generally come in the same mesh, and are rather more expensive in consequence, as the dots are placed quite near together. Inexpensive veillings, however, can be found if one takes a little time and trouble to look for them, and is not led away by the variety and striking appearance of the novelty veillings.

One of the prettiest and most becoming of all veils is the pepper and salt, or the white mesh veiling with a small black chenille dot. The white against the skin softens and clears the complexion, and black dots give a peculiarly smart effect when worn with a black hat or indeed any colored headgear. Many of these veils come now in white with a fancy black dot or spot placed at irregular intervals, and a combination of two sizes of dots, large and small, is also very smart; but for general wear the first mentioned, as in the black veiling, is certainly the most becoming.

Even if one is not an automobilist, the motor veil is a very useful thing to have nowadays, for with the high winds and dusty streets the chiffon veil is a great protection to the skin, and the modern fashion of arranging the veil so that it covers the hat and face and ties firmly in the back, where it can be pinned with a pretty gold or jeweled clasp, is a very necessary addition to the costume. Sewing silk or chiffon veils, which come in all the soft shades, are to be had very reasonably, and can be worn simply for protection over the other dotted veils, though this is somewhat trying to the eye.—*New York Times*.

Elk Multiplying in New Hampshire.

Ragged Mountain, New Hampshire, is the home of a herd of forty-eight elk, the only animals of the species running wild in America east of the Rocky Mountains. The herd from which these animals are descended consisted of four bulls and eight cows which were liberated on the property of the Ragged Mountain Fish and Game Club in 1903, having been received as a gift from the Blue Mountain Forest Association, which was organized by the heirs of Austin Corbin to hold and manage an extensive reservation for the rearing of buffalo, elk, deer, wild boars and other game animals. Under the law of New Hampshire the elk are protected throughout the year, but it is said that two of the herd have been shot, although the offenders have never been brought to justice. Game enthusiasts say that if the herd continues to increase at the same rate in the future as in the past, elk will be as common in the State as red deer now are. The animals browse upon the evergreens, poplars and maples of the mountains through the spring and summer, but in late fall and winter venture near the village of Potter Place, which is about thirty-five miles north of Concord, being drawn toward human habitations by their search for apples and other food. Their favorite place for sleeping in the winter is on the tops of the highest peaks, where they are without shelter from rocks or trees. The farmers are beginning to fear damage from the big animals, some of which stand as high as a horse and weigh about 850 pounds, and it may be that they will make application to the State authorities to prevent them from injuring their crops.—*Little's*.

Necessities of Modern Methods.

An unofficial estimate places at about 5,000,000 the number of telephones now in use in the world. This aggregate has been reached in a little over thirty years. Modern business would stagger for a season if the "hello" instrument were to drop suddenly from availability. Yet such a disappearance would in visible effect scarcely compare with an unexpected lapse in the electric light invention—a development practically of the last twenty-five years.

Lots Now Getting Scarce.

"We can no longer afford to give a town lot to every subscriber," says the Billville Banner. "We need the few lots we have left for a cemetery to retire to."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Plants That See and Swim.

Potatoes have "eyes," as most people know, but how many are aware that certain common garden and wild flowers are similarly equipped? The nasturtium, begonia, clover, woodsorrel and bluebell, among others, have eyes placed on their leaves. They are tiny protuberances, filled with a transparent, gummy mixture, which focuses the rays of light upon a sensitive patch of tissue behind them.

A nasturtium plant has thousands of such "eyes" on its leaves, but it is not yet known if the plant can actually see. Are the sense impressions telegraphed to some central nerve corresponding with the brain of the animal kingdom?

In addition to this visual organ, many plants show a touch of sensitivity that points to further resemblance to animals: while certain seaweeds and mosses in an early stage of their existence are able to actually swim through the water.—*London Answers*.

Library of Wooden Books.

A private library of quite a unique character is composed solely of 600 wooden books. The collection has been made from the wood of different trees growing in the park attached to the chateau of Winkelschlothe. At the back of each book is a tablet in red morocco indicating the name of the tree from which the volume has been made, and the two covers are lightly polished. Inside the book the complete natural history of the tree is detailed. The collection, which is at Cassel, includes 100 species and 445 varieties.—*London Globe*.

Obstacle to Society Fad.

"Society," says the *Lake's Pictorial*, "is looking for a novel form of entertainment. Her business is an invitation bearing the request that every lady shall bring her pet aversion." The only obstacle to this in regard to our contemporary's proposal is that so many ladies would have a difficulty in getting their husbands to come along.—*Punch*.

In These Rapid Days.

The world hurries along so rapidly that before you have time to say, "I can't," somebody else is ready to say, "I can."—*John A. Howland*.

Forty-eight to the Bad.

"Yes, it was hard luck. He fell in love with her at first sight, bought a fifty-trip ticket, and was refused on his second visit."

The Revenue Cutter's Work.

The duties of the Revenue Cutter Service are varied in the extreme, and involve the right of search of all merchant vessels arriving in the United States, or within four leagues of it if bound to a United States port; the suppression of piracy; the search for wrecks and missing vessels; the enforcement of the neutrality laws, by preventing armed expeditions against neighboring friendly governments; the suppression of mutiny; the protection of the government timber reserves; the construction and inspection of life-saving stations; the drilling of the life-saving crews; the enforcement of law and the protection of seal and other fishing in Alaskan waters; the destruction of derelicts and other dangers to navigation; the rendering of assistance to vessels in distress, and aid to the shipwrecked; the enforcement of navigation laws, and of the National Marine Quarantine regulations; guarding the safety of the public at yacht races and regattas; the supervision of anchorages at certain ports; the protection of the sponge fisheries in the Gulf of Mexico and the Straits of Florida.

The first appointment of officers in the Revenue Cutter Service were made from amongst those who had served in the Continental Navy, and the first commission granted by President Washington to any officer adroit was issued to Captain Hopley Yeaton, of New Hampshire, in the United States Revenue Cutter Service. After the disbandment of the Continental Navy following the close of the Revolution, there was no sea force available for the protection of the coasts and the maritime interests of the newly constituted United States until the organization of the Revenue Cutter Service under an act of the first Congress, approved by President Washington August 4, 1790. In a little more than a year thereafter ten vessels were ready for duty, and for several years they formed the only armed force afloat belonging to the young republic, and were engaged in patrolling the coast line of the United States and enforcing its maritime laws. The revenue cutters co-operate with the navy whenever the President so directs, and the ships, officers and men of the service have on many important occasions aided gallantly and effectively in the defense of their country.—David Barry, in the *New England Magazine*.

WISE WORDS.

- What man has done woman can undo.
- Time is money to everybody but a loafer.
- Help the actor along by giving him the glad hand.
- One kind of charity always has a card attached to it.
- No great man needs a brass band to herald his coming.
- A woman would rather be tailor-made than self-made.
- Lots of men and things seem easy till you try to do them.
- When a man aims at nothing he seldom misses his target.
- Better a word in season than an hour's lecture out of season.
- Occasionally the shoplifter finds it difficult to take things easy.
- It is easier to cultivate a girl's imagination than her voice.
- Lots of men would be good husbands if they had better wives.
- He's a brave man who tries to stop a woman's runaway tongue.
- When a wise man gets real angry he goes away back and sits down.
- Revenge may be sweet, but seeking it is apt to sour one's disposition.
- Fortunate is the man who never knows when he gets the worst of it.
- No man is half as smart as his wife tries to make people believe he is.
- When a man talks of himself he is usually more eloquent than interesting.
- Lack of credit prevents some people from living beyond their means.
- A man who owes another a grudge is sure to be Johnny on the spot on pay day.
- Many a man goes ahead by inducing other men to put their shoulders to his wheel.
- You can learn a little each day—unless you happen to be one of those wise persons who know it all.
- The man who neglects to put his best foot forward when he has a chance may feel like kicking himself later.
- It is easier to convince the world that you have sense after you have succeeded in accumulating a large pile of dollars.
- According to statistics one woman out of a million can open a telegram with as little emotion as she declares in opening a can of corn.—From "Pointed Paragraphs," in the *Chicago News*.
- Often Happens.
- It frequently happens that a girl is much more proud of her engagement ring than she is of the man who gave it to her.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.
- Has Turned Out Many Belts.
- There have been over 50,000 church bells cast in Troy, N. Y., since the first foundry was built there in 1825.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

EXPLORING PRIMEVAL CAVES.

In the summer of 1907 Robert Dunn was intrepid enough to brave the fumes and deadly gases of the new volcanic island which had just been thrust above the surface of Bering Sea. Of his unprecedented trip he writes as follows in the *Outing Magazine*:

"I stumbled over red-purple blocks, from the size of your head up. Where the water lapped them, they were ringed with a deeper and more deadly orange. Waist-high, clinkery patches of smaller stones, where slides had choked old vents were splashed white or pale with sulphur, trembling with heat or cooling weak steam wisps. Flop! I fell knee-deep into the lagoon. Blocks and boulders uncertainly propped eager landslides, all balanced just at the angle of rest, ready for the touch of a fly's foot to crash into the pale-bloody stew beneath. Higher, ridged cliffs choked with tuffa eddied out vast coils of vapor from invisible vents, wonderful hot caves, crusted with white and yellow salts, throbbled and spluttered as if they hid a million scratched Lucifer's. I started slide after slide, saved myself by pawing the hot stuff on all fours, or by sudden balancing. My heart beat furiously. Well, this was the excitement I'd been thirsting for. The inner-questionings were answered by being overwhelmed. But suppose the Thing should stir and grow some more, right off? Suppose—

"The cool gale touched me, like a fevered being at a window opened suddenly. I was to windward of the steam. The crumbling shafts of Bogoslov, peppered with murees, were in full sight across the channel, and the open sea below was now only muddy. But upward? Oh, yes, you might dodge the caves and step lightly over the yellow vents, but where the purple blocks ended the upper cliffs shot up sheer, uncertain, crumbling into the upper pall—into God knows where, even if you got there. I had to see where I was going. You couldn't grope about, as if only exploring the steam room of a Turkish bath, which it was up there. I zig-zagged up and down awhile, testing each rock with a foot, for avalanches that would end in a hot plunge. At last a parting cloud of steam showed a gully.

"Though this led almost sheer into the guessed-at sky-line, it would guide, anyhow. I waited till the puffs waned, for the vents belched intermittently, irregularly, then started, maybe to be checked and choked in ten paces. I corkscrewed around the trembling, leprous-yellow places, holding wind where to breathe was to suffocate, dodging or side-stepping as my boot-soles scorched; and when a bunch of vents prisoned me a moment, I laid the thermometer on them, till a rift in the pall planned a way out. Funny but either a hole was a breathing Stetan, and sent the mercury splash to the end of the tube, which told it hottest at 212 degrees, or it was plain ninety-four degrees—the average surface heat, rising only ten degrees or so when I jammed the bulb down. But that terrible suggestion of tension and reserve force, as the live ones panted into my face, all still as the grave!"

A TRAGEDY OF MISSION WORK.

"But the expedition to Timbuctu?" I queried. Pere Michel paused a moment and his eyes gazed thoughtfully at the crucifix which he held in his hand. "Ah, the expedition to Timbuctu, monsieur, it is a sad story.

"It was the desire of our order to establish a station in the Southwest Soudan, and so Peres Paulmier, Menoret and Bouchaud started on their mission. They spoke Arabic well, for they had been living with the tribes in the Algerian Sahara, acquainting themselves with the language and customs of many of the desert tribes.

"South lay the great territory controlled by the Touaregs. Pere Paulmier and his associates occasionally came in touch with some of these nomads who strayed north with the caravans or entered the towns to trade. On several occasions the missionaries had dressed their wounds or sorors. In return the Touaregs invited them to their homes in the desert, and later gave them assurances of their protection and a safe conduct south, which they accepted."

"With Touaregs, Pere Michel?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Touaregs from the west of Igidi, I believe, monsieur." I knew the reputation these robbers of caravans bore from Lake Tchad to the Mediterranean, a reputation for all that is fierce, treacherous and cruel. I had run across them in the suks of desert towns down in Tripoli where they came to buy camels and dates. Tall sinewy, cat-like fellows with a cloth—blue, black or white—covering the lower half of the face to lessen evaporation, and long, cross-bitted knives in scabbards attached by leather bracelets to their wrists.

"But it was suicide, Pere Michel, to have placed their lives in the hands of Touaregs from the Igidi Desert."

"Ah, monsieur, the Arabs among whom they dwell tried to dissuade them, but the possibility of reaching their long-desired goal, Timbuctu, now seemed assured. From the time when they passed beyond the sandhills their whereabouts and happenings were shrouded in the greatest mystery, and they disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up. No communication from them of any kind ever reached their friends here at Maison Carree or elsewhere."—From "The White Fathers of North Africa," by Charles Wellington Furlong, in *Scribner*.

WOMAN BRAVES FROZEN NORTH

After a trip of 1100 miles through the unknown northland, Mrs. Beech has arrived in Winnipeg with her husband and son, none the worse for the trip, which was the longest ever undertaken by a white woman under similar conditions. With eighteen dogs they left their homestead north of the Churchill River on December 10, the trip occupying a little more than three months. Their adventures and the privations they suffered were far worse than they had expected.

Mrs. Beech is more than fifty-five years old, and the trip was made against the advice of traders in the Far North. She arrived, however, in excellent health, and as soon as spring opens up the district will be ready and willing to return to the homestead, but will make the journey by canoe instead of dog sled. For the first week the snow was in first-class condition for fast time and they reached the Nelson River on the seventh day out. They found the river flowing, however, and crossing impossible. Food was scarce, and after twenty-three days in which they were close to starvation they were able to cross the river and obtain supplies from the Hudson Bay post. However, supplies were low at York Factory, and they were unable to obtain many of what generally are regarded as the necessities of life.

For forty-five days Beech and his wife and their son were continuously on snow-shoes. The worst experience of the trip was from January 23 to 27, when the thermometer registered sixty below zero. The party managed to kill a polar bear, which provided needed food for the travelers and their dogs, the skin eventually being disposed of to the Hudson's Bay Company for \$20. Beech witnessed a queer Indian funeral on his way down. It was that of Chief Sinclair, of the Norway House Indians, the body being followed to the grave by 3000 members of his tribe.

Beech was once a prominent member of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, but several years ago lost heavily on wheat and then decided to go into the north country for rest and as a means of earning a livelihood.—*Winnipeg Correspondence of the New York Press*.

TREED BY WOLVES.

From dusk to dawn, with the thermometer away below zero, two trappers clung to the branches of a slim tree while a pack of twenty ravenous timber wolves kept up an incessant chorus beneath. The men were Tom and Patrick Murphy and they had their experience in the Silver Mountains, near Port Arthur, Ontario.

They started off into the woods to Tom Murphy's trapping headquarters but before they had gone far they heard the baying of the wolves, which gradually became more distinct as the pack collected and got closer to them. The Murphys thought little of the matter until they realized that the wolves were on their track, following them at good speed. Two shots failed to scare off the leaders, so the Murphys got into the tree, but only just in time, as the leaders snapped at their heels.

In his hurry to reach safety Tom tore off a portion of his clothing on broken branches, and without food or overcoats the men kept in the tree all through the night, which to them seemed to last for ages.

When morning came the wolves scattered out of sight, but the hunters managed to pick off nine of them, for which they collected \$135 in bounty here to-day, being \$15 for each wolf.

Of late timber wolves have become very bold, owing to scarcity of small animals which they feed on, and several instances have been recorded since Christmas where they have followed men and made efforts to attack them.

RIDES LOG IN SWIRLING RAPIDS.

After being overturned in his boat and nearly drowned, J. E. Phillips, a miner, managed to mount a log, on which he rode for an entire night through the swirling waters of the treacherous Colorado River, to be rescued by the Indian police at Parker, Cal. Phillips, after a long prospecting trip, tried to cross the swift river below Needles. In mid-stream a huge bank of driftwood overtook him and swamped the boat. Phillips was on the point of going under for the last time when he got his grip on a log. In his weakened condition he could not reach shore.

BOY KILLS RABBIT DOG.

Earl Rice, ten years old, killed a mad dog in a single handed fight at his home in Alton, writes a St. Louis correspondent. The boy beat the dog to death with a hammer after he had closed a door upon his neck and held it as in a vise. The boy was painfully bitten and bruised in the fight.

Every year there are said to be 500 deaths from hunger and destitution in London.



SPRAYING AND SCRAPING.

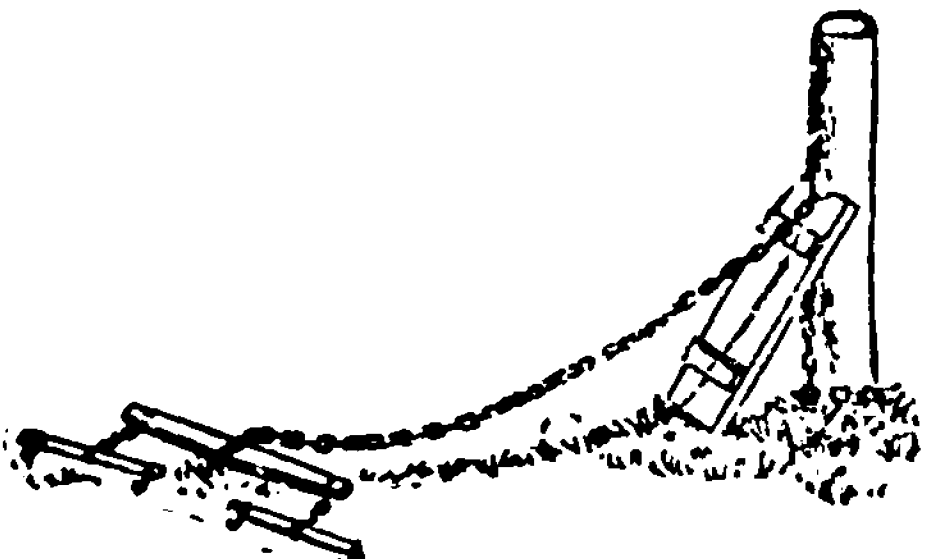
In some recent experiments at the New Hampshire experiment station it was found that at the average price of winter apples a profit of \$1 to \$1.35 per tree may be secured by two sprayings for the codling moth. Attention is also called to the value of scraping loose bark from the trees in order to destroy the favorable locations for the hibernation of the codling moth.—*Country Gentleman*.

STRAWBERRIES PROFITABLE.

I should consider strawberries a profitable crop at ten cents a quart sold in local markets, but of late years we have averaged about twelve cents per quart, selling them to our neighbors who do not raise strawberries. We set them in spring, cultivate and hoe during the summer, and keep them for only one crop, planting a fresh bed every season.—*M. J. House, in the American Cultivator*.

PULLING GARDEN POSTS.

An easy and practical method of pulling garden posts, by which all digging and hand labor is eliminated, is shown in cut. Take a plank, one foot wide, four feet long, and make a V-shaped notch at one end, nailing on several crosspieces to prevent splitting. This plank is used to change the horizontal draft to the vertical. Place one end of the chain



around the post close to the ground, incline the plank against the post so the lower end will be one and one-half feet from the base of the post, place the chain in the notch of the plank, hitch the team to the post and start up. In a few seconds the post is clear of the ground. In moving fences, says the *Farm and Home*, the chain should be attached to the rear axle of the wagon so the posts may be loaded and hauled to the new location.

PHLOXES.

The beautiful trailing phloxes such as *P. subulata* and its varieties brighten up the front of the borders. They are fine for edgings, and the many varieties keep up a display over a long season. The tall late flowering phloxes are among the finest of herbaceous plants, and should be in every garden. They are too well known to need describing, are varied in color and thrive anywhere. Buy good varieties and keep them true to name if possible. The pure whites and bright reds are the best.—*Indianapolis News*.

PLANTING EVERGREENS.

There is no wonderful secret in successful evergreen planting. Care should be taken to get hardy stock before growth begins in the spring. Under no circumstances should the roots be permitted to dry out. Before planting cultivate the ground carefully. Do not set trees loosely in the ground, as this permits them to be blown about by the wind and gives the soil best conditions for drying. Firm the soil about the trees with the heel and then sprinkle a little loose dirt over the firmed surface. A mulch of old straw or hay spread over the ground between the trees in the spring is very helpful. In exposed places a hedge of willow or Russian olive planted around them is almost essential.—*The Forester*.

PECAN GROVES PROFITABLE.

Strung along at a few points north of Jackson on the Illinois Central a few years ago some enterprising gentlemen established pecan groves. We remember two years after one grove of about 5000 trees was set out in a territory previously given over to commercial fertilizer, short staple cotton and poor white people. The natives were exceedingly amused that a man could be so visionary as to expect to get any return for money thus invested. There were even more enlightened people who passed by on comfortable trains and smiled at the experiment. To-day that grove is keeping its owner in clover and he can go to Europe every summer if he is so inclined.—*Meridian Star*.

OBJECT OF PRUNING.

1. To modify the vigor of the plant.
2. To produce large and better fruit.
3. To keep the plants or trees within manageable shape.
4. To change trees from wood bearing to fruit bearing and vice versa.
5. To remove superfluous or injured parts.
6. To facilitate spraying and harvesting.
7. To facilitate tillage.
8. To train the tree to some desired form.
9. To remove parts badly infested with insects and disease.—*Southern Fruit Grower*.

VEIL A REVERSION TO A PRIMITIVE INSTINCT.

Modern Woman Has Made It a Thing of Beauty—The Fineness of the Jabot the Parisienne Wears.

That the modern woman considers herself very much emancipated in every respect and a distinctly superior being to her sister of previous centuries and other countries is an established belief of the present time. This is undoubtedly true in most instances, but it is also to be remarked that the eternal feminine clings to certain primitive customs and habits, which still prevail among the less advanced nations, and the most up-to-date woman of the present time is really reverting to her savage ancestry when she adorns her head with barbaric ornaments and headgear, or swatches her face in heavy meshes of tulle and net, which only differ in kind and variety from the face cloths worn by the women of the Eastern nations or the veiled ladies of the Turkish harems.

A short walk or drive through our streets during the daytime at present reveals almost as strange and varied an assortment of veils and head coverings as could be found in any museum, where a collection of women's headgear had been on exhibition. Veiling the face is, of course, more or less of a protection for the skin, and the modern custom of the chiffon and tulle veils, which are so artistically draped over the hat and tied in loose bows under the chin is the direct outcome of automobiling. In the first stage of the motor craze, veils were strictly utilitarian, and anything but becoming to the wearer. These were gradually superseded by softer textures and more becoming colors, and the motor veil of to-day is, like its wearer, a thing of beauty, though hardly a joy forever.

With the advent of the picturesque costumes of the last century, the Van Dyck and Gainsborough hats, with their long sweeping plumes came into fashion again, necessitating the correspondingly large and voluminous veil to drape over these same exaggerated plumes, so that the wearer is in many instances completely hidden beneath their meshes and lace trimmed borders. Picturesqueness is such a marked feature of modern dress, however, that the veil plays the most important part in the accessories of the costume, and one or two at least of these same lace or net or embroidered chiffon veils must be included in the average woman's wardrobe.

Exquisite in color, design and material as these lace and net veils are, they are not always, or by any means as becoming as the simpler and less elaborate veillings, which are everywhere to be found, and besides the lace veil, or more properly speaking, scarf, one must have an assortment of the dotted and chiffon veiling. The rage for color in everything, which has come in vogue during the last year, has again brought into fashion the dotted nets, in colors which for a time were considered extremely bad form, and we are quite accustomed

this winter to the somewhat startling effects and large dots of color, of the solid shades with the dots that match, giving a rather theatrical appearance, it is true, to the wearer, and a rather distracting to the eye of the owner.

Purple, which is the most fashionable shade of the winter, though becoming to the general wearer, is often very trying when worn against the face in a veil of solid color, and it is better oftentimes to refrain from following the extreme of the fashion in this as in other respects. Many people, in spite of changes of fashion, retain their fondness for the plain close meshed veiling in black or white, with a medium sized chenille dot, which is always, it is said, the safest, and as a rule the most becoming to the average woman; while for those who wish to carry out the scheme of color of the costume and hat, there are many black meshed veillings with dots of the required color to be found.

In choosing a veil it is generally better to select one with a mesh which is clear and distinct, with one thread if possible, forming a square design, and the dots placed not far apart, as the pattern veillings, especially in black, are apt to make the skin look wrinkled.

The French veillings, except those of the most extreme type, generally come in the same mesh, and are rather more expensive in consequence, as the dots are placed quite near together. Inexpensive veillings, however, can be found if one takes a little time and trouble to look for them, and is not led away by the variety and striking appearance of the novelty veillings.

One of the prettiest and most becoming of all veils is the pepper and salt, or the white mesh veiling with a small black chenille dot. The white against the skin softens and clears the complexion, and black dots give a peculiarly smart effect when worn with a black hat or indeed any colored headgear. Many of these veils come now in white with a fancy black dot or spot placed at irregular intervals, and a combination of two sizes of dots, large and small, is also very smart; but for general wear the first mentioned, as in the black veiling, is certainly the most becoming.

Even if one is not an automobilist, the motor veil is a very useful thing to have nowadays, for with the high winds and dusty streets the chiffon veil is a great protection to the skin, and the modern fashion of arranging the veil so that it covers the hat and face and ties firmly in the back, where it can be pinned with a pretty gold or jeweled clasp, is a very necessary addition to the costume. Sewing silk or chiffon veils, which come in all the soft shades, and can be had very reasonably, and can be worn simply for protection over the other dotted veils, though this is somewhat trying to the eye.—*New York Times*.

Elk Multiplying in New Hampshire.

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"Yes, it was hard luck. He fell in love with her at first sight, bought a fifty-trip ticket, and was refused on his second visit."

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"We can no longer afford to give a town lot to every subscriber," says the *Billyville Banner*. "We need the few lots we have left for a cemetery to retire to."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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The duties of the Revenue Cutter Service are varied in the extreme, and involve the right of search of all merchant vessels arriving in the United States, or within four leagues of it if bound to a United States port; the suppression of piracy; the search for wrecks and missing vessels; the enforcement of the neutrality laws, by preventing armed expeditions against neighboring friendly governments; the suppression of mutiny; the protection of the government timber reserves; the construction and inspection of life-saving stations; the enforcement of law and the protection of seal and other fishing in Alaskan waters; the destruction of derelicts and other dangers to navigation; the rendering of assistance to vessels in distress, and aiding the shipwrecked; the enforcement of navigation laws, and of the National Marine Quarantine regulations; guarding the safety of the public at yacht races and regattas; the supervision of anchorages at certain ports; the protection of the sponge fisheries in the Gulf of Mexico and the Straits of Florida.

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WISE WORDS.

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No great man needs a brass band to herald his coming.

A woman would rather be tailor-made than self-made.

Lots of men and things seem easy till you try to do them.

When a man aims at nothing he seldom misses his target.

Better a word in season than an hour's lecture out of season.

Occasionally the shoplifter finds it difficult to take things easy.

It is easier to cultivate a girl's imagination than her voice.

Lots of men would be good husbands if they had better wives.

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You can learn a little each day—unless you happen to be one of those wise persons who know it all.

The man who neglects to put his best foot forward when he has a chance may feel like kicking himself later.

It's easier to convince the world that you have sense after you have succeeded in accumulating a large pile of dollars.

According to statistics one woman out of a million can open a telegram with a little emotion as she displays in opening a can of corn.—*From "Pointed Paragraphs," in the Chicago News*.

Often Happens.

It frequently happens that a girl is much more proud of her engagement ring than she is of the man who gave it to her.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Has Turned Out Many Bells.

There have been over 50,000 church bells cast in Troy, N. Y., since the first foundry was built there in 1825.

TALES OF ADVENTURE

EXPLORING PRIMEVAL CAVES.

In the summer of 1907 Robert Dunn was intrepid enough to brave the fumes and deadly gases of the new volcanic island which had just been thrust above the surface of Bering Sea. Of his unprecedented trip he writes as follows in the Outing Magazine:

"I stumbled over red-purple blocks, from the size of your head up. Where the water lapped them, they were ringed with a deeper and more deadly orange. Waist-high, clinkery patches of smaller stones, where slides had choked old vents were splashed white or pale with sulphur, trembling with heat or cooling weak steam wisps. Plop! I fell knee-deep into the lagoon. Blocks and boulders uncertainly propped eager landslides, all balanced just at the angle of rest, ready for the touch of a fly's foot to crash into the pale-bloody stew beneath. Higher, ridged cliffs choked with tuffa eddied out vast coils of vapor from invisible vents, wonderful hot caves, crusted with white and yellow salts, throbbled and spluttered as if they hid a million scratched lufifers. I started slide after slide, saved myself by pawing the hot stuff on all fours, or by sudden balancing. My heart beat furiously. Well, this was the excitement I'd been thirsting for. The inner-questionings were answered by being overwhelmed. But suppose the Thing should stir and grow some more, right off? Suppose—

"The cool gale touched me, like a fevered being at a window opened suddenly. I was to windward of the steam. The crumbling shafts of Bogoslov, peppered with murees, were in full sight across the channel, and the open sea below was now only muddy. But upward? Oh, yes, you might dodge the caves and step lightly over the yellow vents, but where the purple blocks ended the upper cliffs shot up sheer, uncertain, crumbling into the upper pall—into God knows where, even if you got there. I had to see where I was going. You couldn't grope about, as if only exploring the steam room of a Turkish bath, which it was up there. I zig-zagged up and down awhile, testing each rock with a foot, for avalanches that would end in a hot plunge. At last a parting cloud of steam showed a gully.

"Though this led almost sheer into the guessed-at sky-line, it would guide, anyhow. I waited till the puffs waned, for the vents belched intermittently, irregularly, then started, maybe to be checked and choked in ten paces. I corkscrewed around the trembling, leprous-yellow places, holding wind where to breathe was to suffocate, dodging or side-stepping as my boot-soles scorched; and when a bunch of vents prisoned me a moment, I laid the thermometer on them, till a rift in the pall planned a way out. Funny but either a hole was a breathing Satan, and sent the mercury splash to the end of the tube, which told it hottest at 212 degrees, or it was plain ninety-four degrees—the average surface heat, rising only ten degrees or so when I jammed the bulb down. But that terrible suggestion of tension and reserve force, as the live ones panted into my face, all still as the grave!"

A TRAGEDY OF MISSION WORK.

"But the expedition to Timbuctu?" I queried. Pere Michel paused a moment and his eyes gazed thoughtfully at the crucifix which he held in his hand. "Ah, the expedition to Timbuctu, monsieur, it is a sad story.

"It was the desire of our order to establish a station in the Southwest Sudan, and so Peres Paulmier, Menoret and Bouchaud started on their mission. They spoke Arabic well, for they had been living with the tribes in the Algerian Sahara, acquainting themselves with the language and customs of many of the desert tribes.

"South lay the great territory controlled by the Touaregs. Pere Paulmier and his associates occasionally came in touch with some of these nomads who strayed north with the caravans or entered the towns to trade. On several occasions the missionaries had dressed their wounds or sores. In return the Touaregs invited them to their homes in the desert, and later gave them assurances of their protection and a safe conduct south, which they accepted."

"With Touaregs, Pere Michel?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Touaregs from the west of Igidi, I believe, monsieur." I knew the reputation these robbers of caravans bore from Lake Tchad to the Mediterranean, a reputation for all that is fierce, treacherous and cruel. I had run across them in the suks of desert towns down in Tripoli where they came to buy camels and dates. Their sneaky, cat-like fellows with a cloth—blue, black or white—covering the lower half of the face to lessen evaporation, and long, cross-bitted knives in scabbards attached by leather bracelets to their wrists."

"But it was suicide, Pere Michel, to have placed their lives in the hands of Touaregs from the Igidi Desert."

"Ah, monsieur, the Arabs among whom they dwell tried to dissuade them, but the possibility of reaching their long-desired goal, Timbuctu, now seemed assured. From the time when they passed beyond the sandhills their whereabouts and happenings were shrouded in the greatest mystery, and they disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up. No communication from them of any kind ever reached their friends here at Maison Carree or elsewhere."—From "The White Fathers of North Africa," by Charles Wellington Furlong, in Scribner.

WOMAN BRAVES FROZEN NORTH

After a trip of 1100 miles through the unknown northland, Mrs. Beech has arrived in Winnipeg with her husband and son, none the worse for the trip, which was the longest ever undertaken by a white woman under similar conditions. With eighteen dogs they left their homestead north of the Churchill River on December 10, the trip occupying a little more than three months. Their adventures and the privations they suffered were far worse than they had expected.

Mrs. Beech is more than fifty-five years old, and the trip was made against the advice of traders in the Far North. She arrived, however, in excellent health, and as soon as spring opens up the district will be ready and willing to return to the homestead, but will make the journey by canoe instead of dog sled. For the first week the snow was in first-class condition for fast time and they reached the Nelson River on the seventh day out. They found the river flowing, however, and crossing impossible. Food was scarce, and after twenty-three days in which they were close to starvation they were able to cross the river and obtain supplies from the Hudson Bay post. However, supplies were low at York Factory, and they were unable to obtain many of what generally are regarded as the necessities of life.

For forty-five days Beech and his wife and their son were continuously on snow-shoes. The worst experience of the trip was from January 23 to 27, when the thermometer registered sixty below zero. The party managed to kill a polar bear, which provided needed food for the travelers and their dogs, the skin eventually being disposed of to the Hudson's Bay Company for \$20. Beech witnessed a queer Indian funeral on his way down. It was that of Chief Sinclair, of the Norway House Indians, the body being followed to the grave by 3000 members of his tribe.

Beech was once a prominent member of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, but several years ago lost heavily on wheat and then decided to go into the north country for rest and as a means of earning a livelihood.—Winnipeg Correspondence of the New York Press.

TREED BY WOLVES.

From dusk to dawn, with the thermometer at or below zero, two trappers clung to the branches of a slim tree while a pack of twenty ravenous timber wolves kept up an incessant chorus beneath. The men were Tom and Patrick Murphy and they had their experience in the Silver Mountains, near Port Arthur, Ontario.

They started off into the woods to Tom Murphy's trapping headquarters but before they had gone far they heard the baying of the wolves, which gradually became more distinct as the pack collected and got closer to them. The Murphys thought little of the matter until they realized that the wolves were on their track, following them at good speed. Two shots failed to scare off the leaders, so the Murphys got into the tree, but only just in time, as the leaders snapped at their heels.

In his hurry to reach safety Tom tore off a portion of his clothing on broken branches, and without food or overcoats the men kept in the tree all through the night, which to them seemed to last for ages.

When morning came the wolves scattered out of sight, but the hunters managed to pick off nine of them, for which they collected \$135 in bounty here to-day, being \$15 for each wolf.

Of late timber wolves have become very bold, owing to scarcity of small animals which they feed on, and several instances have been recorded since Christmas where they have followed men and made efforts to attack them.

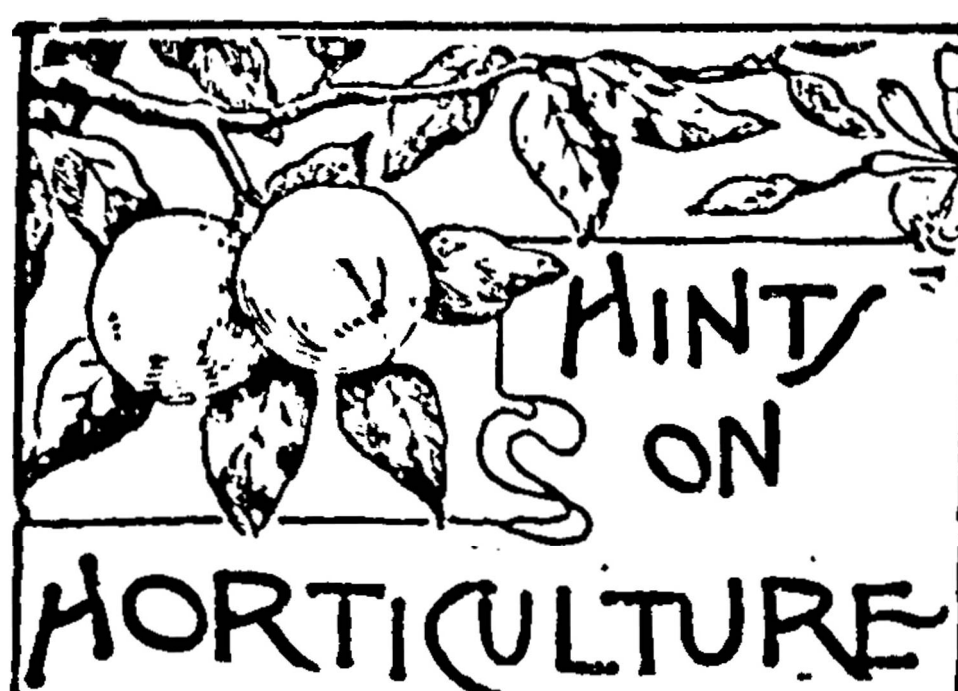
RIDES LOG IN SWIRLING RAPIDS.

After being overturned in his boat and nearly drowned, J. E. Phillips, a miner, managed to mount a log, on which he rode for an entire night through the swirling waters of the treacherous Colorado River, to be rescued by the Indian police at Parker, Cal. Phillips, after a long prospecting trip, tried to cross the swift river below Needles. In mid-stream a huge bank of driftwood overtook him and swamped the boat. Phillips was on the point of going under for the last time when he got his grip on a log. In his weakened condition he could not reach shore.

BOY KILLS RABID DOG.

Earl Rice, ten years old, killed a mad dog in a single handed fight at his home in Alton, writes a St. Louis correspondent. The boy beat the dog to death with a hammer after he had closed a door upon his neck and held it as in a vise. The boy was painfully bitten and bruised in the fight.

Every year there are said to be 500 deaths from hunger and destitution in London.



SPRAYING AND SCRAPING.

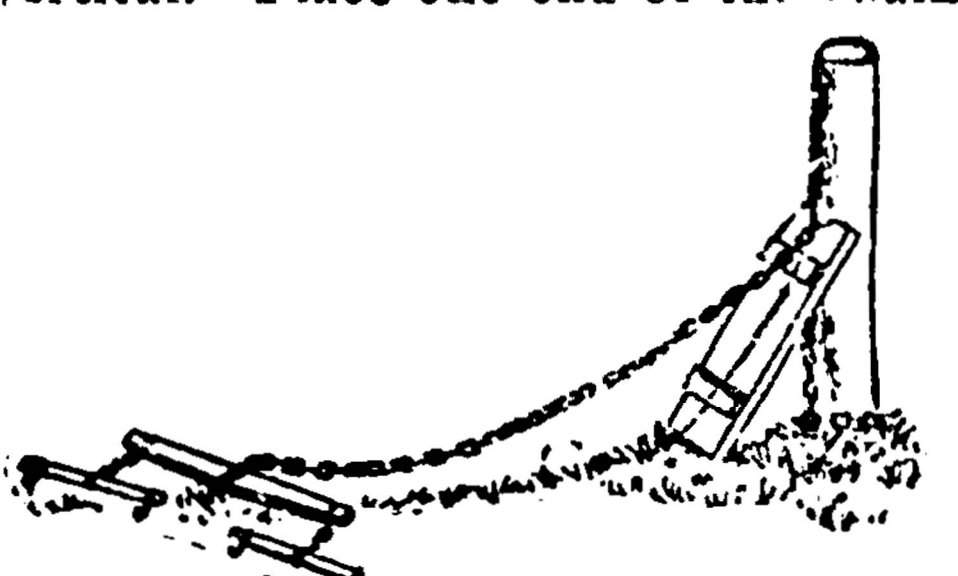
In some recent experiments at the New Hampshire experiment station it was found that at the average price of winter apples a profit of \$1 to \$1.35 per tree may be secured by two sprayings for the codling moth. Attention is also called to the value of scraping loose bark from the trees in order to destroy the favorable locations for the hibernation of the codling moth.—Country Gentleman.

STRAWBERRIES PROFITABLE.

I should consider strawberries a profitable crop at ten cents a quart sold in local markets, but of late years we have averaged about twelve cents per quart, selling them to our neighbors who do not raise strawberries. We set them in spring, cultivate and hoe during the summer, and keep them for only one crop, planting a fresh bed every season.—M. J. House, in the American Cultivator.

PULLING GARDEN POSTS.

An easy and practical method of pulling garden posts, by which all digging and hand labor is eliminated, is shown in cut. Take a plank, one foot wide, four feet long, and make a V-shaped notch at one end, nailing on several crosspieces to prevent splitting. This plank is used to change the horizontal draft to the vertical. Place one end of the chain



around the post close to the ground, incline the plank against the post so the lower end will be one and one-half feet from the base of the post, place the chain in the notch of the plank, hitch the team to the post and start up. In a few seconds the post is clear of the ground. In moving fences, says the Farm and Home, the chain should be attached to the rear axle of the wagon so the posts may be loaded and hauled to the new location.

PHLOXES.

The beautiful trailing phloxes such as P. subulata and its varieties brighten up the front of the borders. They are fine for edgings, and the many varieties keep up a display over a long season. The tall late flowering phloxes are among the finest of herbaceous plants, and should be in every garden. They are too well known to need describing, are varied in color and thrive anywhere. Buy good varieties and keep them true to name if possible. The pure whites and bright reds are the best.—Indianapolis News.

PLANTING EVERGREENS.

There is no wonderful secret in successful evergreen planting. Care should be taken to get hardy stock before growth begins in the spring. Under no circumstances should the roots be permitted to dry out. Before planting cultivate the ground carefully. Do not set trees loosely in the ground, as this permits them to be blown about by the wind and gives the soil best conditions for drying. Firm the soil about the trees with the heel and then sprinkle a little loose dirt over the firmed surface. A mulch of old straw or hay spread over the ground between the trees in the spring is very helpful. In exposed places a hedge of willow or Russian olive planted around them is almost essential.—The Forester.

PECAN GROVES PROFITABLE.

Strung along at a few points north of Jackson on the Illinois Central a few years ago some enterprising gentlemen established pecan groves. We remember two years after one grove of about 5000 trees was set out in a territory previously given over to commercial fertilizer, short staple cotton and poor white people. The natives were exceedingly amused that a man could be so visionary as to expect to get any return for money thus invested. There were even more enlightened people who passed by on comfortable trains and smiled at the experiment. To-day that grove is keeping its owner in clover and he can go to Europe every summer if he is so inclined.—Meridian Star.

OBJECT OF PRUNING.

1. To modify the vigor of the plant.
2. To produce large and better fruit.
3. To keep the plants or trees within manageable shape.
4. To change trees from wood bearing to fruit bearing and vice versa.
5. To remove superfluous or injured parts.
6. To facilitate spraying and harvesting.
7. To facilitate tillage.
8. To train the tree to some desired form.
9. To remove parts badly infested with insects and diseases.—Southern Fruit Grower.

VEIL A REVERSION TO A PRIMITIVE INSTINCT.

Modern Woman Has Made It a Thing of Beauty—The Finesse of the Jabot Parisienne Wears.

That the modern woman considers herself very much emancipated in every respect and a distinctly superior being to her sister of previous centuries and other countries is an established belief of the present time. This is undoubtedly true in most instances, but it is also to be remarked that the eternal feminine clings to certain primitive customs and habits, which still prevail among the less advanced nations, and the most up-to-date woman of the present time is really reverting to her savage ancestry when she adorns her head with barbaric ornaments and headgear, or swaths her face in heavy meshes of tulle and net, which only differ in kind and variety from the face cloths worn by the women of the Eastern nations or the veiled ladies of the Turkish harems.

A short walk or drive through our streets during the daytime at present reveals almost as strange and varied an assortment of veils and head coverings as could be found in any museum, where a collection of women's headgear had been nonexhibition. Veiling the face is, of course, more or less of a protection for the skin, and the modern custom of the chiffon and tulle veils, which are so artistically draped over the hat and tied in loose bows under the chin is the direct outcome of automobilism. In the first stage of the motor craze, veils were strictly utilitarian, and anything but becoming to the wearer. These were gradually superseded by softer textures and more becoming colors, and the motor veil of to-day is, like its wearer, a thing of beauty, though hardly a joy forever.

With the advent of the picturesque costumes of the last century, the Van Dyck and Gainsborough hats, with their long sweeping plumes came into fashion again, necessitating the correspondingly large and voluminous veil to drape over these same exaggerated plumes, so that the wearer is in many instances completely hidden beneath their meshes and lace trimmed borders. Picturesqueness is such a marked feature of modern dress, however, that the veil plays the most important part in the accessories of the costume, and one or two at least of these same lace or net or embroidered chiffon veils must be included in the average woman's wardrobe.

Exquisite in color, design and material as these lace and net veils are, they are not always, or by any means as becoming as the simpler and less elaborate veillings, which are everywhere to be found, and besides the lace veil, or more properly speaking, scarf, one must have an assortment of the dotted and chiffon veiling. The rage for color in everything, which has come in vogue during the last year, has again brought into fashion the dotted nets, in colors which for a time were considered extremely bad form, and we are quite accustomed

this winter to the somewhat startling effects and large dots of color, of the solid shades with the dots that match, giving a rather theatrical appearance, it is true, to the wearer, and a rather distracting to the eye of the owner.

Purple, which is the most fashionable shade of the winter, though becoming to the general wearer, is often very trying when worn against the face in a veil of solid color, and it is better oftentimes to refrain from following the extreme of the fashion in this as in other respects. Many people, in spite of changes of fashion, retain their fondness for the plain close meshed veiling in black or white, with a medium sized chenille dot, which is always, it is said, the safest, and as a rule the most becoming to the average woman; while for those who wish to carry out the scheme of color of the costume and hat, there are many black meshed veillings with dots of the required color to be found.

In choosing a veil it is generally better to select one with a mesh which is clear and distinct, with one thread if possible, forming a square design, and the dots placed not far apart, as the pattern veillings, especially in black, are apt to make the skin look wrinkled.

The French veillings, except those of the most extreme type, generally come in the same mesh, and are rather more expensive in consequence, as the dots are placed quite near together. Inexpensive veillings, however, can be found if one takes a little time and trouble to look for them, and is not led away by the variety and striking appearance of the novelty veillings.

One of the prettiest and most becoming of all veils is the pepper and salt, or the white mesh veiling with a small black chenille dot. The white against the skin softens and clears the complexion, and black dots give a peculiarly smart effect when worn with a black hat or indeed any colored headgear. Many of these veils come now in white with a fancy black dot or spot placed at irregular intervals, and a combination of two sizes of dots, large and small, is also very smart; but for general wear the first mentioned, as in the black veiling, is certainly the most becoming.

Even if one is not an automobilist, the motor veil is a very useful thing to have nowadays, for with the high winds and dusty streets the chiffon veil is a great protection to the skin, and the modern fashion of arranging the veil so that it covers the hat and face and ties firmly in the back, where it can be pinned with a pretty gold or jeweled clasp, is a very necessary addition to the costume. Sewing silk or chiffon veils, which come in all the soft shades, are to be had very reasonably, and can be worn simply for protection over the other dotted veils, though this is somewhat trying to the eye.—New York Times.

Elk Multiplying in New Hampshire.

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Plants That See and Swim.

Potatoes have "eyes," as most people know, but how many are aware that certain common garden and wild flowers are similarly equipped? The nasturtium, begonia, clover, woodsorrel and bluebell, among others, have eyes placed on their leaves. They are tiny protuberances, filled with a transparent, gummy mixture, which focuses the rays of light upon a sensitive patch of tissue behind them.

A nasturtium plant has thousands of such "eyes" on its leaves, but it is not yet known if the plant can actually see. Are the sense impressions telegraphed to some central nerve corresponding with the brain of the animal kingdom?

In addition to this visual organ, many plants show a touch of sensitivity that points to further resemblance to animals; while certain seaweeds and mosses in an early stage of their existence are able to actually swim through the water.—London Answers.

Library of Wooden Books.

A private library of quite a unique character is composed solely of 600 wooden books. The collection has been made from the wood of different trees growing in the park attached to the chateau of Wilhelmshöhe. At the back of each book is a tablet in red morocco indicating the name of the tree from which the volume has been made, and the two covers are lightly polished. Inside the book the complete natural history of the tree is detailed. The collection, which is at Cassel, includes 120 species and 445 varieties.—London Globe.

Obstacle to Society Fad.

"Society," says the Lady Pictorial, "is looking for a novel form of entertainment. Let hostesses issue invitation bearing the request that every lady shall bring her pet aversion." The only obstacle we see in regard to our contemporary's proposal is that so many ladies would have a difficulty in getting their husbands to come along.—Punch.

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The world hurries along so rapidly that before you have time to say: "I can't," somebody else is ready to say: "I can."—John A. Howland.

Forty-eight to the Rad.

"Yes, it was hard luck. He fell in love with her at first sight, bought a fifty-trip ticket, and was refused on his second visit."

The Revenue Cutter's Work.

The duties of the Revenue Cutter Service are varied in the extreme, and involve the right of search of all merchant vessels arriving in the United States, or within four leagues of it if bound to a United States port; the suppression of piracy; the search for wrecks and missing vessels; the enforcement of the neutrality laws, by preventing armed expeditions against neighboring friendly governments; the suppression of mutiny; the protection of the government timber reserves; the construction and inspection of life-saving stations; the drilling of the life-saving crews; the enforcement of law and the protection of seal and other fishing in Alaskan waters; the destruction of derelicts and other dangers to navigation; the rendering of assistance to vessels in distress, and aiding the shipwrecked; the enforcement of navigation laws, and of the National Marine Quarantine regulations; guarding the safety of the public at yacht races and regattas; the supervision of anchorages at certain ports; the protection of the sponge fisheries in the Gulf of Mexico and the Straits of Florida.

The first appointment of officers in the Revenue Cutter Service were made from amongst those who had served in the Continental Navy, and the first commission granted by President Washington to any officer afloat was issued to Captain Hopli-Yeaton, of New Hampshire, in the United States Revenue Cutter Service. After the disbandment of the Continental Navy following the close of the Revolution, there was no sea force available for the protection of the coasts and the maritime interests of the newly constituted United States until the organization of the Revenue Cutter Service under an act of the first Congress, approved by President Washington August 4, 1790. In a little more than a year thereafter ten vessels were ready for duty, and for several years they formed the only armed force afloat belonging to the young republic, and were engaged in patrolling the coast line of the United States and enforcing its maritime laws. The revenue cutters co-operate with the navy whenever the President so directs, and the ships, officers and men of the service have on many important occasions aided gallantly and effectively in the defense of their country.—David Barry, in the New England Magazine.

WISE WORDS.

What man has done woman can undo.

Time is money to everybody but a loafer.

Help the actor along by giving him the glad hand.

One kind of charity always has a card attached to it.

No great man needs a brass band to herald his coming.

A woman would rather be tailor-made than self-made.

Lots of men and things seem easy till you try to do them.

When a man aims at nothing he seldom misses his target.

Better a word in season than an hour's lecture out of season.

Occasionally the shoplifter finds it difficult to take things easy.

It is easier to cultivate a girl's imagination than her voice.

Lots of men would be good husbands if they had better wives.

He's a brave man who tries to stop a woman's runaway tongue.

When a wise man gets real angry he goes away back and sits down.

Revenge may be sweet, but seeking it is apt to sour one's disposition.

Fortunate is the man who never knows when he gets the worst of it.

No man is half as smart as his wife tries to make him believe he is.

When a man talks of himself he is usually more eloquent than interesting.

Lack of credit prevents some people from living beyond their means.

A man who owes another a grudge is sure to be Johnny on the spot on pay day.

Many a man gets ahead by inducing other men to put their shoulders to his wheel.

You can learn a little each day—unless you happen to be one of those wise persons who know it all.

The man who neglects to put his best foot forward when he has a chance may feel like kicking himself later.

It's easier to convince the world that you have sense after you have succeeded in accumulating a large pile of dollars.

According to statistics one woman out of a million can open a telegram with as little emotion as she displays in opening a can of corn.—Floyd "Pointed Paragraphs," in the Chicago News.

Often Happens.

It frequently happens that a girl is much more proud of her engagement ring than she is of the man who gave it to her.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Has Turned Out Many Bells.

There have been over 50,000 church bells cast in Troy, N. Y., since the first foundry was built there in 1825.

New Oxford Item

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

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A Strong Tonic Without Alcohol
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Aver's Sarsaparilla Without Alcohol

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Dues received.	1,538.74
Interest received.	369.91
Fines received.	50.47
Loans repaid.	288.40
	\$5,290.38
LIABILITIES	
147 shares loaned and in force.	\$1,450.00
13 shares purchased.	720.16
H. I. Smith, printing statement.	2.00
G. E. Dietrich, Proth's fees.	10.50
Brantstetter, Ledger and Exp.	11.03
J. R. Weaver, sec'y sal 6 mo. etc.	18.50
Jno. S. Weaver, treas. sal. and room rent 6 months.	13.51
J. L. Williams, att'y fees to May 9, 1908.	20.00
Balance in treasury.	3,034.67
	\$5,290.38
SUMMARY	
170 1/2 shares loaned and in force.	\$17,025.00
Balance in treasury.	3,034.67
Less overpaid dues and interest.	\$20,059.67
	37.02
Due shareholders.	\$20,022.07
Amount paid in on each share.	\$65.00
Value of each share.	\$73.58
Number of shares in force, 271.	
Examined and approved by the auditing committee this 15th day of May, 1908.	
W. F. SHEELY, Auditor.	
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UNDERTAKING

in all its branches, a Specialty. United Phone.

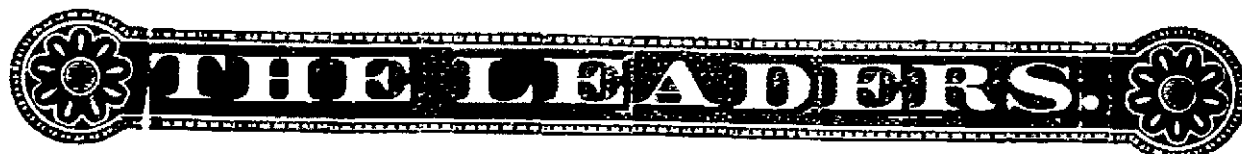
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Wm. Druckenmiller of Lewistown, while cutting timber was crushed to death under a tree.

The term "idle rich" is a misnomer. Most of them are busy either in the divorce courts or before the grand juries.

Joseph Ruscavage was electrocuted at Wilkes-Barre. He climbed a tree in his yard to remove a wire that had set fire to a shade tree.

One of the nerviest thefts in local police records occurred at the Union stock yards at Lancaster. The thief entered a hog pen, butchered a good sized porker and then carried the meat away.

York county's kennels of dogs seems to be on the increase, as the county commissioners have purchased 10,000 dog tags for 1908. They are for the boroughs and townships.

John McDonnell, a high school student at Sunbury, returning from the mountains from a botanical specimen trip, to make time tried to jump on a train. He fell under the wheels and was crushed.

With a new rope purchased for the occasion, Joseph Herzog, a former liveryman, of Lancaster, hanged himself in the stable of a veterinarian. He was in business for a number of years, but became financially involved. He was 60 years old.

A swindler selling barb wire fence stretchers is abroad. He leaves the machine and 40 rods of good fence for a trial, requiring the farmer to sign a paper for the return of the stretcher. He signs for \$3 which turns out to be \$300.

Henry M. Schmuck, of Hanover, has to pay this year \$2,184.00 State tax. Last year he paid \$24. He failed to return his Foreign Securities but the county commissioners found out and made him toe up the mark this year.

A number of Lancaster county tobacco raisers have received letters threatening to burn their barns in case they raise tobacco. It is supposed to be a gang connected with the "Night Riders" that have been destroying so many properties in Kentucky.

Walter Honaskie, 4 years old, of Shamokin, with his hands full of freshly picked mountain flowers, while returning home Saturday to present them to his mother, was cut in halves by a Reading express train.

A trip of runaway cars left the track Wednesday afternoon in the Prospect colliery, at Midvale and disturbed the propping. Seven men started to the spot to put the cars back when two falls of roof down upon them in quick succession. All were caught and four of the men were killed instantly by being buried beneath tons of rock and coal.

While the family was sleeping burglars entered the house of Lewis McNatt, near Exton, and after ransacking the house, carried off a trunk and a desk to an adjoining field, where they broke them open and secured \$58, two revolvers, three gold watches, many articles of jewelry and a quantity of clothing. They also carried McNatt's clothing from the room in which he was sleeping.

About 50 acres of fine timber at Hol-lam, York county, mostly chestnut, was practically destroyed by fire Tuesday. John Seiple, a farmer, was burning brush on his land when the high winds carried the flames to adjoining woods, which belonged to Ephraim Smith of Reading. The heavy wind spread the flames in spite of the energetic efforts of many men to check them. The loss amounts to thousands of dollars.

Chester Reighard, age 20, nephew of D. P. Reighard, the multi-millionaire jockey of Pittsburgh, was shot and instantly killed at Altoona Wednesday by Pa. trooper Werner. Werner attempted to arrest Reighard and Emmert Madden, son of a prominent lawyer, for some trivial offence and the men attacked him. In the fight that ensued Werner used his club to good effect and the young men broke away and ran. Werner called to them to stop and then shot, as he claims, to frighten them. The ball struck Reighard in the spine and he died on the sidewalk in two or three minutes.

Mrs. Albert Major, of Lanigan, near Shenandoah, was shot dead with a rifle bullet intended for a cat, at her home late Thursday night. The shooting was an accident, according to the two sons, George and William, who had been handling the rifle from which the fatal bullet was fired. The boys were stationed at an open window watching for cats after the young chickens. The rifle lay on a table close by. When Mrs. Major entered the room, William, who is only 5 years old, had the weapon in his hands, and it was discharged. Mrs. Major died in a few moments, the bullet entering her heart.

Clarence, a 12 year old son of James Heaps, of Delta, York county, was instantly killed and his body horribly mangled Tuesday afternoon, when he was caught in cogs of a large steam hoister at the Cambria Brick Co.'s plant. The boy had been employed about the works for some time and helped operate the hoister. There was a slight derangement in the mechanism and young Heaps attempted to adjust it. He was standing on a step of the hoister when he slipped and his right foot caught in a pair of large revolving cogs. Workmen, who witnessed the accident, stopped the machinery but not before the boy's entire body had been drawn into the wheels.

As the result of injuries received by the explosion of a can of gunpowder and a subsequent struggle in the waters of the Susquehanna river where he had been thrown by a companion who sought to extinguish the flames, Curvin Arnold, aged 8 years, who lives with his grandfather, near Long Level York county, is in a critical condition. The boy and Arthur Graham, a 10 year old companion, were watching some cows along the river bank when they built a bonfire for amusement. The former had a small can powder in his pocket and this he threw on the fire to make it burn faster. The explosion which followed threw him to the ground and his clothing caught fire. Graham threw him into the river to extinguish the fire. He was rescued with difficulty.

SAFE IN BROOKLYN.

Hanover, May 15.—A telegram was received by Mrs. John Greenaway, Wednesday morning, announcing the safe arrival at the home of a sister in Brooklyn, N. Y., of her mother, Mrs. Ellen Cartwright, who without warning, left her home at daybreak, Friday morning, May 8, causing great apprehension as to her safety. The experience of the aged woman bear some tinges of romance. She left Hanover without a cent of money, and reached York possibly by trolley, Friday evening. When found wandering on the streets, she was committed to the almshouse, where she remained until Tuesday morning. After an interview with Steward Johnson, she convinced that gentleman that she was on her way to New York city, and was ready to continue her journey. It is supposed that she disposed of some of her wearing apparel, which netted sufficient money to carry her to Coatsville. At this place it was learned she met a Mrs. Cochran, who cared for her at her home and also bought her a ticket for New York.

GORED BY BULL.

As a result of being gored by an enraged bull on his farm near Logansville, York county, Wednesday evening, Wm. Miller, aged about 63 years, is lying at his home in a critical condition, being unable to move a muscle of his body. His life was saved because to the fact that while the bull was rushing at him with lowered horns for the second time the man's hat blew off, thus attracting the animal's attention and allowing Mr. Miller to get out of the way. His injuries consist of several broken ribs, torn ligaments in his neck, and numerous bruises about his body. The accident occurred while the gentleman was driving the cattle to water. Just before the trough was reached something angered the bull and it turned on him.

SNEEZED CATARRH AWAY.

Until Clare Stagemeyer, 14 year old son of John Stagemeyer, a carpenter of York, Thursday evening sneezed out of his right nostril a broken bone collar button which had lodged there nearly 12 years ago, he had been undergoing all sorts of treatment. The child was only two years old when it forced the collar button into its nostril. A physician probed for it but was unsuccessful and finally decided that it must have passed into its throat and been swallowed. The incident was forgotten but the button, with the head broken off, must have remained lodged far up in the nasal passage, and gradually its irritation of the membrane produced symptoms mistaken for catarrh. All sorts of remedies were tried but without success. These different treatments, upon which the family had spent much money, came to sudden end when a violent "ker choo" sent the object flying on a cement pavement.

FARMER SUICIDES.

Heavy financial losses caused Wm. Leer, 65 years old, of near Dillsburg, to end his life by hanging early Sunday morning. Mr. Leer, it is said, recently sustained heavy financial losses. He had been melancholy for the past few days, but his wife never thought that he would take his life. Shortly after 4 o'clock Sunday morning he arose, his wife thinking that he intended to do some work about the stable. He took unusual pains in arranging his clothing and then went down stairs. He lingered a while in the kitchen and Mrs. Leer heard him open the door and start for the barn. She arose shortly afterwards. Waiting until 5:30 o'clock, when he did not reappear she began a search for him, and found him suspended from a rafter in an unused portion of the barn. She called assistance, Dr. Yeagy was summoned, and efforts were made to resuscitate him, but all in vain. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide.

Have your Job Printing done at the ITCM office. Prices the lowest.

Without Alcohol

A Strong Tonic Without Alcohol
A Body Builder Without Alcohol
A Blood Purifier Without Alcohol
A Great Alternative Without Alcohol
A Doctor's Medicine Without Alcohol
Ayer's Sarsaparilla Without Alcohol

We publish our formulas
Ayer's
We banish aches from our medicines
We urge you to consult your doctor

Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They act directly on the liver, make more bile secreted. This is why they are so valuable in constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headache. Ask your doctor if he knows a better laxative pill.

After suffering for the past four weeks with Bright's disease, Philip Herman died at the home of his son, Charles Herman, in Hanover, at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, aged 70 years. Mr. Herman was one of the best known men in York county. He traveled through nearly all the States in the Union, and made three trips across the Atlantic ocean.

Billy Marshall, a well known character of Hagerstown, bought an old-fashioned iron safe from the Auction Company for \$3. When he opened it he found a fine, solid gold Swiss watch and \$63 in money. The money was mostly of small denominations, and included 243 silver 3c pieces, 105 half-dimes, old eagle style, quarters and halves, besides a number of bright \$1 gold pieces which glimmered as fresh as the day they came from the mint. The coins were all of old mintage, dating from 1812 to 1853, none of them being more recent than the latter date.

Mrs. Rebecca McClelland, aged 84, of Altoona, died Friday from injuries sustained in falling over a carpet in her kitchen on Monday.

AFTER 33 YEARS experience millions of users of L. & M. PAINTS, claim:—First, it wears 10 to 15 years—Second, it only costs \$1.20 a gallon—Third, its the best they have ever used—Fourth, sixteen thousand agents certify to these facts.
P. A. & S. Small, York, L. & M. Paint Agents.

Financial Statement

Of New Oxford Building and Loan Association, for last six months of Fifth Year, from Nov. 9th, 1907, to May 9th, 1908.

—ASSETS—
Balance on hand at last audit, \$2,488.86
Dues received, 1,858.74
Interest received, 503.91
Fines received, 50.47
Loans repaid, 288.40
\$5,290.38

—LIABILITIES—
14 1/2 shares loaned and in force, \$1,450.00
13 shares purchased, 720.16
H. I. Smith, printing statement, 2.00
C. E. Deatrick, Proth's fees, 10.50
Barnes, Ledger and Exp., 11.05
J. R. Weaver, sec'y sal 6 mo. etc, 18.50
Jno. S. Weaver, treas. sal. and room rent 6 months, 18.50
J. L. Williams, att'y fees to May 9, 1908, 20.00
Balance in treasury, 3,034.67
\$5,290.38

—SUMMARY—
170 1/2 shares loaned and in force, \$17,025.00
Balance in treasury, 3,034.67
\$20,059.67
Less overpaid dues and interest, 37.69
Due shareholders, \$20,022.07
Amount paid in on each share, \$65.00
Value of each share, \$78.38
Number of shares in force, 271.
Examined and approved by the auditing committee this 15th day of May, 1908.
W. F. SHEELY, WM. R. SNYDER, J. M. HULICK, Auditors.
Attest:—J. R. WEAVER, Sec'y.

For Sale!

The property of George B. Yohe, formerly the home of Mrs. Tena Diehl, 2nd door below Catholic Church, Carlisle Street, New Oxford, is offered at private sale on reasonable terms. This is a desirable property and should command the attention of investors. For particulars call on or address, H. S. SHEETS, New Oxford.

Furniture!

The complete line of goods that fill our large rooms offers you a choice of everything needed to make your home comfortable and attractive. We not only show a big line of Furniture and Home Furnishings, but we are quoting

Special Low Prices.

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches, a Specialty. United Phone.

R. J. FEISER, Phila. St., New Oxford, Pa.

Gettysburg, Pa.

Gettysburg, Pa.

G. W. Weaver & Son.

G. W. Weaver & Son.



Special Price Cuts on TAILORED SUITS.

About 30 Suits--

all new this season==Panama and other Up-To-Date Cloths,

Were \$12.00, \$16.00, up to \$30.00.
1-4 off. 1-4 off. 1-4 off.

Balance of Stock--

\$5.00 - Spring Jackets - \$5.00

Short Tight Back, Semi-Fitting Front, Black, Covert Mixtures and Greys, Were \$10.00, \$12.50 and \$15.00,

Our Selling Price

\$5.00.

No free alterations on these.

Many other articles in this department---in small lots much under price.

G. W. Weaver & Son,
Gettysburg, Penna.

Will You Let Your's Die?

More chickens die annually from Bowel Complaint and Chicken Cholera than from all other diseases combined, and yet they are the easiest of all poultry diseases to prevent or cure.

Bowel Complaint or Cholera can be cured in 24 hours by proper use of

Auker's Chicken Cholera Cure.

A little of it in the drinking water is all that is necessary.

My Chicken Cholera Remedy is a germicide, a bowel regulator and the best cure for all poultry diseases:—Bowel Complaint, Cholera, Roup, Sore Head, Limber Neck, Etc. Sick hens don't lay; sick chicks won't grow. Keep them healthy and productive by occasional use of our remedy.—Price 50c.

I guarantee it to cure or prevent any of above diseases. Money back if not satisfied. Also handle Lee's and Hess' goods for poultry.

ED. T. AUKEER,
Your Druggist, On The Square, New Oxford.

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1908.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Ascension Day May 28th.

The grass and grain look fine.

Mrs. John Miller of Abbotstown in full blast, he has now over 8,000 eggs in his incubators.

Mrs. John Miller of Bonneauville, has a badly sprained ankle caused by falling off the front porch.

If your chickens are not doing as well as they should try Anker's remedies advertised in this paper.

Mr. John D. Mummet, of near Black's school house, has a novelty in the way of a duck with four legs.

Jacob A. Snyder shipped a carload of potatoes from Bendersville Station last week at 52 cents a bushel.

Charles E. Annen, a son of Cornelius Annen, formerly of near this place, has been appointed chief of police of Reading.

Mr. Isaac C. Thomas of Hamilton township, who was recently seriously injured by a horse falling upon him, is improving.

FOR RENT.—House, stable and garden two miles from New Oxford. Possession at once. Apply to R. M. STALEY, New Oxford.

Last Sunday some scoundrel shot five chickens and crippled several others for Mr. John Kepner, Sr., of Hamilton township.

Rev. H. F. Hartzel of Hanover, while sawing wood at his home Wednesday afternoon, accidentally fell to the ground and fractured one of his ribs.

Miss Hartzell, daughter of J. T. Hartzell of Cumberland township, while engaged in cutting straw recently accidentally cut off the end of the thumb on the left hand.

A large selection Ladies' New Style Belts in White, Black and Colors.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY, 33 Balto. St., Hanover.

The real estate and machinery of the Kingsdale Canning Company will be sold at public sale, for the benefit of the creditors, by the receiver, James H. Kelly, on Saturday, June 6.

Joseph Foust of Huntington township, was trimming up some tree tops on the Calvin Linah place on Monday when a glancing blow from his axe nearly severed the small toe from his right foot.

On last Saturday night the property owned by the John A. Kint heirs, at Virginia Mills, was burned to the ground. This house was vacant since last spring. It is supposed to be of incendiary origin.

There's always something missing with out I. W. HARPER whiskey. It's so old and so extensively used everywhere that we should find it hard to get along without it. Sold by C. T. Hersh, New Oxford.

Curtis McGlaughlin of Orrtanna, lost a valuable mare on Sunday night. The animal got fast in her stall Friday night and in attempting to extricate herself became bruised about the head, resulting in death.

Mr. H. F. Cratin and family, who moved away from Littlestown seventeen years ago, returned last week and have settled down in Taneytown. The family has been residing at Oneonta, N. Y., for some years.

In the second game of ball between junior teams from Irishtown and New Oxford, played on the local diamond Saturday afternoon, the locals turned the tables and defeated the visitors by the score of 5 to 4.

We have it from good authority that it is the intention of a former well-known citizen of New Oxford, to open up an up-to-date shoe and gent's furnishing store in the Swartz room, Philadelphia street, in the very near future.

William Hersh Esq., representing Chas. H. Basehoar, and J. L. Williams, Esq., representing Jacob Bowers, sold, as Attorneys-in-fact, the Bowers real estate in Union township, to Chas. H. Basehoar for \$1,000, on last Friday.

White Run, May 18.—W. J. Collins is tearing down the old house that he bought some years ago, together with the land on which it stood. This old house has long been a land mark in this neighborhood and its age spans more than a century and a quarter.

Mr. N. Lingg has planted nearly five hundred trees on the South end of his farm at the edge of town, 250 of which are of the Catalpa variety, and the balance are poplar and locust. His brother, Mr. Clement Lingg, whose farm adjoins, also planted 250 Catalpa trees.

On Friday Constable William E. Hensil arrested Mrs. May Bell Osborn of Mountpleasant township, on a warrant issued by Squire R. M. Staley on information of Mrs. Laura Osborn. Defendant charged with assault and battery, gave bail for a hearing on May 25th, at 1 o'clock p. m.

John H. Bubb, formerly of near New Oxford, moved from York last week to the Greenmount Fruit Farm in Newberry township, York county, which farm he recently bought from John Hartley of York. There are 150 acres of land, with 65 acres in fruit, there being no less than 15,000 trees in thriving condition. A big crop of early cherries will be ready for market about June 1.

The Western Maryland Railroad will run daily trains to Pen-Mar, this summer, at the regular excursion rates, the schedule to go into effect June 15. The train will leave York at 8:30 a. m., arriving at Pen-Mar about 11 o'clock. Returning the train will leave the mountain resort at 5:30 p. m.

Rumors in circulation for several weeks that the control of the Western Maryland Railroad was to be sold by the Gould interests, were revived Thursday, this time with the statement that the Reading Company was to take over the property. Official confirmation or denial of the report could not be had.

Messrs. F. X. Groat and Charles Rinehart have started a general store in the Storm building, at "Mt. Misery" Oxford township. They will also handle ice cream and other refreshments on Saturday evenings. Both gentlemen are well and favorably known and we bespeak for them a liberal share of patronage.

While assisting in the tearing down of the old mill near the Hanover and McSherrystown Water Co.'s pumping station, known as Kindig's, or Sterner's mill Paul Coulson, of Hanover, found a brick stamped with the date "1792" and the name "Henry Menges." Mr. Coulson has the 116 year-old brick in his possession.

Prof. Calvin Hamilton, superintendent of the National Cemetery, has received from the War Department thirty-eight hundred flags, one of which will be placed at each soldier's grave in the National Cemetery on May 30th. This is the first time flags will be put at the graves of the 3,650 Federal soldiers at Gettysburg.

Tuesday about 10 p. m. the dwelling house on Isaac Thomas, property at Latimore, was discovered on fire and in a short time was burned to the ground. Hayberger's shingle mill was there sawing shingles to re-roof the house and the fire was started by sparks from the engine. The house was occupied by Wm. Humes who only moved in recently.

One morning recently when Mr. William Hikes of Idaville, arose he saw some crows flying about the barn. Thinking to scare them away he seized his gun and ran to the door. In some manner the gun was prematurely discharged and a part of the contents landed in the ceiling and the balance in Mr. Hikes' arm. The wound was dressed by S. B. Myers.

An old sign that at one time adorned the large brick building at the cross-pikes below town, when that place was known as one of popular hostilities of this section, was seen last week at the house of Mrs. Kate Himes, on Pitt street, now being renovated for occupancy. The sign is of oval shape with cross keys in gilt on the face and bears the date 1809.

Motorman William Legore of the Hanover & McSherrystown Street Railway Co., was painfully injured Wednesday by being struck by a falling log. Mr. Legore, accompanied by his wife, went to the home of his son, Howard Legore, near Taneytown, to assist at a barn raising. While at work a falling log struck Mr. Legore on the right side of the head, rendering him unconscious for a short time.

In a game of baseball, on Saturday afternoon, between the Hanover High School and Hanover Athletics teams, a serious accident occurred. Earnest Beard, third baseman of the High School team, while running from first to second base, collided with Philip Nickey, shortstop of the Athletics, and was thrown to the ground. In the fall his right leg was broken at two places between the knee and ankle.

The Citizens Band gave their first open-air concert of the season on Center Square Saturday evening. A large crowd of spectators were present and highly appreciated and enjoyed the excellent music. The selections rendered by the band on this occasion were above the ordinary of country bands, and showed that the boys have been doing some work during the winter months. New Oxford has a musical organization that every citizen can feel proud of, and one that cannot be surpassed in this section of the State.

John S. Young of Hanover, was arrested at Littlestown Tuesday night for fast automobile driving and neglecting to blow the signal horn at crossings. Mr. Young was taken before Squire H. G. Biocher, who imposed a fine and costs amounting to \$12.50. The Hanover party, which had gone to Littlestown in three automobiles, flocked to the court of justice to learn the result of the arrest. After considerable discussion, it was decided not to pay the fine. \$100 bail was required to hold the case over for court, which was furnished by T. J. O'Neill.

A Difficult Operation.

Marcelus, a five-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Mosheim Cramrine, residing in Midway, Thursday afternoon was operated on by Dr. Wesley C. Stick, assisted by Dr. A. C. Wentz and Dr. Clayton E. Bortner of Hanover, for separated pleurisy. A rib an inch and a-half long had to be removed before the collection of nearly a quart of pus could be reached. The operation was a successful one, and the patient is resting well.

A large variety Dress Goods for Coats, Suits and Dress Skirts, to sell at 39c the yard.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY, 33 Balto. St., Hanover.

Man's Hand Torn Off.

A distressing accident, which resulted in the maiming for life of a young man, occurred early Wednesday morning at the bakery of J. A. Houck, in Hanover. The victim of the accident is Irwin G. Houck. He is aged about 30 years, married, and the father of three children. The bakery in which the accident occurred is owned by his father, J. A. Houck, who employed his son in the business.

The accident transpired about 12:30 a. m. Young Houck was alone in the bakery, setting bread to raise for the morning's baking, and in connection therewith was operating a dough-mixing machine, driven by electric power. Houck reached into the mixing machine to get the temperature of the dough, with his left hand, when the steel coil which winds inside the hopper caught the hand and drew it into the machine. The pressure of this is powerful, and Mr. Houck was fully aware that his entire arm and body was in danger of being drawn in. He therefore braced himself, and the hand, after the wrist had been crushed by the coil, parted from the arm.

Lee Urick, head baker at the establishment, was due to arrive at 2 a. m., Mr. Houck getting things in readiness for his arrival. When his hand had been torn off, the young man never lost his presence of mind, but calmly walked to the switchboard and turned off the electric current which moved the dough-mixing machine. Then, still all alone he started for the office of Dr. M. M. Fleagle tightly pressing the mangled arm, from which, nevertheless, much blood was lost. Dr. Fleagle at once gave the terrible injury the best of preliminary attention and kept the unfortunate young man at his residence until Wednesday morning, when about six inches of the forearm above the mangled unit was amputated.

Fell Backward From Wagon.

Mr. Henry Kline of Hampton, accompanied by a boy, came to town with a two horse team and while in the act of loading some goods at the warehouse of Mr. J. H. Dutera, Pitt street, met with quite a serious accident, on Saturday. The gentleman was standing on the front part of the wagon when he was attacked with vertigo and fell backward out of the wagon upon one of the horses and rolled between the animals to the ground. This caused the animals to move forward but were quickly stopped. Mr. Kline was taken from under the wagon and carried into the warehouse and Dr. Sheetz summoned, who upon examination, found the man's injuries to consist of large cuts on the head and face which required a number of stitches to close. The cuts were caused by the fall, as, fortunately the wheels of the heavy wagon did not strike him when the horses moved forward. After being made as comfortable as possible for a time at the warehouse, Dr. Spatz arrived and removed the gentleman to his home at Hampton, where at last accounts he was improving rapidly. The boy took the Kline team home.

Another Narrow Escape.

Last week we made mention of the very narrow escape of Mr. Frommeyer and wife, at the crossing of the W. M. railroad on Pitt street. Thursday afternoon there was another very narrow and fortunate escape of a team being run down by an engine at this same crossing. Mr. H. C. Wagner of near New Chester, was passing over the crossing with a two horse wagon loaded with potatoes. As he was passing over the railroad the engine of a local freight came dashing out from between the buildings and the gentleman was only able to clear the tracks by the quick use of the whip upon his horses, and the engine thundered by within a few feet of the rear of the wagon. As stated last week and on numerous occasions heretofore, it is high time that some action be taken to have the R. R. Co. place some safeguard at this crossing.

Escaped Horrible Death.

Charles Pittenturi of Heidlersburg narrowly escaped being crushed to death under a traction engine on last Thursday. He was with Bream's hay packing rig and just above the big hill on the State road above York Springs the engine got in the side drain for the engineer. Pittenturi and several others were throwing stones in the gutter in order to give the drive wheels a hold. Just as he threw a stone he lost his balance and fell a couple of feet in advance of the big wheels which were rapidly revolving. With a quick twist of the body he threw himself sideways just as the big wheels went by. It was an almost miraculous escape and the whole thing occurred in a few seconds but to the bystanders it seemed like a long time.

The Coats were Stolen.

The experience of a quintet of pedestrians, while rambling in the Pigeon Hills Sunday afternoon, will serve as a warning to others, not to leave anything of value out of their sight—even in that secluded spot. The boys left their coats in a team, while they proceeded to High Rock to take some kodak pictures and make some explorations. They returned in about an hour, and upon discovering the loss thought a joke had been played on them by a friend, expecting to find the garments up a tree or under some underbrush. No trace was found, however, and the boys were the victims of a common theft. In one of the coats was a silver watch, and the total value of the stolen property is about \$50.

Death Doings.

Edward Penn died Wednesday morning in Pittsburg from dropsy and asthma, aged 35 years. Mr. Penn was a native of Gettysburg and lived there for 20 years. He is survived by three sisters and two brothers: Mrs. Joseph Maethews, Mrs. Sarah Stanton and W. F. Penn, all of Gettysburg. Mrs. John Bailey of Washington, and Charles Penn of York.

Mrs. Harriet Wolf, an inmate of the County almshouse, died at that institution Thursday morning aged 66 years. Death resulted from erysipelas, after a brief illness. She had been in the institution since last fall, having gone there from East Berlin. Her body was taken to East Berlin for burial, by a daughter.

Mrs. J. M. Anderson died last Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock after a lingering illness from Bright's disease and consumption at her home in Waynesboro. She was aged 64 years, 7 months and 8 days. Mrs. Anderson was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Reese, and was born in Adams county, where she spent nearly her whole life. When a young woman she was married in 1872 to J. M. Anderson, son of Thomas Anderson, of near Fairfield. They then went to housekeeping. Sixteen years ago they moved to Waynesboro and have since resided there. She is survived by her husband, two sons and two daughters.

Mrs. Susanna Barbara Myers, wife of Harvey Myers, died at her home in McAllen township, at 3 o'clock Thursday morning after a prolonged illness aged 39 years, 10 months and 22 days. She is survived by her husband and five children.

The young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kautzahn, who recently moved from Aspers to York, died in that city Thursday.

A Cashtown correspondent writes: On Saturday at 12 o'clock death called another respected woman from our midst in the person of Mrs. Susan Kuhn, of near Willow Grove, two miles from this place. Mrs. Kuhn was the widow of Daniel Kuhn, who died in 1886, and this is his second wife. Mrs. Kuhn was 83 years of age. Mrs. Edward Kaiser of West High street, is a granddaughter of deceased.

Mrs. Amanda Sowers, a respected lady of near Heidlersburg, died on Tuesday evening after years of more or less suffering. She was aged about 55 years and leaves a husband and daughter. Interment was made at Heidlersburg Friday.

Harry Howard Baker died at his home in Hanover, at 7:45 p. m. May 15 of periculous anaemia, after an illness of six months, aged 41 years. He was a son of Adams county, and was married 16 years ago to Miss Maggie Gregory of Baltimore, who survives him together with three children, two sons and one daughter. He is also survived by his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth E. Baker, two brothers—Edward and Maurice Baker, of Adams county, and four sisters—Mrs. Wilson J. Bair and Mrs. Charles Bollinger, of Adams county, Mrs. Charles N. Lowe of Hanover, and Miss Flora B. Baker of York.

Jacob Eckenrode died at his home in Hanover at 2:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon from cancer of the throat, in the 81st year of his age. Mr. Eckenrode who has been in failing health for some time, was confined to his bed for two weeks previous to his death. Deceased was a native of Tyrone township, and was born and reared near Heidlersburg, but when a young man learned the carpenter trade and for many years was employed as head carpenter in the car shops at Wilkes-Barre. He was twice married, his first wife, who was Miss Catharine Hemler, of Bonneauville, died 26 years ago. His second wife, who was Miss Cordelia Smith, of near Bonneauville, and a sister of the late Jacob Smith, of near this place, to whom he was united in marriage 24 years ago, survives him, with the following children from the first wife—Mrs. Jennie Tyson and Mrs. Kate Evey, of Wilkes-Barre, and four sons—Albert, William and Vincent Eckenrode, of Wilkes-Barre, and Chas. Eckenrode, of Scranton. One brother, Joseph Eckenrode, of Hanover, and one sister, Mrs. Matilda Pittendorf, of Heidlersburg, also survive him.

Several years ago Mr. Eckenrode disposed of his properties in Wilkes-Barre and removed to Hanover. The disease which finally terminated in his death, first gave him trouble in his left arm, and after great suffering had that member amputated near the shoulder. Deceased was a good christian gentleman. His funeral took place Monday morning, interment being made in St. Joseph Cemetery, Hanover, after a High Mass of Requiem in St. Joseph Church.

Mrs. Sarah S. Bender died in Salina, Kansas, on May 12. Mrs. Bender was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cremer, and lived in Hanover many years. Later Mr. Bender and family moved near Gettysburg, where they resided several years. In April, 1881 they moved to Kansas, where Mr. Bender engaged in general merchandise, and later in farming and stock raising.

Mrs. Louisa Bushman, widow of the late Rev. Michael Bushman died on Sunday at the county home aged 66 years. She was a daughter of the late Michael Rupp and was a native of Gettysburg. Two brothers survive.

The Band Festival.

The New Oxford Citizens Band will hold a Festival on the Hendrix plot opposite the depot, Pitt street, on the evening of Memorial Day. The boys are making every effort to accommodate the people of New Oxford and vicinity with first-class music, so turn out on May 30th and give them your support. Band concert during the evening.

Hand Injured.

Mr. Henry Myers of near New Chester, formerly of this place, is suffering from a badly crippled hand. Mr. Myers is having a 20 foot addition erected to his barn and while handling some lumber on Friday a heavy piece accidentally rolled up on his left hand, crushing the third and little fingers and badly bruising the entire hand. The injury has caused him much pain.

Backed Over Embankment.

Mr. Harry Miller of Hanover street, on Sunday evening secured a team at a local livery stable to visit his lady friend at Hampton. All went well for some distance, when the animal took it into her head to balk, and she did so. The driver tried to urge her along, but instead of going forward she went the opposite way and backed the conveyance over a high embankment at the side of the road, breaking the shafts and mauling the harness. Mr. Miller then walked to Hampton and telephoned the liveryman to go after his team, having left it where the animal balked.

Memorial Day Program.

Following is the program for Memorial Day exercises in New Oxford:

The parade will be in charge of Wm. Gilbert, as Chief Marshal. The parade will form on Center Square and will move promptly at 5 p. m. to the Immaculate Conception Cemetery, thence to New Oxford Cemetery in the following order:

Sunday Schools.
New Oxford Citizens Band.
Patriotic Order Sons of America.
Sons of Veterans.
G. A. R. and old Veterans.

The following will be the order of exercises at the New Oxford Cemetery:

Invocation by Minister.
Singing "America," by audience.
Ceremonies by Sons of Veterans.
Oration—Capt. C. G. Miller.
Music by Band and Strewing of flowers.
Firing Salute by Sons of Veterans.
Benediction.

To Move Three-story Building.

The razing of the convent walls of old St. Joseph's, McSherrystown, as noted in these columns, will take place at the close of the session of the Academy next month, and the Sisters of St. Joseph have adopted plans for a new and modern structure. The plans also call for a change in the addition which was built to the old building some years ago. This building will be rolled back a distance of 100 feet and the moving will be watched with interest. It is a three story structure of brick 96x54 feet in size, and the contract for the moving has been given to a Philadelphia firm. The new building will adjoin this portion and is designed for the use and convenience of the students of the Academy. This change will give space for a beautiful lawn in front of the new building. Coulson Brothers of Hanover are the contractors for the improvements and expect to start work on the foundation to which the building will be rolled during this week.

McSherrystown has Big Time.

Four hundred people—Knights of Columbus, their wives and friends—enjoyed the hospitality of McSherrystown lodge, No. 871, at the social given in the fine new hall of St. Mary's Church at McSherrystown Wednesday evening. Many guests were present from York, Hanover, Gettysburg and other places. Several hundred danced from 8 o'clock until midnight in the ball on the first floor of the building. In another room one hundred played progressive euchre during the evening and a most successful affair was thoroughly enjoyed by the large crowd present. Late in the evening luncheon was served, three hundred being accommodated in the large room in the center of the basement. All of the rooms were decorated with the national flags and the function was a very pretty sight. Quite a number of the guests from a distance spent some time going through the building which is the finest school building in the Harrisburg diocese, and was erected at a cost of \$40,000. In the building are twelve school rooms, a completely equipped stage and hall for amateur theatricals, two rooms which will be used in the near future for reading rooms, a place where bowling alleys are soon to be constructed, a kitchen with all the necessary appliances, and many other rooms.

Rickets.

Simply the visible sign that baby's tiny bones are not forming rapidly enough.

Lack of nourishment is the cause.

Scott's Emulsion nourishes baby's entire system. Stimulates and makes bone.

Exactly what baby needs.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

PERSONAL.

First Sergeant Baron G. Holtz, 39th Company, U. S. Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort De Sota, Florida, is visiting his son and father-in-law, Mr. Henry Myers, near New Chester.

Mr. Alex. Jacobs of Franklin Grove, Ill., and son, Mr. Wesley Jacobs of Denver, Colorado, spent the past week at the home of Mrs. J. E. Myers, with other friends in town. The Jacobs family were residents of New Oxford about 40 years ago. Mr. Jacobs, now deceased, conducted the blacksmith stand on lot now occupied by the home of Mrs. O. A. Smith, on Hanover street.

Mr. Alfred Burke of McSherrystown, spent Saturday at the home of his niece Mrs. H. I. Smith. Miss Marie Smith of Columbia, spent a few days at the same place. Mrs. Sadie Smith and Mrs. Wm. Roth of McSherrystown, also spent Sunday at the home of their sister. The condition of Mrs. Smith is not improving.

Mrs. J. C. Berly of Carlisle street, visited Mrs. J. A. Eckert, at Chambersburg, the past week.

Misses Stella Bowers and Olga Wallace of Hanover, were the guests of Master Gay Miller, East High street, over Sunday.

Hymenial.

Mr. Curvin C. Carlaugh, son of the late Amos Carlaugh of Schwartz's school house, Conewago township, and Miss Mary Virginia Staub, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Staub, of Littlestown, were married last Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock at the bride's home, by Rev. John Jay Hill.

Dennis E. Bucher, son of Mr. E. S. Bucher, who resides on the Chas. Yoost farm, in N. Y. township, and Miss Lottie M. Schildt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Schildt, also of Mt. Joy township, were married last Saturday evening, at St. Paul's Lutheran parsonage, Littlestown, by Rev. John Jay Hill.

At the residence of the bride's grandmother, near Hunterstown, on Sunday, May 17, by Rev. E. E. Dietterich, Mr. Jonas Fleunming and Miss Mary McCaiden, both of Straban township, were united in marriage.

Ralph T. Marble and Miss Roxie K., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Zepp, both of Hanover, were united in marriage on Sunday, May 17, by Rev. J. H. Hartman.

William S. Abel and Miss Laura M. Sterner, both of Midway, were married at the Lutheran parsonage, Hanover, Sunday afternoon, by Rev. A. M. Heidman.

George Stouter of Emmitsburg, and Miss Esther Pecher of near Fairfield, were united in marriage Tuesday by Rev. F. Reddin of Gettysburg. Wm. P. Devine of Hanover, was best man and Miss Lizzy Pecher, a sister of the bride, was bridesmaid.

Fire at Littlestown.

The barn of L. G. Starely, at the edge of Littlestown was totally destroyed by fire shortly after 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon. One horse, one cow, a number of farming implements, harness, etc., were consumed with the building. The barn was a new one. The Alpha fire company was summoned and succeeded in saving the surrounding buildings. The origin of the fire, it is claimed, was the result of the careless handling of matches and the smoking of cigarettes by some little boys. The loss is placed at about \$500 with only \$175 insurance.

On oath of Ambrose Dittenhafer, John Shealer, constable, and his brother, Marvin Shealer of Gettysburg, were arrested last Saturday by Constable Jacob Morrison of Straban township, on charges of assault and battery, pointing a weapon and unlawful arrest. They gave bail in the sum of \$800 on the three charges to appear at a hearing to be held before Justice of the Peace Harvey Brown, of Straban township.

THAT METALLIC TONE

Which you hear in most pianos after they have been used a few years is unknown in the Weaver Piano. This is only one of the features which make this piano superior to others.

Subscribe for the ITEM, \$1 a year.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. B. Cashman

Choice Wheat.....	\$.90
No. 2 ".....	.85
Rye.....	.50
Oats.....	.35 @ 70
Corn.....	.35 @ 60
Clover seed, per lb.....	.10 @ 13
Timothy seed.....	1.00 @ 1.56
Rye Straw.....	6.00 @ 7.00
Timothy hay.....	10.00 @ 14.00



New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1908.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Ascension Day May 24th.

The grass and grain look fine.

M. G. Nagle's hatchery at Abbotstown in full blast, he has now over 8,000 eggs in his incubators.

Mrs. John Miller of Bonneauville, has badly sprained ankle caused by falling off the front porch.

If your chickens are not doing as well as they should try Auker's remedies advertised in this paper.

Mr. John D. Mummert, of near Black's school house, has a novelty in the way of a duck with four legs.

Jacob A. Snyder shipped a carload of potatoes from Bendersville Station last week at 52 cents a bushel.

Charles E. Aumen, a son of Cornelius Aumen, formerly of near this place, has been appointed chief of police of Reading.

Mr. Isaac C. Thomas of Hamilton township, who was recently seriously injured by a horse falling upon him, is improving.

FOR RENT.—House, stable and garden two miles from New Oxford. Possession at once. Apply to

R. M. STRALEY, New Oxford.

Last Sunday some scoundrel shot five chickens and crippled several others for Mr. John Kepner, Sr., of Hamilton township.

Rev. H. F. Hartzel of Hanover, while sawing wood at his home Wednesday afternoon, accidentally fell to the ground and fractured one of his ribs.

Miss Hartzell, daughter of J. T. Hartzel of Cumberland township, while engaged in cutting straw recently accidentally cut off the end of the thumb on the left hand.

A large selection Ladies' New Style Belts in White, Black and Colors.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY, 33 Balto. St., Hanover.

The real estate and machinery of the Kingsdale Canning Company will be sold at public sale, for the benefit of the creditors, by the receiver, James H. Kelly, on Saturday, June 6.

Joseph Foust of Huntington township, was trimming up some tree tops on the Calvin Linah place on Monday when a glancing blow from his axe nearly severed the small toe from his right foot.

On last Saturday night the property owned by the John A. Kint heirs, at Virginia Mills, was burned to the ground. This house was vacant since last spring. It is supposed to be of incendiary origin.

There's always something missing with out I. W. HARPER whiskey. It's so old and so extensively used everywhere that we should find it hard to get along without it. Sold by C. T. Hersh, New Oxford.

Curtis McGlaughlin of Orttanna, lost a valuable mare on Sunday night. The animal got fast in her stall Friday night and in attempting to extricate herself became bruised about the head, resulting in death.

Mr. H. F. Cratin and family, who moved away from Littlestown seventeen years ago, returned last week and have settled down in Taneytown. The family has been residing at Oneonta, N. Y., for some years.

In the second game of ball between junior teams from Irishtown and New Oxford, played on the local diamond Saturday afternoon, the locals turned the tables and defeated the visitors by the score of 5 to 4.

We have it from good authority that it is the intention of a former well-known citizen of New Oxford, to open up an up-to-date shoe and gent's furnishing store in the Swartz room, Philadelphia street, in the very near future.

William Hersh Esq., representing Chas. H. Basehoar, and J. L. Williams, Esq., representing Jacob Bowers, sold, as Attorneys-in-fact, the Bowers real estate in Union township, to Chas. H. Basehoar for \$1,000, on last Friday.

White Run, May 18.—W. J. Collins is tearing down the old house that he bought some years ago, together with the land on which it stood. This old house has long been a landmark in this neighborhood and its age spans more than a century and a quarter.

Mr. N. Lingg has planted nearly five hundred trees on the South end of his farm at the edge of town, 250 of which are of the Catalpa variety, and the balance are poplar and locust. His brother, Mr. Clement Lingg, whose farm adjoins, also planted 250 Catalpa trees.

On Friday Constable William E. Hensil arrested Mrs. May Bell Osborn of Mountpleasant township, on a warrant issued by Squire R. M. Straley on information of Mrs. Laura Osborn. Defendant charged with assault and battery, gave bail for a hearing on May 25th, at 1 o'clock p. m.

John H. Bubbs, formerly of near New Oxford, moved from York last week to the Greenmount Fruit Farm in Newberry township, York county, which farm he recently bought from John Hartley of York. There are 150 acres of land, with 65 acres in fruit, there being no less than 15,000 trees in thriving condition. A big crop of early cherries will be ready for market about June 1.

The Western Maryland Railroad will run daily trains to Pen-Mar, this summer, at the regular excursion rates, the schedule to go into effect June 15. The train will leave York at 8:30 a. m., arriving at Pen-Mar about 11 o'clock. Returning the train will leave the mountain resort at 5:30 p. m.

Rumors in circulation for several weeks that the control of the Western Maryland Railroad was to be sold by the Gould interests, were revived Thursday, this time with the statement that the Reading Company was to take over the property. Official confirmation or denial of the report could not be had.

Messrs. F. X. Groat and Charles Rinehart have started a general store in the Storm building, at "Mt. Misery" Oxford township. They will also handle ice cream and other refreshments on Saturday evenings. Both gentlemen are well and favorably known and we bespeak for them a liberal share of patronage.

While assisting in the tearing down of the old mill near the Hanover and McSherrystown Water Co.'s pumping station, known as Kindig's, or Sterner's mill Paul Coulson, of Hanover, found a brick stamped with the date "1792," and the name "Henry Menges." Mr. Coulson has the 116 year-old brick in his possession.

Prof. Calvin Hamilton, superintendent of the National Cemetery, has received from the War Department thirty-eight hundred flags, one of which will be placed at each soldier's grave in the National Cemetery on May 30th. This is the first time flags will be put at the graves of the 3,650 Federal soldiers at Gettysburg.

Tuesday about 10 p. m. the dwelling house on Isaac Thomas, property at Latimore, was discovered on fire and in a short time was burned to the ground. Hayberger's shingle mill was there sawing shingles to re-roof the house and the fire was started by sparks from the engine. The house was occupied by Wm. Humes who only moved in recently.

One morning recently when Mr. William Hikes of Idaville, arose he saw some crows flying about the barn. Thinking to scare them away he seized his gun and ran to the door. In some manner the gun was prematurely discharged and a part of the contents landed in the ceiling and the balance in Mr. Hikes' arm. The wound was dressed by S. B. Myers.

An old sign that at one time adorned the large brick building at the cross-pikes below town, when that place was known as one of popular hostleries of this section, was seen last week at the house of Mrs. Kate Himes, on Pitt street, now being renovated for occupancy. The sign is of oval shape with cross keys in gilt on the face and bears the date 1809.

Motorman William Legore of the Hanover & McSherrystown Street Railway Co., was painfully injured Wednesday by being struck by a falling log. Mr. Legore, accompanied by his wife, went to the home of his son, Howard Legore, near Taneytown, to assist at a barn raising. While at work a falling log struck Mr. Legore on the right side of the head, rendering him unconscious for a short time.

In a game of baseball, on Saturday afternoon, between the Hanover High School and Hanover Athletics teams, a serious accident occurred. Earnest Beard, third baseman of the High School team, while running from first to second base, collided with Philip Nickey, shortstop of the Athletics, and was thrown to the ground. In the fall his right leg was broken at two places between the knee and ankle.

The Citizens Band gave their first open-air concert of the season on Center Square Saturday evening. A large crowd of spectators were present and highly appreciated and enjoyed the excellent music. The selections rendered by the band on this occasion were above the ordinary of country bands, and showed that the boys have been doing some work during the winter months. New Oxford has a musical organization that every citizen can feel proud of, and one that cannot be surpassed in this section of the State.

John S. Young of Hanover, was arrested at Littlestown Tuesday night for fast automobile driving and neglecting to blow the signal horn at crossings. Mr. Young was taken before Squire H. G. Blocher, who imposed a fine and costs amounting to \$12.50. The Hanover party, which had gone to Littlestown in three automobiles, flocked to the court of justice to learn the result of the arrest. After considerable discussion, it was decided not to pay the fine. \$100 bail was required to hold the case over for court, which was furnished by T. J. O'Neill.

A Difficult Operation.

Marcelius, a five-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Mosheim Crumrine, residing in Midway, Thursday afternoon was operated on by Dr. Wesley C. Stick, assisted by Dr. A. C. Wentz and Dr. Clayton E. Bortner of Hanover, for separated pleurisy. A rib an inch and a half long had to be removed before the collection of nearly a quart of pus could be reached. The operation was a successful one, and the patient is resting well.

A large variety Dress Goods for Coats, Suits and Dress Skirts, to sell at 30c the yard.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY, 33 Balto. St., Hanover.

Man's Hand Torn Off.

A distressing accident, which resulted in the maiming for life of a young man, occurred early Wednesday morning at the bakery of J. A. Houck, in Hanover. The victim of the accident is Irwin G. Houck. He is aged about 30 years, married, and the father of three children. The bakery in which the accident occurred is owned by his father, J. A. Houck, who employed him in the business.

The accident transpired about 12:30 a. m. Young Houck was alone in the bakery, setting bread to raise for the morning's baking, and in connection therewith was operating a dough-mixing machine, driven by electric power. Houck reached into the mixing machine to get the temperature of the dough, with his left hand, when the steel coil which winds inside the hopper caught the hand and drew it into the machine. The pressure of this is powerful, and Mr. Houck was fully aware that his entire arm and body was in danger of being drawn in. He therefore braced himself, and the hand, after the wrist had been crushed by the coil, parted from the arm.

Lee Urick, head baker at the establishment, was due to arrive at 2 a. m., Mr. Houck getting things in readiness for his arrival. When his hand had been torn off, the young man never lost his presence of mind, but calmly walked to the switchboard and turned off the electric current which moved the dough-mixing machine. Then, still all alone he started for the office of Dr. M. M. Fleagle tightly pressing the mangled arm, from which, nevertheless, much blood was lost. Dr. Fleagle at once gave the terrible injury the best of preliminary attention and kept the unfortunate young man at his residence until Wednesday morning, when about six inches of the forearm above the mangled unit was amputated.

Fell Backward From Wagon.

Mr. Henry Kline of Hampton, accompanied by a boy, came to town with a two horse team and while in the act of loading some goods at the warehouse of Mr. J. H. Duttera, Pitt street, met with quite a serious accident, on Saturday. The gentleman was standing on the front part of the wagon when he was attacked with vertigo and fell backward out of the wagon upon one of the horses and rolled between the animals to the ground. This caused the animals to move forward but were quickly stopped. Mr. Kline was taken from under the wagon and carried into the warehouse and Dr. Sheetz summoned, who upon examination, found the man's injuries to consist of large cuts on the head and face which required a number of stitches to close. The cuts were caused by the fall, as, fortunately, the wheels of the heavy wagon did not strike him when the horses moved forward. After being made as comfortable as possible for a time at the warehouse, Dr. Spatz arrived and removed the gentleman to his home at Hampton, where at last accounts he was improving rapidly. The boy took the Kline team home.

Another Narrow Escape.

Last week we made mention of the very narrow escape of Mr. Frommeyer and wife, at the crossing of the W. M. railroad on Pitt street. Thursday afternoon there was another very narrow and fortunate escape of a team being run down by an engine at this same crossing. Mr. H. C. Wagner of near New Chester, was passing over the crossing with a two horse wagon loaded with potatoes. As he was passing over the railroad the engine of a local freight came dashing out from between the buildings and the gentleman was only able to clear the tracks by the quick use of the whip upon his horses, and the engine thundered by within a few feet of the rear of the wagon. As stated last week and on numerous occasions heretofore, it is high time that some action be taken to have the R. R. Co. place some safeguard at this crossing.

Escaped Horrible Death.

Charles Pittenturf of Heidelsburg narrowly escaped being crushed to death under a traction engine on last Thursday. He was with Bream's hay packing rig and just above the big hill on the State road above York Springs the engine got in the side drain for the engineer. Pittenturf and several others were throwing stones in the gutter in order to give the drive wheels a hold. Just as he threw a stone he lost his balance and fell a couple of feet in advance of the big wheels which were rapidly revolving. With a quick twist of the body he threw himself sideways just as the big wheels went by. It was an almost miraculous escape and the whole thing occurred in a few seconds but to the bystanders it seemed like a long time.

The Coats were Stolen.

The experience of a quintet of pedestrians, while rambling in the Pigeon Hills Sunday afternoon, will serve as a warning to others, not to leave anything of value out of their sight—even in that secluded spot. The boys left their coats in a team, while they proceeded to High Rock to take some kodak pictures and make some explorations. They returned in about an hour, and upon discovering the loss thought a joke had been played on them by a friend, expecting to find the garments up a tree or under some underbrush. No trace was found, however, and the boys were the victims of a common theft. In one of the coats was a silver watch, and the total value of the stolen property is about \$50.

Death Doings.

Edward Penn died Wednesday morning in Pittsburg from dropsy and asthma, aged 35 years. Mr. Penn was a native of Gettysburg and lived there for 20 years. He is survived by three sisters and two brothers: Mrs. Joseph Matthews, Mrs. Sarah Stanton and W. F. Penn, all of Gettysburg, Mrs. John Bailey of Washington, and Charles Penn of York.

Mrs. Harriet Wolf, an inmate of the County alms house, died at that institution Thursday morning aged 66 years. Death resulted from erysipelas, after a brief illness. She had been in the institution since last fall, having gone there from East Berlin. Her body was taken to East Berlin for burial, by a daughter.

Mrs. J. M. Anderson died last Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock after a lingering illness from Bright's disease and consumption at her home in Waynesboro. She was aged 54 years, 7 months and 8 days. Mrs. Anderson was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Reese, and was born in Adams county, where she spent nearly her whole life. When a young woman she was married in 1872 to J. M. Anderson, son of Thomas Anderson, of near Fairfield. They then went to housekeeping. Sixteen years ago they moved to Waynesboro and have since resided there. She is survived by her husband, two sons and two daughters.

Mrs. Susanna Barbara Myers, wife of Harvey Myers, died at her home in McAllen township, at 3 o'clock Thursday morning after a prolonged illness aged 39 years, 10 months and 22 days. She is survived by her husband and five children.

The young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rautzahn, who recently moved from Aspers to York, died in that city Thursday.

A Cashtown correspondent writes: On Saturday at 12 o'clock death called another respected woman from our midst in the person of Mrs. Susan Kuhn, of near Willow Grove, two miles from this place. Mrs. Kuhn was the widow of Daniel Kuhn, who died in 1886, and this is his second wife. Mrs. Kuhn was 83 years of age. Mrs. Edward Kaiser of West High street, is a granddaughter of deceased.

Mrs. Amanda Sowers, a respected lady of near Heidelsburg, died on Tuesday evening after years of more or less suffering. She was aged about 55 years and leaves a husband and daughter. Interment was made at Heidelsburg Friday.

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Music by Band and Strengthening of flowers.
Firing Salute by Sons of Veterans.
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To Move Three-story Building.

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Rickets.

Simply the visible sign that baby's tiny bones are not forming rapidly enough.

Lack of nourishment is the cause.

Scott's Emulsion nourishes baby's entire system. Stimulates and makes bone. Exactly what baby needs.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

PERSONAL.

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Fire at Littlestown.

The barn of L. G. Stately, at the edge of Littlestown was totally destroyed by fire shortly after 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon. One horse, one cow, a number of farming implements, harness, etc., were consumed with the building. The barn was a new one. The Alpha fire company was summoned and succeeded in saving the surrounding buildings. The origin of the fire, it is claimed, was the result of the careless handling of matches and the smoking of cigarettes by some little boys. The loss is placed at about \$800 with only \$175 insurance.

On oath of Ambrose Dittenhafer, John Shealer, constable, and his brother, Marvin Shealer of Gettysburg, were arrested last Saturday by Constable Jacob Morrison of Straban township, on charges of assault and battery, pointing a weapon and unlawful arrest. They gave bail in the sum of \$800 on the three charges to appear at a hearing to be held before Justice of the Peace Harvey Brown, of Straban township.

THAT METALLIC TONE

Which you hear in most pianos after they have been used a few years is unknown in the Weaver Piano. This is only one of the features which make this piano superior to others.

Subscribe for the ITEM, \$1 a year.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat..... \$.90
No. 2 "..... .85
Raided "..... .50
Rye..... .55 @ 70
Corn..... .55 @ 60
Oats..... .22 @ 50
Clover seed, per lb..... 10 @ 18
Timothy seed..... 1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw..... 0 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay..... 10 00 @ 14 00



New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1908.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Ascension Day May 28th.

The grass and grain look fine.

M. G. Nagle's hatchery at Abbotstown in full blast, he has now over 8,000 eggs in his incubators.

Mrs. John Miller of Bonneauville, has badly sprained ankle caused by falling off the front porch.

If your chickens are not doing as well as they should try Auker's remedies advertised in this paper.

Mr. John D. Mummett, of near Black's school house, has a novelty in the way of a duck with four legs.

Jacob A. Snyder shipped a carload of potatoes from Bendersville Station last week at 52 cents a bushel.

Charles E. Aumen, a son of Cornelius Aumen, formerly of near this place, has been appointed chief of police of Reading.

Mr. Isaac C. Thomas of Hamilton township, who was recently seriously injured by a horse falling upon him, is improving.

FOR RENT.—House, stable and garden two miles from New Oxford. Possession at once. Apply to

R. M. STRALEY, New Oxford.

Last Sunday some scoundrel shot five chickens and crippled several others for Mr. John Kepner, Sr., of Hamilton township.

Rev. H. F. Hartzel of Hanover, while sawing wood at his home Wednesday afternoon, accidentally fell to the ground and fractured one of his ribs.

Miss Hartzel, daughter of J. T. Hartzel of Cumberland township, while engaged in cutting straw recently accidentally cut off the end of the thumb on the left hand.

A large selection Ladies' New Style Belts in White, Black and Colors.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY, 33 Balto. St., Hanover.

The real estate and machinery of the Kingsdale Canning Company will be sold at public sale, for the benefit of the creditors, by the receiver, James H. Kelly, on Saturday, June 6.

Joseph Foust of Huntington township, was trimming up some tree tops on the Calvin Linah place on Monday when a glancing blow from his axe nearly severed the small toe from his right foot.

On last Saturday night the property owned by the John A. Kint heirs, at Virginia Mills, was burned to the ground. This house was vacant since last spring. It is supposed to be of incendiary origin.

There's always something missing with out I. W. HARPER whiskey. It's so old and so extensively used everywhere that we should find it hard to get along without it. Sold by C. T. Hersh, New Oxford.

Curtis McLaughlin of Orrtanna, lost a valuable mare on Sunday night. The animal got fast in her stall Friday night and in attempting to extricate herself became bruised about the head, resulting in death.

Mr. H. F. Cratin and family, who moved away from Littlestown seventeen years ago, returned last week and have settled down in Taneytown. The family has been residing at Oneonta, N. Y., for some years.

In the second game of ball between junior teams from Irishtown and New Oxford, played on the local diamond Saturday afternoon, the locals turned the tables and defeated the visitors by the score of 5 to 4.

We have it from good authority that it is the intention of a former well-known citizen of New Oxford, to open up an up-to-date shoe and gent's furnishing store in the Swartz corner, Philadelphia street, in the very near future.

William Hersh Esq., representing Chas. H. Bashoar, and J. L. Williams, Esq., representing Jacob Bowers, sold, as Attorneys-in-fact, the Bowers real estate in Union township, to Chas. H. Bashoar for \$1,000, on last Friday.

White Run, May 18.—W. J. Collins is tearing down the old house that he bought some years ago, together with the land on which it stood. This old house has long been a landmark in this neighborhood and its age spans more than a century and a quarter.

Mr. N. Lingg has planted nearly five hundred trees on the South end of his farm at the edge of town, 250 of which are of the Catalpa variety, and the balance are poplar and locust. His brother, Mr. Clement Lingg, whose farm adjoins, also planted 250 Catalpa trees.

On Friday Constable William E. Hensil arrested Mrs. May Bell Osborn of Mountpleasant township, on a warrant issued by Squire R. M. Straley on information of Mrs. Laura Osborn. Defendant charged with assault and battery, gave bail for a hearing on May 25th, at 1 o'clock p. m.

John H. Bubb, formerly of near New Oxford, moved from York last week to the Greenmount Fruit Farm in Newberry township, York county, which farm he recently bought from John Hartley of York. There are 150 acres of land, with 65 acres in fruit, there being no less than 15,000 trees in thriving condition. A big crop of early cherries will be ready for market about June 1.

The Western Maryland Railroad will run daily trains to Pen-Mar, this summer, at the regular excursion rates, the schedule to go into effect June 15. The train will leave York at 8:30 a. m., arriving at Pen-Mar about 11 o'clock. Returning the train will leave the mountain resort at 5:30 p. m.

Rumors in circulation for several weeks that the control of the Western Maryland Railroad was to be sold by the Gould interests, were revived Thursday, this time with the statement that the Reading Company was to take over the property. Official confirmation or denial of the report could not be had.

Messrs. F. X. Groft and Charles Rinehart have started a general store in the Storm building, at "Mt. Misery" Oxford township. They will also handle ice cream and other refreshments on Saturday evenings. Both gentlemen are well and favorably known and we bespeak for them a liberal share of patronage.

While assisting in the tearing down of the old mill near the Hanover and McSherrystown Water Co.'s pumping station, known as Kindig's, or Sterner's mill Paul Coulson, of Hanover, found a brick stamped with the date "1792," and the name "Henry Menges." Mr. Coulson has the 116 year-old brick in his possession.

Prof. Calvin Hamilton, superintendent of the National Cemetery, has received from the War Department thirty-eight hundred flags, one of which will be placed at each soldier's grave in the National Cemetery on May 30th. This is the first time flags will be put at the graves of the 3,650 Federal soldiers at Gettysburg.

Tuesday about 10 p. m. the dwelling house on Isaac Thomas, property at Latimore, was discovered on fire and in a short time was burned to the ground. Hayberger's shingle mill was there sawing shingles to re-roof the house and the fire was started by sparks from the engine. The house was occupied by Wm. Humes who only moved in recently.

One morning recently when Mr. William Hikes of Idaville, arose he saw some crows flying about the barn. Thinking to scare them away he seized his gun and ran to the door. In some manner the gun was prematurely discharged and a part of the contents landed in the ceiling and the balance in Mr. Hikes' arm. The wound was dressed by S. B. Myers.

An old sign that at one time adorned the large brick building at the cross-pikes below town, when that place was known as one of popular hostleries of this section, was seen last week at the house of Mrs. Kate Himes, on Pitt street, now being renovated for occupancy. The sign is of oval shape with cross keys in gilt on the face and bears the date 1899.

Motorman William Legore of the Hanover & McSherrystown Street Railway Co., was painfully injured Wednesday by being struck by a falling log. Mr. Legore, accompanied by his wife, went to the home of his son, Howard Legore, near Taneytown, to assist at a barn raising. While at work a falling log struck Mr. Legore on the right side of the head, rendering him unconscious for a short time.

In a game of baseball, on Saturday afternoon, between the Hanover High School and Hanover Athletics teams, a serious accident occurred. Earnest Beard, third baseman of the High School team, while running from first to second base, collided with Philip Nickey, shortstop of the Athletics, and was thrown to the ground. In the fall his right leg was broken at two places between the knee and ankle.

The Citizens Band gave their first open-air concert of the season on Center Square Saturday evening. A large crowd of spectators were present and highly appreciated and enjoyed the excellent music. The selections rendered by the band on this occasion were above the ordinary of country bands, and showed that the boys have been doing some work during the winter months. New Oxford has a musical organization that every citizen can feel proud of, and one that cannot be surpassed in this section of the State.

John S. Young of Hanover, was arrested at Littlestown Tuesday night for fast automobile driving and neglecting to blow the signal horn at crossings. Mr. Young was taken before Squire H. G. Blocher, who imposed a fine and costs amounting to \$12.50. The Hanover party, which had gone to Littlestown in three automobiles, flocked to the court of justice to learn the result of the arrest. After considerable discussion, it was decided not to pay the fine. \$100 bail was required to hold the case over for court, which was furnished by T. J. O'Neill.

A Difficult Operation.

Marcelus, a five-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Mosheim Crumrine, residing in Midway, Thursday afternoon was operated on by Dr. Wesley C. Stick, assisted by Dr. A. C. Wentz and Dr. Clayton E. Bortner of Hanover, for separated pleurisy. A rib an inch and a half long had to be removed before the collection of nearly a quart of pus could be reached. The operation was a successful one, and the patient is resting well.

A large variety Dress Goods for Coats, Suits and Dress Skirts, to sell at 30c the yard.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY, 33 Balto. St., Hanover.

Man's Hand Torn Off.

A distressing accident, which resulted in the maiming for life of a young man, occurred early Wednesday morning at the bakery of J. A. Houck, in Hanover. The victim of the accident is Irwin G. Houck. He is aged about 30 years, married, and the father of three children. The bakery in which the accident occurred is owned by his father, J. A. Houck, who employed his son in the business.

The accident transpired about 12:30 a. m. Young Houck was alone in the bakery, setting bread to raise for the morning's baking, and in connection therewith was operating a dough-mixing machine, driven by electric power. Houck reached into the mixing machine to get the temperature of the dough, with his left hand, when the steel coil which winds inside the hopper caught the hand and drew it into the machine. The pressure of this is powerful, and Mr. Houck was full aware that his entire arm and body was in danger of being drawn in. He therefore braced himself, and the hand, after the wrist had been crushed by the coil, parted from the arm.

Lee Urick, head baker at the establishment, was due to arrive at 2 a. m., Mr. Houck getting things in readiness for his arrival. When his hand had been torn off, the young man never lost his presence of mind, but calmly walked to the switchboard and turned off the electric current which moved the dough-mixing machine. Then, still all alone he started for the office of Dr. M. M. Fleagle tightly pressing the mangled arm, from which, nevertheless, much blood was lost. Dr. Fleagle at once gave the terrible injury the best of preliminary attention and kept the unfortunate young man at his residence until Wednesday morning, when about six inches of the forearm above the mangled unit was amputated.

Fell Backward From Wagon.

Mr. Henry Kline of Hampton, accompanied by a boy, came to town with a two horse team and while in the act of loading some goods at the warehouse of Mr. J. H. Duttera, Pitt street, met with quite a serious accident, on Saturday. The gentleman was standing on the front part of the wagon when he was attacked with vertigo and fell backward out of the wagon upon one of the horses and rolled between the animals to the ground. This caused the animals to move forward but were quickly stopped. Mr. Kline was taken from under the wagon and carried into the warehouse and Dr. Sheetz summoned, who upon examination, found the man's injuries to consist of large cuts on the head and face which required a number of stitches to close. The cuts were caused by the fall, as, fortunately the wheels of the heavy wagon did not strike him when the horses moved forward. After being made as comfortable as possible for a time at the warehouse, Dr. Spotz arrived and removed the gentleman to his home at Hampton, where at last accounts he was improving rapidly. The boy took the Kline team home.

Another Narrow Escape.

Last week we made mention of the very narrow escape of Mr. Frommeyer and wife, at the crossing of the W. M. railroad on Pitt street. Thursday afternoon there was another very narrow and fortunate escape of a team being run down by an engine at this same crossing. Mr. H. C. Wagner of near New Chester, was passing over the crossing with a two horse wagon loaded with potatoes. As he was passing over the railroad the engine of a local freight came dashing out from between the buildings and the gentleman was only able to clear the tracks by the quick use of the whip upon his horses, and the engine thundered by within a few feet of the rear of the wagon. As stated last week and on numerous occasions heretofore, it is high time that some action be taken to have the R. R. Co. place some safeguard at this crossing.

Escaped Horrible Death.

Charles Pittenturf of Heidlersburg narrowly escaped being crushed to death under a traction engine on last Thursday. He was with Bream's hay packing rig and just above the big hill on the State road above York Springs the engine got in the side drain for the engineer. Pittenturf and several others were throwing stones in the gutter in order to give the drive wheels a hold. Just as he threw a stone he lost his balance and fell a couple of feet in advance of the big wheels which were rapidly revolving. With a quick twist of the body he threw himself sideways just as the big wheels went by. It was an almost miraculous escape and the whole thing occurred in a few seconds but to the bystanders it seemed like a long time.

The Coats were Stolen.

The experience of a quintet of pedestrians, while rambling in the Pigeon Hills Sunday afternoon, will serve as a warning to others, not to leave anything of value out of their sight—even in that secluded spot. The boys left their coats in a team, while they proceeded to High Rock to take some kodak pictures and make some explorations. They returned in about an hour, and upon discovering the loss thought a joke had been played on them by a friend, expecting to find the garments up a tree or under some underbrush. No trace was found, however, and the boys were the victims of a common theft. In one of the coats was a silver watch, and the total value of the stolen property is about \$50.

Death Doings.

Edward Penn died Wednesday morning in Pittsburg from dropsy and asthma, aged 35 years. Mr. Penn was a native of Gettysburg and lived there for 20 years. He is survived by three sisters and two brothers: Mrs. Joseph Matthews, Mrs. Sarah Stanton and W. F. Penn, all of Gettysburg, Mrs. John Bailey of Washington, and Charles Penn of York.

Mrs. Harriet Wolf, an inmate of the County alms house, died at that institution Thursday morning aged 66 years. Death resulted from erysipelas, after a brief illness. She had been in the institution since last fall, having gone there from East Berlin. Her body was taken to East Berlin for burial, by a daughter.

Mrs. J. M. Anderson died last Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock after a lingering illness from Bright's disease and consumption at her home in Waynesboro. She was aged 64 years, 7 months and 8 days. Mrs. Anderson was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Reese, and was born in Adams county, where she spent nearly her whole life. When a young woman she was married in 1872 to J. M. Anderson, son of Thomas Anderson, of near Fairfield. They then went to housekeeping. Sixteen years ago they moved to Waynesboro and have since resided there. She is survived by her husband, two sons and two daughters.

Mrs. Susanna Barbara Myers, wife of Harvey Myers, died at her home in Menallen township, at 3 o'clock Thursday morning after a prolonged illness aged 39 years, 10 months and 22 days. She is survived by her husband and five children.

The young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rautzahn, who recently moved from Aspers to York, died in that city Thursday.

A Cashtown correspondent writes: On Saturday at 12 o'clock death called another respected woman from our midst in the person of Mrs. Susan Kuhn, of near Willow Grove, two miles from this place. Mrs. Kuhn was the widow of Daniel Kuhn, who died in 1886, and this is his second wife. Mrs. Kuhn was 83 years of age. Mrs. Edward Kaiser of West High street, is a granddaughter of deceased.

Mrs. Amanda Sowers, a respected lady of near Heidlersburg, died on Tuesday evening after years of more or less suffering. She was aged about 55 years and leaves a husband and daughter. Interment was made at Heidlersburg Friday.

Harry Howard Baker died at his home in Hanover, at 7:45 p. m. May 15 of pernicious anemia, after an illness of six months, aged 41 years. He was a son of Adams county, and was married 16 years ago to Miss Maggie Gregory of Baltimore, who survives him together with three children, two sons and one daughter. He is also survived by his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth E. Baker, two brothers—Edward and Maurice Baker, of Adams county, and four sisters—Mrs. Wilson J. Bair and Mrs. Charles Bollinger, of Adams county, Mrs. Charles N. Lowe of Hanover, and Miss Flora B. Baker of York.

Jacob Eckenrode died at his home in Hanover at 2:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon from cancer of the throat, in the 81st year of his age. Mr. Eckenrode who has been in failing health for some time, was confined to his bed for two weeks previous to his death. Deceased was a native of Tyrone township, and was born and reared near Heidlersburg, but when a young man learned the carpenter trade and for many years was employed as head carpenter in the car shops at Wilkes-Barre. He was twice married, his first wife, who was Miss Catharine Hemler, of Bonneauville, died 26 years ago. His second wife, who was Miss Cordelia Smith, of near Bonneauville, and a sister of the late Jacob Smith, of near this place, to whom he was united in marriage 24 years ago, survives him, with the following children from the first wife—Mrs. Jennie Tyson and Mrs. Kate Evey, of Wilkes-Barre, and four sons—Albert, William and Vincent Eckenrode, of Wilkes-Barre, and Chas. Eckenrode, of Scranton. One brother, Joseph Eckenrode, of Hanover, and one sister, Mrs. Matilda Pittendorf, of Heidlersburg, also survive him.

Several years ago Mr. Eckenrode disposed of his properties in Wilkes-Barre and removed to Hanover. The disease which finally terminated in his death, first gave him trouble in his left arm, and after great suffering had that member amputated near the shoulder. Deceased was a good christian gentleman. His funeral took place Monday morning, interment being made in St. Joseph Cemetery, Hanover, after a High Mass of Requiem in St. Joseph Church.

Mrs. Sarah S. Bender died in Salina, Kansas, on May 12. Mrs. Bender was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cramer, and lived in Hanover many years. Later Mr. Bender and family moved near Gettysburg, where they resided several years. In April, 1881 they moved to Kansas, where Mr. Bender engaged in general merchandise, and later in farming and stock raising.

Mrs. Louisa Bushman, widow of the late Rev. Michael Bushman died on Sunday at the county home aged 68 years. She was a daughter of the late Michael Rupp and was a native of Gettysburg. Two brothers survive.

The Band Festival.

The New Oxford Citizens Band will hold a Festival on the Hendrix plot opposite the depot, Pitt street, on the evening of Memorial Day. The boys are making every effort to accommodate the people of New Oxford and vicinity with first-class music, so turn out on May 30th and give them your support. Band concert during the evening.

Hand Injured.

Mr. Henry Myers of near New Chester, formerly of this place, is suffering from a badly crippled hand. Mr. Myers is having a 20 foot addition erected to his barn and while handling some lumber on Friday a heavy piece accidentally rolled upon his left hand, crushing the third and little fingers and badly bruising the entire hand. The injury has caused him much pain.

Backed Over Embankment.

Mr. Harry Miller of Hanover street, on Sunday evening secured a team at a local liver, stable to visit his lady friend at Hampton. All went well for some distance, when the animal took it into her head to balk, and she did so. The driver tried to urge her along, but instead of going forward she went the opposite way and backed the conveyance over a high embankment at the side of the road, breaking the shafts and tearing the harness. Mr. Miller then walked to Hampton and telephoned the liveryman to go after his team, having left it where the animal balked.

Memorial Day Program.

Following is the program for Memorial Day exercises in New Oxford:

The parade will be in charge of Wm. Gilbert, as Chief Marshal. The parade will form on Center Square and will move promptly at 5 p. m. to the Immaculate Conception Cemetery, thence to New Oxford Cemetery in the following order:

Sunday Schools.
New Oxford Citizens Band.
Patriotic Order Sons of America.
Sons of Veterans.
G. A. R. and old Veterans.

The following will be the order of exercises at the New Oxford Cemetery: Invocation by Minister.
Singing "America," by audience.
Ceremonies by Sons of Veterans.
Oration—Capt. C. G. Miller.
Music by Band and Strewing of flowers.
Firing Salute by Sons of Veterans.
Benediction.

To Move Three-story Building.

The razing of the convent walls of old St. Joseph's, McSherrystown, as noted in these columns, will take place at the close of the session of the Academy next month, and the Sisters of St. Joseph have adopted plans for a new and modern structure. The plans also call for a change in the addition which was built to the old building some years ago. This building will be rolled back a distance of 100 feet and the moving will be watched with interest. It is a three story structure of brick 96x54 feet in size, and the contract for the moving has been given to a Philadelphia firm. The new building will adjoin this portion and is designed for the use and convenience of the students of the Academy. This change will give space for a beautiful lawn in front of the new building. Coulson Brothers of Hanover are the contractors for the improvements and expect to start work on the foundation to which the building will be rolled during this week.

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George Stouter of Emmitsburg, and Miss Esther Pecher of near Fairfield, were united in marriage Tuesday by Rev. F. Reddin of Gettysburg. Wm. P. Devine of Hanover, was best man and Miss Lizzie Pecher, a sister of the bride, was bridesmaid.

Fire at Littlestown.

The barn of L. G. Staveland, at the edge of Littlestown was totally destroyed by fire shortly after 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon. One horse, one cow, a number of farming implements, harness, etc., were consumed with the building. The barn was a new one. The Alpha fire company was summoned and succeeded in saving the surrounding buildings. The origin of the fire, it is claimed, was the result of the careless handling of matches and the smoking of cigarettes by some little boys. The loss is placed at about \$800 with only \$175 insurance.

On oath of Ambrose Dittenhafer, John Shealer, constable, and his brother, Mervin Shealer of Gettysburg, were arrested last Saturday by Constable Jacob Morrison of Straban township, on charges of assault and battery, pointing a weapon and unlawful arrest. They gave bail on the sum of \$800 on the three charges to appear at a hearing to be held before Justice of the Peace Harvey Brown, of Straban township.

THAT METALLIC TONE

Which you hear in most pianos after they have been used a few years is unknown in the Weaver Piano. This is only one of the features which make this piano superior to others.

Subscribe for the ITEM, \$1 a year.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman

Choice Wheat.....	\$.90
No. 2 ".....	85
Red ".....	80
Rye.....	55 @ 60
Corn.....	55 @ 70
Oats.....	22 @ 30
Clover seed, per lb.....	10 @ 15
Timothy seed.....	1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw.....	6 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay.....	10 00 @ 14 00

Rickets.
Simply the visible sign that baby's tiny bones are not forming rapidly enough.
Lack of nourishment is the cause.
'Scott's Emulsion nourishes baby's entire system. Stimulates and makes bone.
Exactly what baby needs.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00



DOES MA WISE SHE WAS PA?

"I wish I had a lot of cash."
 See pa: "One winter's night:
 'I'd go down South an' stay a while
 Where the days are warm an' bright."
 He set and watched the fire die
 (Seemed lost in thoughtful daze)
 Till ma brought in some fresh pine knots
 An' made a cheerful blaze.

"I wish I had a million s'ares
 O' stock in Standard Oil."
 See pa: "I wouldn't do a thing."
 Ma made the kettle boil.
 An' mixed hot biscuits, fried some ham
 An' eggs (smelt good, you bet!),
 Fetched cheese an' doughnuts, made the tea.
 Then pa—set down an' et!"

—Mary F. K. Hutchinson, in the Women's Home Companion.

"I wish I was a millionaire."
 See pa: "I'd have a snap."
 Next, from the lounge, we heard a snore:
 Pa—at his evenin' nap!"
 Ma did the dishes, shook the cloth,
 Brushed up, put things away.
 An' fed the cat, then started up
 Her plans for takin' day.

She washed an' put some beans to soak,
 An' set some bread to rise.
 Unstrung dried apples, soaked 'em, too,
 All ready for her pies.
 She broiled a more wood, put out the cat,
 Then damped a few pipes o' smoke:
 Pa woke an' sez, "It's time for bed!"
 Ma, have you won! Let's clocks!"

—Mary F. K. Hutchinson, in the Women's Home Companion.

An Extraordinary Proposal.

CHAPTER I.

Andrew Elliot was the eldest son of a small farmer.

At the period when we commence our story Andrew was between two or three and twenty years of age. He was a sharp, clever, active young fellow, of excellent disposition and upright principles, and was held in high estimation by all who knew him. Andrew had at this time an uncle in the metropolis, a wealthy merchant. To this person he was sent by his father to push his fortune in the city, there being little prospect of his being able to improve his condition in the rural section where he was born.

On his arrival at his uncle's, he was immediately introduced by that person into his own establishment, when he soon discovered such aptness for business as induced his relative gradually to devolve on him some of the weightiest and most important transactions of the concern. His steady, upright conduct and agreeable manners won the esteem of his uncle (who was a bachelor), and thus placed him on the high road to fortune.

In time the old man took young Elliot into partnership, and at his death, which occurred a few years afterward, left him his whole business and fortune (which last was very considerable), with the exception of a few trifling legacies.

Here, then, was the young man raised, by a combination of his own deserts with favorable circumstances, at twenty-eight or so, to what a person of moderate ambition would call the top of fortune's ladder. The business left him by his relative was prosperous, and in money, real estate and securities of various kinds, he might, besides, be worth nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

For two or three years after this matters went on exceedingly well with Mr. Elliot. He was a man of consequence among his fellow merchants, and his credit was unbounded—this last circumstance not more owing to his wealth than to the excellence of his character, which was honorable and upright to the last degree. He was, moreover, generous and benevolent, and had ever a ready hand for the relief of the needy.

These qualities, however, though they gained him the universal esteem and respect of his fellow men, could not shield him from those reverses that checker human life.

A series of losses by shipwreck, and two or three failures of friends for whom he had indorsed notes to a large amount, reduced him, in a very few years, to bankruptcy, and placed him precisely in the situation in life which was his when he had set out. But he was a bankrupt in fortune only, not in fame. His excellent character still remained to him, and stood him in good stead.

During all this time Mr. Elliot continued to reside in his late uncle's house—not his own, however—which was at the distance of about a mile from his place of business. He had taken up his abode there when he came to the city first, and there he still remained. In going to and from his store to his residence, a route which he had now traversed several times a day for many years, Mr. Elliot had to pass a certain corner, at which was stationed a crippled mendicant who had occupied the post for upward of twenty years.

To this needy and unfortunate person Mr. Elliot had been exceptionally generous in the days of his prosperity; throwing him a silver coin several times a week; for he was taken with the modest demeanor of the man who never sought the charity he gave.

But from this benevolent purpose Mr. Elliot was compelled to desist when his reverses came upon him, and was forced to pass his old pensioner without putting his hand in his pocket. He still, however, gave him a trifle now and then; but it was latterly more pronounced to his means than his disposition, and was given, besides, only at long intervals.

Thus, then, matters stood between Mr. Elliot and the beggar, and thus had they stood for several weeks, when, as the former was returning home one evening in the dusk (it was the month of October), the mendicant, who was just in the act of leaving his station as Mr. Elliot passed, called after him by his name. Surprised that the man should have known it, and a little irritated at the interruption, Mr. Elliot turned sharply around, and demanded to know what he wanted.

"You have not been so kind to me of late as you used to be, Mr. Elliot," said the cripple, with a smile.

"There are reasons for everything," replied the former, "and, of course, one for that, too. I am not so able now to relieve you as I was."

"I know that," said the beggar.

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Elliot, more

and more surprised at the knowledge of him and his circumstances which the cripple seemed to possess. "Pray, how do you happen to know that?"

"It doesn't matter," said the mendicant; "I do know it, and I am sorry for it; but I am not certain that poor and humble as I am, I could not be of some service to you in your present difficulties. If you think, Mr. Elliot, of calling at No. 36 Varick street to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock, I could perhaps introduce you to a friend from whom you might hear of something to your advantage. Will you do this?"

Perplexed by the singularity of this address, it was some seconds before Mr. Elliot could make any reply.

At length, thinking there could be no harm in making the call to which he was invited, however strange the circumstances, he replied that "He had no objection—that he certainly would."

"Well," said the little old beggar, for he was a man of diminutive stature, "do so, and inquire for John Johnstone," and he hobbled away.

The appointment which he had thus made, Mr. Elliot resolved to keep—not from any idea whatever that it could possibly produce any benefit to him, but from sheer curiosity to know how it would end.

On the following night he made his way to Varick street, having previously remarked, however, at an earlier period of the afternoon, that the little old beggar was not, as usual, at his station.

The number to which he had been directed Mr. Elliot at once found; it was a neat and respectable looking house. He rapped. A modest, well-dressed servant girl opened the door. He said he had come there by appointment to meet Mr. John Johnstone. He was instantly admitted, and shown into a small but remarkably clean and well-furnished sitting-room.

Knowing nothing of the person whose house he was in, Mr. Elliot had no idea whom he was to see. What was his surprise then, when, after he had been seated for a few minutes, his old friend, the cripple, entered the apartment, but now so clean and neatly dressed that it was some seconds before he recognized him.

The old man smiled at Mr. Elliot's surprise, but requested him to be seated. When he had done so, the former sat down opposite him.

"Now, Mr. Elliot," he said, "let us proceed to business at once. I am myself the person whom I proposed to you to meet, and I will begin with giving you a brief sketch of what I am."

"For years I was a resident of the country in which you were born, Mr. Elliot. I thus knew most of your relations. In early manhood I was a bricklayer, and in that capacity came to the city about twelve years ago. Soon after my settlement in the metropolis I had the misfortune to fall from a scaffold, and was by the accident lamed as you now see me. Incapacitated for working, and seeing my wife and family starving around me, for I was already married and had three children, I resolved on adopting the last resource of the destitute—to solicit charity on the public streets. In pursuance of this resolution I sought a popular corner—that where you found me—took my station, and soon found my receipts considerable, much more, perhaps, than you would readily believe. Thus

encouraged, there I have remained ever since; and the result is that I am now worth a sum that cannot be called trifling. My wife and my children, excepting one daughter, have been dead these many years.

"Now, Mr. Elliot," added the old man, "I have a proposal to make to you, and you must not take it amiss, for it is well meant; and if it is not agreeable to you, you have only to say so, and there will be no more of it. We will part as good friends as ever, notwithstanding. You were generous to me, Mr. Elliot, when you had the means, and I know your character to be all that is honorable, and these are the reasons that have induced me to take this step. But before I make the proposal I spoke of, Mr. Elliot," continued the old man, at the same time stretching his hand toward the bell-pull, "you must see my daughter."

He rang, and the latter soon after entered the apartment—a modest, beautiful and apparently a well-educated girl.

Mr. Elliot was introduced to her by her father, and a conversation ensued which discovered to the former that this young lady—for such she was at least by manners and education—was indeed all she appeared to be.

After she had remained in the apartment about half an hour—"Now, my dear," said her father, addressing her, "do you retire and prepare a little supper for us, as I have something to say to our old friend, Mr. Elliot, here."

When she had withdrawn, the old man continued, addressing Mr. Elliot: "Now, sir, that you have seen my daughter, I feel—but it may be a parent's partiality—more confidence in making my proposal to you. That proposal is, Mr. Elliot—and I beg you will not be startled by it, but just take it complacently, for, as I have said before, if it does not suit you you have only to say so—that you marry the girl you have just seen, and I will give you on the day of your marriage twenty-five thousand dollars! Now, take time to con-

ence, confirmed him in the opinion which the first interview inspired.

A few weeks later, Mr. Elliot led, in the phrase of the newspapers, the fair Isabella Johnstone to the hymeneal altar, and, on the same day, thirty thousand dollars were put to his credit in one of the banks of the metropolis, by the father of his bride.

He had increased his daughter's portion by five thousand dollars, saying to his son-in-law:

"I have done this, Mr. Elliot, because I wish you to pay off all your creditors in full" (Mr. Elliot had previously informed him that somewhere about ten thousand dollars would do this); "by doing which you will recover all your former credit and get on, perhaps, as well as ever."

With this proposition, which accorded so well with his own honorable position, Mr. Elliot closed. He paid off all his old debts, began business anew, and aided, soothed and cheered by the society of an amiable and affectionate wife, for such she proved, he soon found himself again in flourishing circumstances.—New York Weekly.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

The meteors which fall upon the earth are estimated to add 1000 tons to its weight every three years.

The age of the largest specimens of trees is variously estimated at from 2000 to 8000 years. Such estimates, however, are largely conjectural, inasmuch as they are based on the concentric rings of the trunks, which are not to be implicitly relied upon, particularly in the case of evergreen trees.

The salt deposits of Chile are the greatest in the world. The Salar Grande mine in the province of Tarapaca, about sixty miles south and east of Iquique, covers an area of 80,000 acres to the depth of twenty-five feet. This body of salt is nearly pure and contains more than 14,000,000,000 tons, or enough to supply the world's demands for many decades.

Among the dangerous citizens lately recognized is the microbe carrier, who, immune himself and probably unconscious of the misery he is causing, spreads broadcast the deadly germs of diphtheria, typhoid fever, dysentery, plague, cholera, influenza, spinal meningitis and many other diseases. The pathogenic microbes simply survive in the body, in many cases, long after the disease has passed away.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, Sir James Grant, M. D., presented a paper on the neurons and cells of the brains in their relations to the faculty of memory, and, after stating that, as with the other tissues of the body, so with the cells of the brain, evidence of lessening power and activity appears with the passage of years, he added the very interesting statement that the line of present investigation demonstrates that the electrical current through the brain rotates its molecules to such a degree as to produce a most notable physiological response in the direction of improved memory.

It has been found that the bactericidal effect of the arc light is much superior to that of sunlight, because the very rapid ultra-violet radiation from the sun is absorbed by the atmosphere. A rapid oscillation high-tension arc, particularly when formed between iron points, gives off an abundance of ultra-violet rays of extremely short-wave length. Quartz is transparent to this light, of which it transmits sixty per cent, but gelatine and an oxide of iron, even a thin film of it, are entirely opaque. Ice is as transparent as air to these rays, but blood is opaque, and accordingly, in applying them to the human body, they are passed through ice pressed upon the region affected so as to make it bloodless.

A Judge Advises Mothers.

"Mother," said a judge of the Cleveland Juvenile Court the other day, "you are ruining your boy by nagging him and telling him he is not good. His teacher tells me he is good. You had better change your tactics or we will find him another home."

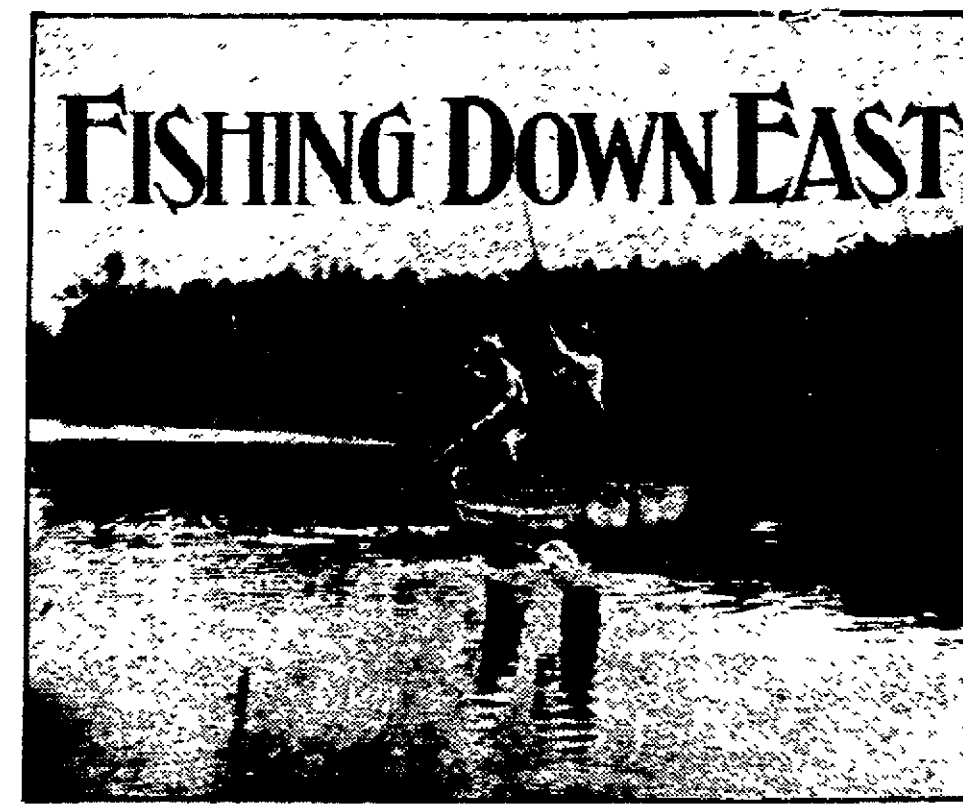
Rearing a boy or girl is much like walking a tight wire. The least bobble is likely to precipitate one head first into disaster. There is but one way to do it and that is the right way—make the child the companion, then be good yourself.

The judge hit one nail a resounding whack on the head when he said: "Don't nag!"

The child who grows up in a home where from earliest times he has heard the shout: "Don't touch that!" "Don't do this!" "Will you stop whistling?" "You shall not keep that dog!" "Take that kite out of the house!" and all that sort of thing having no liberties about the home and who is constantly reminded by suggestion or direct charge that he is "the worst boy one ever saw!" is pretty apt to be driven into being that very thing.—Omaha Daily News.

The Old Days.

Plenty of people who have not yet become grandparents can remember when nearly every lovely girl was called Moll.



The Wonderful Wilderness Country Whither Thousands Are Getting Ready to Travel With Rod and Camera This Spring—Inexhaustible Supplies of Trout and Salmon in the Maine and Canadian Regions—One Man's Record 13,000.

No outdoor pastime that takes the devotee away from home is so universally enjoyed as fishing. It is an exhilarating, care-destriving sport that is practiced practically from one end of the earth to the other; and in our own country hundreds of thousands who never indulge in any other form of outing and exercise religiously set aside at least a few days in the year for the enjoyment of this time-honored amusement.

Every section of the United States has its peculiar kind of fishing. In the Gulf of Mexico the mighty tarpon is king; in California waters the leaping tuna is the special quarry of the angler; along the Atlantic coast the bluefish tempts the skill and tries the patience of American citizens as illustrious as ex-President Cleveland; and nearly everywhere throughout the land some species of the most popular of all fresh water denizens, the trout, is found, and in many sections the lordly and much-prized salmon.

Nowhere on the continent, however, is there a most distinctively "fishing country" than in the State of Maine. New England as a whole, indeed, might well come under that designation, for the marvellously rich fishing country of the Pine Tree State is admirably supplemented with the lake and river-gemmed Commonwealths of New Hampshire and Vermont adjoining, while in New Brunswick, Quebec, Nova Scotia and other portions of the great Canadian wilderness contiguous, the opportunities for the angler are practically unlimited.

Even as this article is being written, a great host of fishermen (and not a few of them are of the fair sex), are quietly and eagerly making the necessary preparations for the annual descent upon the New England or Canadian wilderness, their brains on fire with visions of the "big fellows" they know are waiting for the cast of the fly or the trolling of the bait.

One can get ready for a fishing trip, even to the wilds of Maine, within a reasonably short space of time, but there are lots of Waltons who prefer to devote weeks to those delicious preliminaries, because it adds just so much to the long drawn out sweetness of the "spring fishing fever."

Down in Maine the piscatorial season will be in full blast about the first of May, for it is about that time that the annual telegram which gives to thousands of Americans such an electric shock—"the ice is out"—finds its way into the newspapers of the country.

From the Rangely Region.

try, or is displayed on straw-colored blanks in the windows of railroad ticket offices.

And the railroads! How much they have done not only to popularize the sport of fishing, but to make it so easy a pastime, that even frail women may now journey into "the heart of the ancient wood" and have just as good a time, and just as good sport, as their husbands and brothers, without the least bit of discomfort.

Piscatorial Pilgrimages.

Of the big delegation of amateur fishermen that will shortly be starting north and east from the cities and towns of the South and the Middle Atlantic States, by far the larger percentage will go to the imperial State of trout, salmon and "big game," Maine. There are American fishermen—some of them of national reputation—who have annually been making piscatorial pilgrimages to the same fishing ground for twenty-five, thirty and even forty years.

Some of the perennial fishermen have "records" of catches that are nothing less than astounding. There is one authentic case of a gentleman who in thirty-four years, each year accompanied by the same guide, has taken from the waters of the Rangely region no less than 13,000 trout. Many of these, of course, have been returned to their native element, on account of smallness of size, but think of sitting before one's open fire on a stormy evening in December and recalling the capture of 13,000 fish, with their accompanying train of exciting or romantic incidents!

If any one should inquire what part of Maine is the best fishing ground, the answer might both truthfully and logically be, "any old part of the State." Watered, as it is, by such long and sinuous rivers as the Kennebec, the Penobscot, the Allagash, the Fish and the St. John, and gemmed all over its smiling surface with hundreds of water-sheets ranging in size from forty-mile-long



Five Trout Weighing 12 Pounds.



From the Rangely Region.

Moosehead Lake down to the most diminutive of ponds, Maine could scarcely be anything but a fishing country of highest repute.

Its lakes and streams, naturally prolific of the finny tribe, are kept so well stocked by the fish and game authorities that, to all intents and purposes, they are practically inexhaustible. For the thousands of trout, togue, bass, pickerel and other game fish that are taken from the waters of Maine every year by the great invading army of rod-bearers, hundreds of thousands of "fry" are carefully put into those same waters by the employees of the fish commission. This is one reason why the fishing is always good "down in Maine." Business panics and waves of prosperity may play tag up and down the spinal column of the body politic as they will, but the fishing goes on in the lakes and streams of Maine with the regularity of Tennyson's brook, and every resort in the State is "the best," if the word of its regular habitués is to be taken at par.

The "fishing fever," like the grippé, is no respecter of persons. One of the most ardent enthusiasts of the sport, and a regular victim of the "spring fever," is a noted United States Senator, who has a famous camp at the Ranglers. Doctors, lawyers and Indian chiefs (the latter usually in the guise of professional guides), captains of industry, Wall Street bankers, merchant princes, gentlemen of leisure, bookkeepers, railroad officials, journalists and about every other profession and calling represented in this strenuous American life of ours, are found upon this outdoor roll of honor, some of them gliding in from the windy west in palatial private cars, the six-pound trout which they land, almost from the platform of their Pullman, being later done to a turn by a high priced chef of ebou huc.

Outfits may be secured or completed in Boston, the great gateway to the New England fishing, hunting and vacation country, or in Portland or Bangor.

Present indications for an early opening of the 1908 fishing season are very promising, and inquiries at railroad ticket agencies are reported to be fully up to the average.

On account of the comparative absence of snow and slush last winter, the ice in the Maine lakes formed very clear, which enables the warm rays of the spring sun to penetrate

For this reason the guides are predicting that the ice will be out of Moosehead, Rangely and the other lakes by May 1 or earlier.

DOES MA WISH SHE WAS PA?

"I wish I had a lot o' cash," sez pa, one winter's night; "I'd go down South an' stay a while. Where days are warm an' bright." He set and watched the fire die (Seemed lost in thoughtful daze), Till ma brought in some fresh pine knots An' made a cheerful blaze.

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—Mary F. K. Hutchinson, in the Woman's Home Companion.

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An Extraordinary Proposal.

CHAPTER I.

Andrew Elliot was the eldest son of a small farmer.

At the period when we commence our story Andrew was between two or three and twenty years of age. He was a sharp, clever, active young fellow, of excellent disposition and upright principles, and was held in high estimation by all who knew him. Andrew had at this time an uncle in the metropolis, a wealthy merchant. To this person he was sent by his father to push his fortune in the city, there being little prospect of his being able to improve his condition in the rural section where he was born.

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"You have not been so kind to me of late as you used to be, Mr. Elliot," said the cripple, with a smile.

"There are reasons for everything," replied the former, "and, of course, one for that, too. I am not so able now to relieve you as I was."

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At length, thinking there could be no harm in making the call to which he was invited, however strange the circumstances, he replied that "He had no objection—that he certainly would."

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The appointment which he had thus made, Mr. Elliot resolved to keep—not from any idea whatever that it could possibly produce any benefit to him, but from sheer curiosity to know how it would end.

The Torch-Bearer.

By Laura E. Richards.

A VOICE came ringing down the way, "Room! room for the Torch-bearer! room for the keeper of the gates of To-morrow! room!"

"Ah! yes," I said. "It is he, the great sage, who has lightened the world-shadows this many a year. Who shall bear the torch but he?"

I looked, and the sage passed, his arms folded on his breast, his calm eyes bent forward, seeing many things; but no torch was in his hand.

And still the cry came ringing down the world's way, "Room for the Torch-bearer! make way! make way for the keeper of the gates of To-morrow!"

"Ah! yes," I said. "It will be the mighty leader, then; he who so long has marshalled our hearts, and led us whithersoever he would with a wave of his hand. Hail to him, hail to the Master of Armies!"

But as I looked, the master passed, and his truncheon hung low by his side, and his eyes looked downward, remembering; and no torch was in his hand.

Yet still, as I marvelled, came that great cry ringing down the world's way, and now it sounded loud in my ears: "Room! room! make way! give place! the Torch-bearer comes. Make way for the keeper of the gates of God!"

And once more I looked. Ah! bare and dusty were her feet, the little woman; and she went bowed, and stumbled on the rough stones, for the great torch hung heavy in her hand, and heavy the babe on her arm; but he sat there as on a throne, and laughed and leaped as he sat, and clutched the living torch, and shook it, flinging the blaze abroad, and the world-way lightened before him.—The Silver Crown.

CHAPTER II.

On the following night he made his way to Varlek street, having previously remarked, however, at an earlier period of the afternoon, that the little old beggar was not, as usual, at his station.

The number to which he had been directed Mr. Elliot at once found; it was a neat and respectable looking house. He rapped. A modest, well-dressed servant girl opened the door. He said he had come there by appointment to meet Mr. John Johnstone. He was instantly admitted, and shown into a small but remarkably clean and well-furnished sitting-room.

Knowing nothing of the person whose house he was in, Mr. Elliot had no idea whom he was to see. What was his surprise then, when, after he had been seated for a few minutes, his old friend, the cripple, entered the apartment, but now so clean and neatly dressed that it was some seconds before he recognized him.

The old man smiled at Mr. Elliot's surprise, but requested him to be seated. When he had done so, the former sat down opposite him. "Now, Mr. Elliot," he said, "let us proceed to business at once. I am myself the person whom I proposed to you to meet, and I will begin with giving you a brief sketch of what I am."

"For years I was a resident of the county in which you were born, Mr. Elliot. I thus knew most of your relations. In early manhood I was a bricklayer, and in that capacity came to the city about twelve years ago. Soon after my settlement in the metropolis I had the misfortune to fall from a scaffold, and was by the accident lamed as you now see me. Incapacitated for working, and seeing my wife and family starving around me, for I was already married and had three children, I resolved on adopting the last resource of the destitute—to solicit charity on the public streets. In pursuance of this resolution I sought a popular corner—that where you found me—took my station, and soon found my receipts considerable, much more, perhaps, than you would readily believe. Thus

encouraged, there I have remained ever since; and the result is that I am now worth a sum that cannot be called trifling. My wife and my children, excepting one daughter, have been dead these many years.

"Now, Mr. Elliot," added the old man, "I have a proposal to make to you, and you must not take it amiss, for it is well meant; and if it is not agreeable to you, you have only to say so, and there will be no more of it. We will part as good friends as ever, notwithstanding. You were generous to me, Mr. Elliot, when you had the means, and I know your character to be all that is honorable, and these are the reasons that have induced me to take this step. But before I make the proposal I spoke of, Mr. Elliot," continued the old man, at the same time stretching his hand toward the bell-pull, "you must see my daughter."

He rang, and the latter soon after entered the apartment—a modest, beautiful and apparently a well-educated girl.

Mr. Elliot was introduced to her by her father, and a conversation ensued which discovered to the former that this young lady—for such she was at least by manners and education—was indeed all she appeared to be.

After she had remained in the apartment about half an hour—

"Now, my dear," said her father, addressing her, "do you retire and prepare a little supper for us, as I have something to say to our old friend, Mr. Elliot, here."

When she had withdrawn, the old man continued, addressing Mr. Elliot:

"Now, sir, that you have seen my daughter, I feel—but it may be a parent's partiality—more confidence in making my proposal to you. That proposal is, Mr. Elliot—and I beg you will not be startled by it, but just take it complacently, for, as I have said before, if it does not suit you you have only to say so—that you marry the girl you have just seen, and I will give you on the day of your marriage twenty-five thousand dollars! Now, take time to con-

sult, confirmed him in the opinion which the first interview inspired.

A few weeks later, Mr. Elliot led, in the phrase of the newspapers, the fair Isabella Johnstone to the hyemneal altar, and, on the same day, thirty thousand dollars were put to his credit in one of the banks of the metropolis, by the father of his bride.

He had increased his daughter's portion by five thousand dollars, saying to his son-in-law:

"I have done this, Mr. Elliot, because I wish you to pay off all your creditors in full" (Mr. Elliot had previously informed him that somewhere about ten thousand dollars would do this); "by doing which you will recover all your former credit and get on, perhaps, as well as ever."

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Among the dangerous citizens lately recognized is the microbe carrier, who, immune himself and probably unconscious of the misery he is causing, spreads broadcast the deadly germs of diphtheria, typhoid fever, dysentery, plague, cholera, influenza, spinal meningitis and many other diseases. The pathogenic microbes simply survive in the body, in many cases, long after the disease has passed away.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, Sir James Grant, M. D., presented a paper on the neurons and cells of the brains in their relations to the faculty of memory, and, after stating that, as with the other tissues of the body, so with the cells of the brain, evidence of lessening power and activity appears with the passage of years, he added the very interesting statement that the line of present investigation demonstrates that the electrical current through the brain rotates its molecules to such a degree as to produce a most notable physiological response in the direction of improved memory.

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A Judge Advises Mothers.

"Mother," said a judge of the Cleveland Juvenile Court the other day, "you are ruining your boy by nagging him and telling him he is not good. His teacher tells me he is good. You had better change your tactics or we will find him another home."

Rearing a boy or girl is much like walking a tight wire: The least bobble is likely to precipitate one head first into disaster. There is but one way to do it and that is the right way—make the child the companion, then be good yourself.

The judge hit one nail a resounding whack on the head when he said: "Don't nag!"

The child who grows up in a home where from earliest times he has heard the shout: "Don't touch that!" "Don't do this!" "Will you stop whistling?" "You shall not keep that dog!" "Take that kite out of the house!" and all that sort of thing, having no liberties about the home, and who is constantly reminded by suggestion or direct charge that he is "the worst boy one ever saw!" is pretty apt to be driven into being that very thing.—Omaha Daily News.

The Old Days.

Plenty of people who have not yet become grandparents can remember when nearly every lovely girl was called Molly.

FISHING DOWN EAST



The Wonderful Wilderness Country Whither Thousands Are Getting Ready to Travel With Rod and Camera This Spring.—Inexhaustible Supplies of Trout and Salmon in the Maine and Canadian Regions.—One Man's Record 13,000.

No outdoor pastime that takes the devotee away from home is so universally enjoyed as fishing. It is an exhilarating, care-destriving sport that is practiced practically from one end of the earth to the other; and in our own country hundreds of thousands who never indulge in any other form of outing and exercise religiously set aside at least a few days in the year for the enjoyment of this time-honored amusement.

Every section of the United States has its peculiar kind of fishing. In the Gulf of Mexico the mighty tarpon is king; in California waters the leaping tuna is the special quarry of the angler; along the Atlantic coast the bluefish tempts the skill and tries the patience of American citizens as illustrious as ex-President Cleveland; and nearly everywhere throughout the land some species of the most popular of all fresh water denizens, the trout, is found, and in many sections the lordly and much-prized salmon.

Nowhere on the continent, however, is there a most distinctively "fishing country" than in the State of Maine. New England as a whole, indeed, might well come under that designation, for the marvellously rich fishing country of the Pine Tree State is admirably supplemented with the lake and river-gemmed Commonwealths of New Hampshire and Vermont adjoining, while in New Brunswick, Quebec, Nova Scotia and other portions of the great Canadian wilderness contiguous, the opportunities for the angler are practically unlimited.

Even as this article is being written, a great host of fishermen (and not a few of them are of the fair sex), are quietly and eagerly making the necessary preparations for the annual descent upon the New England or Canadian wilderness, their brains on fire with visions of the "big fellows" they know are waiting for the cast of the fly or the trolling of the bait.

One can get ready for a fishing trip, even to the wilds of Maine, within a reasonably short space of time, but there are lots of Waltonites who prefer to devote weeks to those delicious preliminaries, because it adds just so much to the long drawn out sweetness of the "spring fishing fever."

Down in Maine the piscatorial season will be in full blast about the first of May, for it is about that time that the annual telegram which gives to thousands of Americans such an electric shock—"the ice is out"—finds its way into the newspapers of the coun-



From the Rangeley Region.

try, or is displayed on straw-colored blanks in the windows of railroad ticket offices.

And the railroads! How much they have done not only to popularize the sport of fishing, but to make it so easy a pastime, that even frail women may now journey into "the heart of the ancient wood" and have just as good a time, and just as good sport, as their husbands and brothers, without the least bit of discomfort.

Piscatorial Pilgrimages.

Of the big delegation of amateur fishermen that will shortly be starting north and east from the cities and towns of the South and the Middle Atlantic States, by far the larger percentage will go to the imperial State of trout, salmon and "big game," Maine. There are American fishermen—some of them of national reputation—who have annually been making piscatorial pilgrimages to the same fishing ground for twenty-five, thirty and even forty years.

Some of the perennial fishermen have "records" of catches that are nothing less than astounding. There is one authentic case of a gentleman who in thirty-four years, each year accompanied by the same guide, has taken from the waters of the Rangeley region no less than 13,000 trout. Many of these, of course, have been returned to their natives element, on account of smallness of size, but think of sitting before one's open fire on a stormy evening in December and recalling the capture of 13,000 fish, with their accompanying train of exciting or romantic incidents!

If any one should inquire what part of Maine is the best fishing ground, the answer might both truthfully and logically be, "any old part of the State." Watered, as it is, by such long and sinuous rivers as the Kennebec, the Penobscot, the Allagash, the Fish and the St. John, and gemmed all over its smiling surface with hundreds of water-sheets ranging in size from forty-mile-long



Five Trout Weighing 12 Pounds.

Moosehead Lake down to the most diminutive of ponds, Maine could scarcely be anything but a fishing country of highest repute.

Its lakes and streams, naturally prolific of the finny tribe, are kept so well stocked by the fish and game authorities that, to all intents and purposes, they are practically inexhaustible. For the thousands of trout, togue, bass, pickerel and other game fish that are taken from the waters of Maine every year by the great invading army of rod-bearers, hundreds of thousands of "fry" are carefully put into those same waters by the employees of the fish commission. This is one reason why the fishing is always good "down in Maine." Business panics and waves of prosperity may play tag up and down the spinal column of the body politic as they will, but the fishing goes on in the lakes and streams of Maine with the regularity of Tennyson's brook, and every resort in the State is "the best," if the word of its regular habitues is to be taken at par.

The "fishing fever," like the grippe, is no respecter of persons. One of the most ardent enthusiasts of the sport, and a regular victim of the "spring fever," is a noted United States Senator, who has a famous camp at the Rangeleys. Doctors, lawyers and Indian chiefs (the latter usually in the guise of professional guides), captains of industry, Wall Street bankers, merchant princes, gentlemen of leisure, bookkeepers, railroad officials, journalists and about every other profession and calling represented in this strenuous American life of ours, are found upon this outdoor roll of honor, some of them gliding in from the windy west in palatial private cars, the six-pound trout which they land, almost from the platform of their Pullman, being later done to a turn by a high priced chef of ebony hue.

Outfits may be secured or completed in Boston, the great gateway to the New England fishing, hunting and vacation country, or in Portland or Bangor.

Present indications for an early opening of the 1908 fishing season are very promising, and inquiries at railroad ticket agencies are reported to be fully up to the average.

On account of the comparative absence of snow and slush last winter, the ice in the Maine lakes formed very clear, which enables the warm rays of the spring sun to penetrate

For this reason the guides are predicting that the ice will be out of Moosehead, Rangeley and the other lakes by May 1 or earlier.

DOES MA WISH SHE WAS PA?

"I wish I had a lot o' cash," sez pa; "I'd have a snap; I'd go down South an' stay a while Where days are warm an' bright. He set and watched the fire die (Seemed lost in thoughtful daze), Till ma brought in some fresh pine knots An' made a cheerful blaze.

"I wish I had a million acres O' stock in Standard Oil," sez pa; "I wouldn't do a thing." Ma made the kettle boil. An' mixed hot biscuits, fried some ham An' eggs (smelt good, you bet!). Fetched cheese an' doughnuts, made the tea, Then pa-set down an' et!

—Mary F. K. Hutchinson, in the Woman's Home Companion.

"I wish I was a millionaire," sez pa; "I'd have a snap; Next, from the lounge, we heard a snore: Pa—n't his evenin' nap! Ma did the dishes, shook the cloth, Brushed up, put things away, An' fed the cat, then started up Her plans for bakin' day.

She washed an' put some beans to soak, An' set some bread to rise; Unstrung dried apples, soaked 'em, too, All ready for her pies; She brought more wood, put out the cat, Then darned four pairs o' socks; Pa woke, an' sez, "It's time for bed; Ma, have you wound both clocks?"

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An Extraordinary Proposal.

CHAPTER I.

Andrew Elliot was the eldest son of a small farmer.

At the period when we commence our story Andrew was between two or three and twenty years of age. He was a sharp, clever, active young fellow, of excellent disposition and upright principles, and was held in high estimation by all who knew him. Andrew had at this time an uncle in the metropolis, a wealthy merchant. To this person he was sent by his father to push his fortune in the city, there being little prospect of his being able to improve his condition in the rural section where he was born.

On his arrival at his uncle's, he was immediately introduced by that person into his own establishment, when he soon discovered such aptness for business as induced his relative gradually to devolve on him some of the weightiest and most important transactions of the concern. His steady, upright conduct and agreeable manners won the esteem of his uncle (who was a bachelor), and thus placed him on the high road to fortune.

In time the old man took young Elliot into partnership, and at his death, which occurred a few years afterward, left him his whole business and fortune (which last was very considerable), with the exception of a few trifling legacies.

Here, then, was the young man raised, by a combination of his own deserts with favorable circumstances, at twenty-eight or so, to what a person of moderate ambition would call the top of fortune's ladder. The business left him by his relative was prosperous, and in money, real estate and securities of various kinds, he might, besides, be worth nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

For two or three years after this, matters went on exceedingly well with Mr. Elliot. He was a man of consequence among his fellow merchants, and his credit was unbounded—this fast circumstance not more owing to his wealth than to the excellence of his character, which was honorable and upright to the last degree. He was, moreover, generous and benevolent, and had ever a ready hand for the relief of the needy.

These qualities, however, though they gained him the universal esteem and respect of his fellow men, could not shield him from those reverses that checker human life.

A series of losses by shipwreck, and two or three failures of friends for whom he had indorsed notes to a large amount, reduced him, in a very few years, to bankruptcy, and placed him precisely in the situation in life which was his when he had set out. But he was a bankrupt in fortune only, not in fame. His excellent character still remained to him, and stood him in good stead.

During all this time Mr. Elliot continued to reside in his late uncle's house—now his own, however—which was at the distance of about a mile from his place of business. He had taken up his abode there when he came to the city first, and there he still remained. In going to and from his store to his residence, a route which he had now traversed several times a day for many years, Mr. Elliot had to pass a certain corner, at which was stationed a crippled mendicant who had occupied the post for upward of twenty years.

To this needy and unfortunate person Mr. Elliot had been exceptionally generous in the days of his prosperity; throwing him a silver coin several times a week; for he was taken with the modest demeanor of the man who never sought the charity he gave.

But from this benevolent purpose Mr. Elliot was compelled to desist when his reverses came upon him, and was forced to pass his old pensioner without putting his hand in his pocket. He still, however, gave him a trifle now and then; but it was latterly more proportioned to his means than his disposition, and was given, besides, only at long intervals.

Thus, then, matters stood between Mr. Elliot and the beggar, and thus had they stood for several weeks, when, as the former was returning home one evening in the dusk (it was the month of October), the mendicant, who was just in the act of leaving his station as Mr. Elliot passed, called after him by his name. Surprised that the man should have known it, and a little irritated at the interruption, Mr. Elliot turned sharply around, and demanded to know what he wanted.

"You have not been so kind to me of late as you used to be, Mr. Elliot," said the cripple, with a smile.

"There are reasons for everything," replied the former, "and, of course, one for that, too. I am not so able now to relieve you as I was."

"I know that," said the beggar.

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Elliot, more

and more surprised at the knowledge of him and his circumstances which the cripple seemed to possess. "Pray, how do you happen to know that?"

"It doesn't matter," said the mendicant; "I do know it, and I am sorry for it; but I am not certain that poor and humble as I am, I could not be of some service to you in your present difficulties. If you think, Mr. Elliot, of calling at No. 36 Varick street to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock, I could perhaps introduce you to a friend from whom you might hear of something to your advantage. Will you do this?"

Perplexed by the singularity of this address, it was some seconds before Mr. Elliot could make any reply. At length, thinking there could be no harm in making the call to which he was invited, however strange the circumstances, he replied that "He had no objection—that he certainly would."

"Well," said the little old beggar, for he was a man of diminutive stature, "do so, and inquire for John Johnstone," and he hobbled away.

The appointment which he had thus made, Mr. Elliot resolved to keep—not from any idea whatever that it could possibly produce any benefit to him, but from sheer curiosity to know how it would end.

The Torch-Bearer.

By Laura E. Richards.

A VOICE came ringing down the way, "Room! room for the Torch-bearer! room for the keeper of the gates of To-morrow! room!"

"Ah! yes," I said. "It is he, the great sage, who has lightened the world-shadows this many a year. Who shall bear the torch but he?"

I looked, and the sage passed, his arms folded on his breast, his calm eyes bent forward, seeing many things; but no torch was in his hand.

And still the cry came ringing down, the world's way, "Room for the Torch-bearer! make way! make way for the keeper of the gates of To-morrow!"

"Ah! I said. "It will be the mighty leader, then; he who so long has marshalled our hearts, and led us whithersoever he would with a wave of his hand. Hail to him, hail to the Master of Armies!"

But as I looked, the master passed, and his truncheon hung low by his side, and his eyes looked downward, remembering; and no torch was in his hand.

Yet still, as I marvelled, came that great cry ringing down the world's way, and now it sounded loud in my ears.

"Room! room! make way! give place! the Torch-bearer comes. Make way for the keeper of the gates of God!"

And once more I looked. Ah! bare and dusty were her feet, the little woman; and she went bowed, and stumbled on the rough stones, for the great torch hung heavy in her hand, and heavy the babe on her arm; but he sat there as on a throne, and laughed and leaped as he sat, and clutched the living torch, and shook it, flinging the blaze abroad, and the world-way lightened before him.—The Silver Crown.

CHAPTER II.

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The number to which he had been directed Mr. Elliot at once found; it was a neat and respectable looking house. He rapped. A modest, well-dressed servant girl opened the door. He said he had come there by appointment to meet Mr. John Johnstone. He was instantly admitted, and shown into a small but remarkably clean and well-furnished sitting-room.

Knowing nothing of the person whose house he was in, Mr. Elliot had no idea whom he was to see. What was his surprise then, when, after he had been seated for a few minutes, his old friend, the cripple, entered the apartment, but now so clean and neatly dressed that it was some seconds before he recognized him.

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Even as this article is being written, a great host of fishermen (and not a few of them are of the fair sex), are quietly and eagerly making the necessary preparations for the annual descent upon the New England or Canadian wilderness, their brains on fire with visions of the "big fellows" they know are waiting for the cast of the fly or the trolling of the bait.

One can get ready for a fishing trip, even to the wilds of Maine, within a reasonably short space of time, but there are lots of Waltonites who prefer to devote weeks to those delicious preliminaries, because it adds just so much to the long drawn out sweetness of the "spring fishing fever."

Down in Maine the piscatorial season will be in full blast about the first of May, for it is about that time that the annual telegram which gives to thousands of Americans such an electric shock—"the ice is out"—finds its way into the newspapers of the coun-



From the Rangeley Region.

try, or is displayed on straw-colored blanks in the windows of railroad ticket offices.

And the railroads! How much they have done not only to popularize the sport of fishing, but to make it so easy a pastime, that even frail women may now journey into "the heart of the ancient wood" and have just as good a time, and just as good sport, as their husbands and brothers, without the least bit of discomfort.

Piscatorial Pilgrimages.

Of the big delegation of amateur fishermen that will shortly be starting north and east from the cities and towns of the South and the Middle Atlantic States, by far the larger percentage will go to the Imperial State of trout, salmon and "big game," Maine. There are American fishermen—some of them of national reputation—who have annually been making piscatorial pilgrimages to the same fishing ground for twenty-five, thirty and even forty years.

Some of the perennial fishermen have "records" of catches that are nothing less than astounding. There is one authentic case of a gentleman who in thirty-four years, each year accompanied by the same guide, has taken from the waters of the Rangeley region no less than 13,000 trout. Many of these, of course, have been returned to their native element, on account of smallness of size, but think of sitting before one's open fire on a stormy evening in December and recalling the capture of 13,000 fish, with their accompanying train of exciting or romantic incidents!

If any one should inquire what part of Maine is the best fishing ground, the answer might both truthfully and logically be, "any old part of the State." Watered, as it is, by such long and sinuous rivers as the Kennebec, the Penobscot, the Allagash, the Fish and the St. John, and gemmed all over its smiling surface with hundreds of water-sheets ranging in size from forty-mile-long



Five Trout Weighing 12 Pounds.

Moosehead Lake down to the most diminutive of ponds, Maine could scarcely be anything but a fishing country of highest repute.

Its lakes and streams, naturally prolific of the finny tribe, are kept so well stocked by the fish and game authorities that, to all intents and purposes, they are practically inexhaustible. For the thousands of trout, togue, bass, pickerel and other game fish that are taken from the waters of Maine every year by the great invading army of rod-bearers, hundreds of thousands of "fry" are carefully put into those same waters by the employees of the fish commission. This is one reason why the fishing is always good "down in Maine." Business panics and waves of prosperity may play tag up and down the spinal column of the body politic as they will, but the fishing goes on in the lakes and streams of Maine with the regularity of Tennyson's brook, and every resort in the State is "the best." If the word of its regular habitues is to be taken at par.

The "fishing fever," like the grippe, is no respecter of persons. One of the most ardent enthusiasts of the sport, and a regular victim of the "spring fever," is a noted United States Senator, who has a famous camp at the Rangeleys. Doctors, lawyers and Indian chiefs (the latter usually in the guise of professional guides), captains of industry, Wall Street bankers, merchant princes, gentlemen of leisure, bookkeepers, railroad officials, journalists and about every other profession and calling represented in this strenuous American life of ours, are found upon this outdoor roll of honor, some of them gliding in from the windy west in palatial private cars, the six-pound trout which they land, almost from the platform of their Pullman, being later done to a turn by a high priced chef of ebony hue.

Outfits may be secured or completed in Boston, the great gateway to the New England fishing, hunting and vacation country, or in Portland or Bangor.

Present indications for an early opening of the 1908 fishing season are very promising, and inquiries at railroad ticket agencies are reported to be fully up to the average.

On account of the comparative absence of snow and slush last winter, the ice in the Maine lakes formed very clear, which enables the warm rays of the spring sun to penetrate

For this reason the guides are predicting that the ice will be out of Moosehead, Rangeley and the other lakes by May 1 or earlier.

Depreciation of Kings.

To be rich as a king was, once upon a time, the privilege of being as beautiful as an angel and as happy as a god. But whereas the angels still retain their traditional primacy, and the felicity of the gods is still a common figure of speech with our minor poets, the wealth of kings has come to be dwarfed by that of many of their subjects. Not only that, but kings have been reduced to pursue largely the same methods for acquiring riches that their subjects make use of. Hence it is that, while Carlos I remains the king even when he appears in tweeds at a cafe chantant, and the Prince of Wales is still royalty when he travels incognito through Paris, they both become quite like ourselves when we hear of one selling his yacht to reduce expenses, or the other being caught in a tight squeeze in the stock market.—New York Evening Post.

A CURE AT CITY MISSION.

Awful Case of Scabies—Body a Mass of Sores from Scratching—Her Tortures Yield to Cuticura.

"A young woman came to our city mission in a most awful condition physically. Our doctor examined her and told us that she had scabies (the itch), incipient parisis, rheumatism, etc., brought on from exposure. Her poor body was a mass of sores from scratching and she was not able to retain solid food. We worked hard over her for seven weeks but we could see little improvement. One day I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and we bathed our patient well and gave her a full dose of the Resolvent. She slept better that night and the next day I got a box of Cuticura Ointment. In five weeks this young woman was able to look for a position, and she is now strong and well. Laura Jane Bates, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., Mar. 11, 1907."

Zinc Coffins.

Zinc coffins are largely used in Vienna, but the more expensive ones are made of copper, and cost as much as \$2,500, while a bronze and copper coffin recently made for a Russian Archduke cost over \$5,000.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Women As Designers.

"There is a wide field open for women architects," said a housekeeper the other day, "and I do not see why they have not discovered it before. The average woman spends the greater part of her time arranging and keeping her home straight and doing her house work. Why, then, shouldn't she design things with far more convenience and comfort than a man could think of? Some houses and appointments are arranged without any thought of the many unnecessary steps a woman must take before she reaches the dumb-waiter, refrigerator and other things. Then there is the kitchen sink. I never saw one that was high enough for a woman of average size to stand and wash dishes without getting a pain in her back from bending over. I hope that women will soon discover that a great sphere of usefulness is open to them in designing houses and apartments."

Some Higher Mathematics.

"I have carefully figured it out and find that if all the cattle we ship to market each year were one cow, she would browse on the tropical vegetation along the equator, while her tail was switching icicles off the North Pole," says Homer Hoch. "And by the aid of the higher branches of mathematics I have made a careful computation which shows that if all the hogs we slaughter annually were one hog, that animal could dig the Panama canal in two roots and a half, and its squeal would be so loud it would jar the aurora borealis."—Kansas City Journal.

COFFEE EYES

It Acts Slowly but Frequently Produces Blindness.

The curious effect of slow daily poisoning and the gradual building in of disease as a result, is shown in numbers of cases where the eyes are affected by coffee.

A case in point will illustrate: A lady in Oswego, Mont., experienced a slow but sure disease settling upon her eyes in the form of increasing weakness and shooting pains with wavy, dancing lines of light, so vivid that nothing else could be seen for minutes at a time.

She says: "This gradual failure of sight alarmed me and I naturally began a very earnest quest for the cause. About this time I was told that coffee poisoning sometimes took that form, and while I didn't believe that coffee was the cause of my trouble, I concluded to quit it and see."

"I took up Postum Food Coffee in spite of the jokes of husband, whose experience with one cup at a neighbor's was unsatisfactory. Well, I made Postum strictly according to directions, boiling it a little longer, because of our high altitude. The result was charming. I have now used Postum in place of coffee for about three months and my eyes are well, never paining me or showing any weakness. I know to a certainty that the cause of the trouble was coffee and the cure was in quitting it and building up the nervous system on Postum, for that was absolutely the only change I made in diet and I took no medicine."

"My nursing baby has been kept in a perfectly healthy state since I have used Postum."

"Mr. —, a friend, discarded coffee and took on Postum to see if he could be rid of his dyspepsia and frequent headaches. The change produced a most remarkable improvement quickly."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Grape Nuts No. 1797.

MANKIND NOT APT TO STARVE

SUCH A "DISASTER" HAS BEEN PREDICTED.

The Modern Prophet is Singularly Unreliable, and in His Latest Theory He Has Not Taken Into Account Methods of Scientific Farming.

Universal and overwhelming disasters have been predicted so often and with such exultant confidence, and have so invariably failed to come off, at least in modern times, that mankind should be rather immune from panic on this account, writes the Washington correspondent of the New York Post. Perhaps the Deluge is the single instance in which an expected cataclysm or general wind-up has been realized "as advertised."

There have been ingenious calculations as to the end of the world, based on Biblical chronology and prophecies which were affirmed to be the result of direct inspiration; and in both cases the prophets and their trusting followers have given away or sold their substance, put on their ascension robes, and, like Darius Green with his flying machine, climbed to the roof for a good start toward the skies; but only to be disappointed. The calculations were demonstrably correct, and the prophets were in no way to blame for the failure.

Long-tailed comets have been a frequent source of widespread alarm and even despair. Not all the savants of the French Academy could convince the people of France, including many of the clergy, that an especially brilliant comet in the early part of the present century would not strike the earth and smash it into bits.

Not even the solemn persons who are addicted to science are all above doing a little in the fortune telling line. No less a personage in that realm than Professor Piazzi Smith, astronomer royal of Scotland, forecast to a day the world's end, basing his prediction on incontestable measurements of the pyramids. His readings were far more ingenious and convincing than were those of Ignatius Donnelly on the Shakespeare-Bacon puzzle.

Why the Astronomer Was Wrong.

Like those of Mr. Pancks in "Little Dorrit," the figures of the astronomer were right. It was clear that the world had to end at the time he noted. Only some change which concerned the earth's endurance can account for the existence of the present generation of men, so long after depopulation and general destruction should have taken place. Another person of science in Europe was assured that a great tidal wave would engulf New York and Hoboken soon after the explosion of Mont Pelée. It did not.

More scientific and far more serious was the prophecy of Sir William Crookes, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, who was backed by the great body of men versed in the sciences. He declared that at a not distant period and in the course of a single generation the entire human race would perish by starvation. He held this to be the inevitable result of the rapid exhaustion of nitrogen, the vital element of the soil. This served the novelist, H. G. Wells, as matter for a characteristic tale. He fancied that such a calamity, as stupendous as the great flood, should have its Noah—its wise man of foresight, who would construct a huge steel building with a reserve of nitrogen which would allow him to raise food enough to preserve himself and family from the general fate.

Nobody challenged the melancholy conclusion of the eminent Sir William. Nitrogen is produced in nature by processes infinitely slow, while multiplying and every hungry man consumes it in raising foodstuffs with steadily increasing rapidity. Until lately he has not thought of restoring it by any adequate means. It could be figured with some approach to accuracy how long the productiveness of the soil would be such as to maintain the life of the growing race. In the laboratory the chemist was at work on the problem of the artificial production of nitrogen, and happily he solved it. It can be done by the use of electricity, and with a few fails like those of Niagara it would be practicable to obtain an incalculable supply of that agent at a low price. So the fear of universal starvation became less distressing.

Then it was discovered that nature has laboratories by which nitrogen is drawn from the air to enrich the soil. The agency in this case is beneficial bacteria. Alfalfa, red clover, the pea, bean and other legumes are such laboratories and to their roots the bacteria attach themselves. One of the most interesting and important developments of scientific agriculture is that it is practicable to inoculate the legumes with bacteria and transfer them to poor and exhausted soils.

Progress in Scientific Farming.

The latest prophecy of Sir William Crookes does not seem to take account of the progress of scientific farming in America. He affirmed that within the near future the world would be faced by a grievous shortage in the wheat supply. He quoted Hyde, the American statistician, to the effect that by the year 1931 this country, with a population of 150,000,000,

would not be able to spare a bushel of wheat, corn, oats nor a ton of hay, for export. Domestic consumption would demand all cotton and wool, fruit and vegetables, dairy and poultry products. The growth of acreage to population was already decreasing and the statistician could determine when no further acreage could be gained.

To meet these contentions there are diversified crops, irrigation, the introduction of new products, and, especially, scientific farming. A paper recently issued by Karl F. Kellerman, physiologist in charge of soil bacteriology, contains some of the results of legume inoculation. Of about 8000 farmers who were supplied with cultures more than one-half have made reports. Successful inoculation is indicated by the growth of nodules on the roots, from which the nitrogen drawn from the air is fed to the plant and to the surrounding soil. The effect is not only to increase the crop of legumes and in every way improve it, but also to enrich the land for subsequent crops of different natures.

Perhaps few facts could show more impressively the revolution that is taking place in practical farming than this process of inoculation.

A better idea of the value of inoculation can be obtained from the reports of the farmers. Thus one who used alfalfa writes: "The inoculated crop did fine, while the uninoculated was a failure and always has been so far." Another, using red clover, says: "Inoculated crop strong and healthy. All the seed of the uninoculated died in forty to sixty days, as did every uninoculated clover field in the vicinity." One who planted the cowpea says: "In the inoculated field the increase of peas over the uninoculated was fully three to one. As to hay, about two and a half tons to the acre in favor of the inoculated." Still another writes: "Three tons of hay from an acre of inoculated seed, one-half ton on land not inoculated."

Scientific farming may prevent the realization of Sir William's doleful prophecy. It obviously means an enormous increase in the products of the land and probably insures a greater proportionate increase of breadstuffs than of population.

Crusade Against the Billboard

By H. G. H. TARR.

Some years ago I made a mental resolve not to buy any commodity whatever or patronize any enterprise that was advertised upon a billboard, fence, barn or rock in the open country. I have just read an article in The Craftsman for January headed "To Boycott the Billboard." The author gives a number of suggestions such as organizing societies with members pledged to this object, and tells us of movements in Great Britain and here having this in view. All of which has not so far and will never amount to a hill of beans. The reason of this is that not enough people are sufficiently interested to take the trouble to attend meetings of an organized society, to say nothing of organizing and going about soliciting members.

You can't reach this crime against nature through legislation as a man's land is his own, as his house is his castle, and a law preventing his exhibiting or permitting the exhibition of an unobjectionable sign thereby would surely be unconstitutional.

So far as I know I have flocked alone in this heroic resolve, all the time trying to devise some plan whereby I can get an organized support without an organization. It has now occurred to me that the following would be practicable, and if properly launched could be made effective and would put out of business every fence, billboard and rock artist in the country.

At the first newspaper editors' convention (I understand they have an association in every State) let them be resolved that all shall insert in their columns a form of pledge which their readers are to be invited to sign, cut out and return to the paper.

This will inspire editorial articles which will tend to shame the farmer and make it more difficult for the billboard man to hire the privilege.

The action of one State association, I venture to say, will be followed by a similar movement all over the country. Of course it will be met with the objection that newspapers could not afford valuable space in continued issues, for to be effective it must be kept up. The answer to this is that while doing a great good they are diverting a large amount of money spent in advertising into a legitimate channel, the columns of a newspaper.

Possibly in some cases the influence of the large advertiser would be too great, but I have observed that the billboard man seldom does much newspaper advertising, so while sweeping from God's green country the soap, castor oil and baking powder ads isn't it possible the newspaper man may be doing a very good stroke of business?

Nuisance to Editors.

One of the modern nuisances of editorial work nowadays is the volunteer information bureau, which out of pure love sends news of one sort or another to be published without charge, declares the Hartford Courant. Nine times out of ten this is easily perceived to be the work of some hired press agent, whose purpose is to steer "public opinion;" the tenth time you can guess the same thing. Why all this trouble, unless it is to effect some end which the guileless editor cannot suspect?

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna
acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

Manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS—50¢ BOTTLE

Calculated for Himself.

As benighted a man of science, Lord Kelvin was courageous in the extreme, and there is a little known story of him worthy of being placed by the side of the famous anecdote of Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam hammer, who placed his hand under the mighty weight to show that it could be made to come down gently and remain just above his palm. Says the Kansas City Star. This story gains point by the fact that Nasmyth first placed his watch underneath, and by a little misadventure it was smashed to pieces. Lord Kelvin once told his class that while an electric shock of 2,000 volts or so would kill a man, a voltage of 300,000 would be harmless. He coolly proceeded to illustrate the fact on himself, but the students cried in horror, "Don't try it on a dog." The great scientist looked reproachfully to the class and quietly remarked, "Didn't I figure it out on myself?" and then turned the tremendous current into himself.

FIT'S, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Kings Who Taught School.

In the early part of the life of King Christian IX. of Denmark there was no prospect of his ever becoming the ruler of that country. With this in view he became a schoolmaster at the German University of Halle.

Being too poor to keep a servant, the Dowager Tsarina Dagmar of Russia, one of his daughters, used to help her mother to do the household work and take care of the younger children. During this period there were King Frederick VII. and several others in the direct line of succession, that stood before Prince Christian, but, by a succession of deaths that occurred he became the heir apparent, and after the death of King Frederick VII. in 1863, he was proclaimed King Christian IX. of Denmark.

Another instance of a similar nature is that of Louis Philippe. During the time he was exiled from France, then being the Duc De Chartres, he became a teacher of mathematics and geography in Switzerland. About 36 or 37 years afterwards, on August 9, 1830, he was proclaimed King Louis Philippe of the French.—Pearson's Weekly.

To Stop Leaking Pen.

If the threads in the rubber connection of a fountain pen are worn a little the joint will leak enough to soil the fingers. Dry the threads with a blotter and cover them with melted paraffin. Turn the nozzle into the barrel while the paraffin is still warm and you have an inktight joint.

Garfield Tea is a natural laxative—it regulates the digestion, purifies the blood, cleanses the system, clears the complexion, brightens the eyes and brings the glow of splendid health!

Potato Patch in Central Park.

Experts from the department of agriculture in Washington have recommended the growing of potatoes in Central Park in order to get the soil in the city's great pleasure ground into the right condition for grass to grow luxuriantly. Just who will get the potatoes next fall is something that Park Commissioner Henry Smith will decide when it comes time to dig them. Just what potatoes would cost on ground worth \$1,000,000 an acre, like that in Central Park, if the city engaged in potato raising for profit, is something that almost dazzles the imagination.

He Didn't Ride.

The fat colonel, who had received orders to take a horseback jaunt, came out of his quarters and looked at the horse.

"Will he stand without bitting?" he asked.

"Yes, colonel," the orderly replied as he touched his cap.

The colonel looked at the horse again.

"Then let him stand," he said, and went back and filed out his resignation.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

Mrs. Russell Sage recently gave \$10,000 to create a playground and athletic field around the Pierson High School at Sag Harbor, L. I.

An effort is being made to organize the workmen of Mexico on the same lines as they are in other countries.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY! word cures. Book of testimonials and 20 Days' treatment free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

P. U. N. M. F. A. D. E. L. E. S. S. D. Y. E. S.
Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One lb. package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to dye, Laces and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

Men Lays Colored Eggs.

Hiram Stillings of Steelton, Pa., is telling his friends about a favorite hen with a poetic soul and an inspiration toward higher things than the ordinary egg of commerce. He has dubbed it the Easter Egg Hen, because it lays colored eggs.

When a bit of a chick, last year, the fowl suffered a broken leg and was taken into the kitchen to be nursed. It became a great pet, and when it got well spent most of the time in the house watching the women folk cook.

One day the hen saw Mrs. Stillings coloring eggs for Easter. For several days the fowl wore a thoughtful air, and it is clear now that it had taken a firm resolve to lay only painted eggs when it grew up.

Now, this hen ate onion skins and indigo and calico print cloth, which, as everybody knows, can be used to color eggs. And in good time it began to lay eggs.

Each egg that it had laid was colored, and each one had a different design. Mr. Stillings refrains from declaring that the hen laid hard-boiled eggs, simply as a matter of policy.

Yellow Pine Forests.

The leading areas of yellow pine production in the United States are no longer in the South Atlantic States, but have been shifted to the Southwest. The States of Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi and Arkansas each produced 10 per cent or more of the total cut yellow pine last year.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Americans Like Diamonds.

Almost three-fourths of the world's production of diamonds are bought by the people of the United States. The declared value of these gems, covered by invoices presented at the American consulate general at Antwerp during the year 1907, amounted to \$5,230,519 for cut diamonds and \$1,053,057 for rough stones. The bulk of this business was done during the first nine months of the year, as there were practically no diamonds sold to the United States in the Antwerp market during November and December, owing to the financial crisis.—Consular Reports.

FROM SUNNY ORANGE GROVES.

The Twice-Told Experience of a San Bernardino, Calif., Man.

From Sunny San Bernardino, in the midst of orange groves, writes Lionel M. Heath, of 153 Eighth Street: "For fifteen years I suffered with pains in my back, frequent calls to pass the secretions, dropsy, rheumatic aches and other symptoms of kidney trouble. I could get no relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me five years ago, and this is twice I have publicly said so. The cure was thorough."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Path of Least Resistance.

If you choose to do the easy things you may always "get round" your difficulties, but you will never get through them. You will remain master of the situation indeed, but the situation will become poorer and narrower every day. If you never commit yourself, you never express yourself, and your self becomes less and less significant and decisive. Calculating selfishness is the annihilation of self.

"OUCH, OH MY BACK"
NEURALGIA, STITCHES, LAMENESS, CRAMP TWINGES, TWITCHES FROM WET OR DAMP ALL BRUISES, SPRAINS, A WRENCH OR TWIST THIS SOVEREIGN REMEDY THEY CAN'T RESIST

ST. JACOBS OIL

PRICE 25c AND 50c

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES
\$3.00 SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY. MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, KISSES AND CHILDREN.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of better value than any other shoes in the world to-day.

W. L. Douglas's \$4 and \$5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price.

CAUTION: W. L. D. name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Illustrated Catalog free to any address.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

FADELESS DYES
Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One lb. package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to dye, Laces and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

THE COME AND SEE SIGN

PUBLIC INSPECTION INVITED FROM 8 A.M. TO 4 P.M. SATURDAYS EXCEPTED
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

This sign is permanently attached to the front of the main building of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

What Does This Sign Mean?

It means that public inspection of the Laboratory and methods of doing business is honestly desired. It means that there is nothing about the business which is not "open and above-board."

It means that a permanent invitation is extended to anyone to come and verify any and all statements made in the advertisements of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Is it a purely vegetable compound made from roots and herbs—without drugs?

Come and See.

Do the women of America continually use as much of it as we are told? Come and See.

Was there ever such a person as Lydia E. Pinkham, and is there any Mrs. Pinkham now to whom sick women are asked to write? Come and See.

Is the vast private correspondence with sick women conducted by women only, and are the letters kept strictly confidential? Come and See.

Have they really got letters from over one million, one hundred thousand women correspondents? Come and See.

Have they proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands of these women? Come and See.

This advertisement is only for doubters. The great army of women who know from their own personal experience that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female ills will still go on using and being benefited by it; but the poor doubting, suffering woman must, for her own sake, be taught confidence, for she also might just as well regain her health.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC
Keeps the breath, teeth, mouth and body antiseptically clean and free from unhealthy germ-life and disagreeable odors, which water, soap and tooth preparations alone cannot do. A germicidal, disinfecting and deodorizing toilet requisite of exceptional excellence and economy. Invaluable for inflamed eyes, throat and nasal and uterine catarrh. At drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postpaid.

Large Trial Sample
WITH "HEALTH AND BEAUTY" BOOK SENT FREE
THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.
P. O. BOX 100

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN.
A Certain Cure for Feverishness, Constipation, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething, Eruptive Eruptions, and Diarrhea. Worms. They Break up Colds in 24 hours. At all Druggists, Grocers' Stores, and Home. Sample mailed FREE. Address: A. S. OLMSTEAD, Le Roy, N. Y.

ST. JACOBS OIL
NEURALGIA, STITCHES, LAMENESS, CRAMP TWINGES, TWITCHES FROM WET OR DAMP ALL BRUISES, SPRAINS, A WRENCH OR TWIST THIS SOVEREIGN REMEDY THEY CAN'T RESIST

ST. JACOBS OIL
PRICE 25c AND 50c

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Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One lb. package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to dye, Laces and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

Depreciation of Kings.

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A CURE AT CITY MISSION.

Awful Case of Scabies—Body a Mass of Sores from Scratching—Her Tortures Yield to Cuticura.

"A young woman came to our city mission in a most awful condition physically. Our doctor examined her and told us that she had scabies (the itch), incipient paresis, rheumatism, etc., brought on from exposure. Her poor body was a mass of sores from scratching and she was not able to retain solid food. We worked hard over her for seven weeks but we could see little improvement. One day I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and we bathed our patient well and gave her a full dose of the Resolvent. She slept better that night and the next day I got a box of Cuticura Ointment. In five weeks this young woman was able to look for a position, and she is now strong and well. Laura Jane Bates, 85 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., Mar. 11, 1907."

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A case in point will illustrate: A lady in Oswego, Mont., experienced a slow but sure disease settling upon her eyes in the form of increasing weakness and shooting pains with wavy, dancing lines of light, so vivid that nothing else could be seen for minutes at a time.

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"My nursing baby has been kept in a perfectly healthy state since I have used Postum."

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The Modern Prophet is Singularly Unreliable, and in His Latest Theory He Has Not Taken Into Account Methods of Scientific Farming.

Universal and overwhelming disasters have been predicted so often and with such exultant confidence, and have so invariably failed to come off, at least in modern times, that mankind should be rather immune from panic on this account, writes the Washington correspondent of the New York Post. Perhaps the Deluge is the single instance in which an expected cataclysm or general wind-up has been realized "as advertised."

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Long-tailed comets have been a frequent source of widespread alarm and even despair. Not all the savants of the French Academy could convince the people of France, including many of the clergy, that an especially brilliant comet in the early part of the present century would not strike the earth and smash it into bits.

Not even the solemn persons who are addicted to science are all above doing a little in the fortune telling line. No less a personage in that realm than Professor Piazz Smith, astronomer royal of Scotland, forecast to a day the world's end, basing his prediction on incontestable measurements of the pyramids. His readings were far more ingenious and convincing than those of Ignatius Donnelly on the Shakespeare-Bacon puzzle.

Why the Astronomer Was Wrong.

Like those of Mr. Pancks in "Little Dorrit," the figures of the astronomer were right. It was clear that the world had to end at the time he noted. Only some change which concerned the earth's endurance can account for the existence of the present generation of men, so long after depopulation and general destruction should have taken place. Another person of science in Europe was assured that a great tidal wave would engulf New York and Hoboken soon after the explosion of Mont Pelée. It did not.

More scientific and far more serious was the prophecy of Sir William Crooks, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, who was backed by the great body of men versed in the dogmas. He declared that at a not distant period and in the course of a single generation the entire human race would perish by starvation. He held this to be the inevitable result of the rapid exhaustion of nitrogen, the vital element of the soil. This served the novelist, H. G. Wells, as matter for a characteristic tale. He fancied that such a calamity, as stupendous as the great flood, should have its Noah—its wise man of foresight, who would construct a huge steel building with a reserve of nitrogen which would allow him to raise food enough to preserve himself and family from the general fate.

Nobody challenged the melancholy conclusion of the eminent Sir William. Nitrogen is produced in nature by processes infinitely slow, while multiplying and every hungry man consumes it in raising foodstuffs with steadily increasing rapidity. Until lately he has not thought of restoring it by any adequate means. It could be figured with some approach to accuracy how long the productiveness of the soil would be such as to maintain the life of the growing race. In the laboratory the chemist was at work on the problem of the artificial production of nitrogen, and happily he solved it. It can be done by the use of electricity, and with a few falls like those of Niagara it would be practicable to obtain an incalculable supply of that agent at a low price. So the fear of universal starvation became less distressing.

Then it was discovered that nature has laboratories by which nitrogen is drawn from the air to enrich the soil. The agency in this case is beneficent bacteria. Alfalfa, red clover, the pea, bean and other legumes are such laboratories and to their roots the bacteria attach themselves. One of the most interesting and important developments of scientific agriculture is that it is practicable to inoculate the legumes with bacteria and transfer them to poor and exhausted soils.

Progress in Scientific Farming.

The latest prophecy of Sir William Crooks does not seem to take account of the progress of scientific farming in America. He affirmed that within the near future the world would be faced by a grievous shortage in the wheat supply. He quoted Hyde, the American statistician, to the effect that by the year 1931 this country, with a population of 130,000,000,

would not be able to spare a bushel of wheat, corn, oats nor a ton of hay, for export. Domestic consumption would demand all cotton and wool, fruit and vegetables, dairy and poultry products. The growth of acreage to population was already decreasing and the statistician could determine when no further acreage could be gained.

To meet these contentions there are diversified crops, irrigation, the introduction of new products, and, especially, scientific farming. A paper recently issued by Karl F. Kellerman, physiologist in charge of soil bacteriology, contains some of the results of legume inoculation. Of about 8000 farmers who were supplied with cultures more than one-half have made reports. Successful inoculation is indicated by the growth of nodules on the roots, from which the nitrogen drawn from the air is fed to the plant and to the surrounding soil. The effect is not only to increase the crop of legumes and in every way improve it, but also to enrich the land for subsequent crops of different natures.

Perhaps few facts could show more impressively the revolution that is taking place in practical farming than this process of inoculation.

A better idea of the value of inoculation can be obtained from the reports of the farmers. Thus one who used alfalfa writes: "The inoculated crop did fine, while the uninoculated was a failure and always has been so far." Another, using red clover, says: "Inoculated crop strong and healthy. All the seed of the uninoculated died in forty to sixty days, as did every uninoculated clover field in the vicinity." One who planted the cowpea says: "In the inoculated field the increase of peas over the uninoculated was fully three to one. As to hay, about two and a half tons to the acre in favor of the inoculated." Still another writes: "Three tons of hay from an acre of inoculated seed, one-half ton on land not inoculated."

Scientific farming may prevent the realization of Sir William's doleful prophecy. It obviously means an enormous increase in the products of the land and probably insures a greater proportionate increase of breadstuffs than of population.

Crusade Against the Billboard

By H. G. H. TARR.

Some years ago I made a mental resolve not to buy any commodity whatever or patronize any enterprise that was advertised upon a billboard, fence, barn or rock in the open country. I have just read an article in "The Craftsman" for January headed "To Boycott the Billboard." The author gives a number of suggestions such as organizing societies with members pledged to this object, and tells us of movements in Great Britain and here having this in view. All of which has not so far and will never amount to a hill of beans. The reason of this is that not enough people are sufficiently interested to take the trouble to attend meetings of an organized society, to say nothing of organizing and going about soliciting members.

You can't reach this crime against nature through legislation as a man's land is his own, as his house is his castle, and a law preventing his exhibiting or permitting the exhibition of an unobjectionable sign thereby would surely be unconstitutional. So far as I know I have flocked alone in this heroic resolve, all the time trying to devise some plan whereby I can get an organized support without an organization. It has now occurred to me that the following would be practicable, and if properly launched could be made effective and would put out of business every fence, billboard and rock artist in the country.

At the first newspaper editors' convention (I understand they have an association in every State) let them be resolved that all shall insert in their columns a form of pledge which their readers are to be invited to sign, cut out and return to the paper.

This will inspire editorial articles which will tend to shame the farmer and make it more difficult for the billboard man to hire the privilege.

The action of one State association, I venture to say, will be followed by a similar movement all over the country. Of course it will be met with the objection that newspapers could not afford valuable space in continued issues, for to be effective it must be kept up. The answer to this is that while doing a great good they are diverting a large amount of money spent in advertising into a legitimate channel, the columns of a newspaper.

Possibly in some cases the influence of the large advertiser would be too great, but I have observed that the billboard man seldom does much newspaper advertising, so while sweeping from God's green country the soap, castor oil and baking powder ads isn't it possible the newspaper man may be doing a very good stroke of business?

Nuisance to Editors.

One of the modern nuisances of editorial work nowadays is the volunteer information bureau, which out of pure love sends news of one sort or another to be published without charge, declares the Hartford Courant. Nine times out of ten this is easily perceived to be the work of some hired press agent, whose purpose is to steer "public opinion;" the tenth time you can guess the same thing. Why all this trouble, unless it is to effect some end which the guileless editor cannot suspect?

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

Manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS—50¢ per BOTTLE.

Calculated for Himself.

As benefited a man of science, Lord Kelvin was courageous in the extreme, and there is a little known story of him worthy of being placed by the side of the famous anecdote of Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam hammer, who placed his hand under the mighty weight to show that it could be made to come down gently and remain just above his palm, says the Kansas City Star. This story gains point by the fact that Nasmyth first placed his watch underneath, and by a little miscalculation it was smashed to pieces. Lord Kelvin once told his class that while an electric shock of 3,000 volts or so would kill a man, a voltage of 300,000 would be harmless. He coolly proceeded to illustrate the fact on himself, but the students cried in horror, "Don't; try it on a dog." The great scientist looked reproachfully to the class and quietly remarked, "Didn't I figure it out on myself?" and then turned the tremendous current into himself.

FITS, ST. VITUS' DANCE, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, L.D., 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Kings Who Taught School.

In the early part of the life of King Christian IX. of Denmark there was no prospect of his ever becoming the ruler of that country. With this in view he became a schoolmaster at the German University of Halle.

Being too poor to get a servant, the Dowager Tsarina Dagmar of Russia, one of his daughters, used to help her mother to do the household work and take care of the younger children. During this period there were King Frederick VII., and several others in the direct line of succession, that stood before Prince Christian, but, by a succession of deaths that occurred he became the heir apparent, and after the death of King Frederick VII., in 1863, he was proclaimed King Christian IX. of Denmark.

Another instance of a similar nature is that of Louis Philippe. During the time he was exiled from France, then being the Duc de Chartres, he became a teacher of mathematics and geography in Switzerland. About 36 or 37 years afterwards, on August 9, 1830, he was proclaimed King Louis Philippe of the French.—Pearson's Weekly.

To Stop Leaking Pen.

If the threads in the rubber connection of a fountain pen are worn a little the joint will leak enough to soil the fingers. Dry the threads with a blotter and cover them with melted paraffin. Turn the nozzle into the barrel while the paraffin is still warm and you have an inktight joint.

Garfield Tea is a natural laxative—it regulates the digestion, purifies the blood, cleanses the system, clears the complexion, brightens the eyes and brings the glow of splendid health!

Potato Patch in Central Park.

Experts from the department of agriculture in Washington have recommended the growing of potatoes in Central Park in order to get the soil in the city's great pleasure ground into the right condition for grass to grow luxuriantly. Just who will get the potatoes next fall is something that Park Commissioner Henry Smith will decide when it comes time to dig them. Just what potatoes would cost on ground worth \$1,000,000 an acre, like that in Central Park, if the city engaged in potato raising for profit, is something that almost dazzles the imagination.

He Didn't Ride.

The fat colonel, who had received orders to take a horseback jaunt, came out of his quarters and looked at the horse.

"Will he stand without hitching?" he asked.

"Yes, colonel," the orderly replied as he touched his cap.

The colonel looked at the horse again.

"Then let him stand," he said, and went back and filled out his resignation.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

Mrs. Russell Sage recently gave \$10,000 to create a playground and athletic field around the Piers High School at Sag Harbor, L. I.

An effort is being made to organize the workmen of Mexico on the same lines as they are in other countries.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: Gives quick relief and cures dropsy, edema, and all other troubles. Dr. H. H. Green's Dropsy Cure, 200 N. 2nd St., St. Louis, Mo.

POTNAM FADELESS DYES
Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One package dyes all colors. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—Lily to dye, Blues and Mixture. POTNAM DYE CO., Quincy, Illinois.

Hen Lays Colored Eggs.

Hiram Stillings of Steelton, Pa., is telling his friends about a favorite hen with a poetic soul and an inspiration toward higher things than the ordinary egg of commerce. He has dubbed it the Easter Egg Hen, because it lays colored eggs.

When a bit of a chick, last year, the fowl suffered a broken leg and was taken into the kitchen to be nursed. It became a great pet, and when it got well spent most of the time in the house watching the women folk cook.

One day the hen saw Mrs. Stillings coloring eggs for Easter. For several days the fowl wore a thoughtful air, and it is clear now that it had taken a firm resolve to lay only painted eggs when it grew up.

Now, this hen ate onion skins and indigo and calico print cloth, which, as everybody knows, can be used to color eggs. And in good time it began to lay eggs.

Each egg that it laid was colored, and each egg had a different design. Mr. Stillings refrains from declaring that the hen laid hard-boiled eggs, simply as a matter of policy.

Yellow Pine Forests.

The leading areas of yellow pine production in the United States are no longer in the South Atlantic States, but have been shifted to the Southwest. The States of Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi and Arkansas each produced 10 per cent or more of the total cut yellow pine last year.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It cures catarrh of the bladder, prostate, and urethra in both men and women. It cures Catarrh of the Colon. Address E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Americans Like Diamonds.

Almost three-fourths of the world's production of diamonds are bought by the people of the United States. The declared value of these gems, covered by invoices presented at the American consulate general at Antwerp during the year 1907, amounted to \$5,230,519 for cut diamonds and \$1,053,057 for rough stones. The bulk of this business was done during the first nine months of the year, as there were practically no diamonds sold to the United States in the Antwerp market during November and December, owing to the financial crisis.—Consular Reports.

FROM SUNNY ORANGE GROVES.

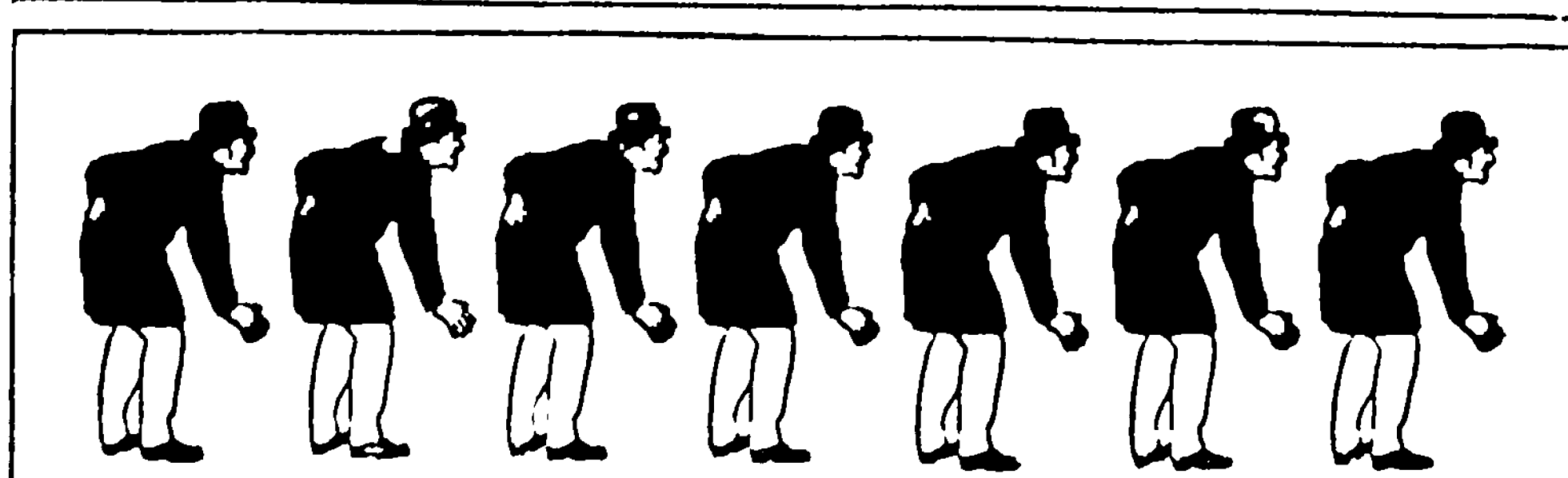
The Twice-Told Experience of a San Bernardino, Calif., Man.

From Sunny San Bernardino, in the midst of orange groves, writes Lionel M. Heath, of 153 Eighth Street: "For fifteen years I suffered with pains in my back, frequent calls to pass the secretions, dropsy, rheumatic aches and other symptoms of kidney trouble. I could get no relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me five years ago, and this is twice I have publicly said so. The cure was thorough."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Path of Least Resistance.

If you choose to do the easy things you may always "get round" your difficulties, but you will never get through them. You will remain master of the situation indeed, but the situation will become poorer and narrower every day. If you never commit yourself, you never express yourself, and your self becomes less and less significant and decisive. Calculating selfishness is the annihilation of self.



NEURALGIA, STITCHES, LAMENESS, CRAMP TWINGES, TWITCHES FROM WET OR DAMP ALL BRUISES, SPRAINS, A WRENCH OR TWIST THIS SOVEREIGN REMEDY THEY CAN'T RESIST

ST. JACOBS OIL

PRICE 25c AND 50c

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

\$3.00 to \$3.50

SHOES AT ALL PRICES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

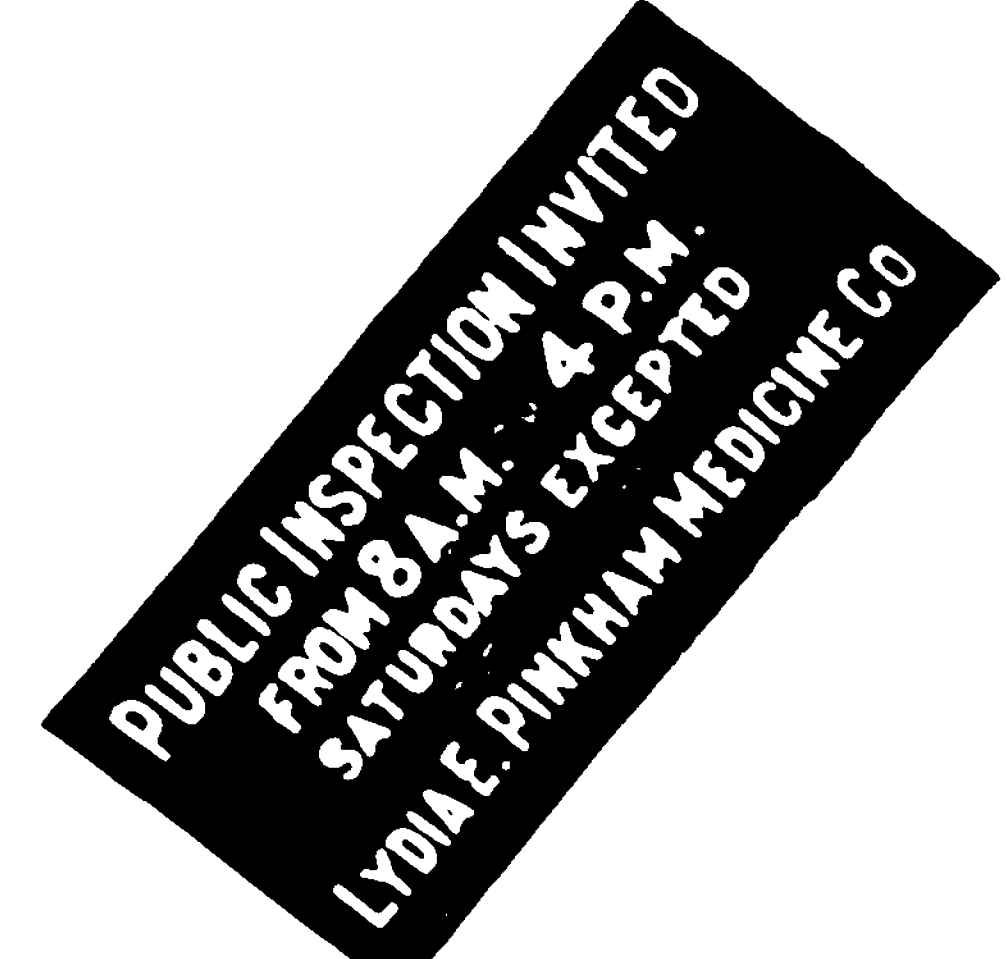
W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are made of better material than any other.

W. L. Douglas's \$4 and \$5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price

CAUTION: W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Illustrated Catalog free to any address.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

THE COME AND SEE SIGN



This sign is permanently attached to the front of the main building of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

What Does This Sign Mean?

It means that public inspection of the Laboratory and methods of doing business is honestly desired. It means that there is nothing about the business which is not "open and above-board."

It means that a permanent invitation is extended to anyone to come and verify any and all statements made in the advertisements of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Is it a purely vegetable compound made from roots and herbs—without drugs?

Come and See.

Do the women of America continually use as much of it as we are told? Come and See.

Was there ever such a person as Lydia E. Pinkham, and is there any Mrs. Pinkham now to whom sick women are asked to write? Come and See.

Is the vast private correspondence with sick women conducted by women only, and are the letters kept strictly confidential? Come and See.

Have they really got letters from over one million, one hundred thousand women correspondents? Come and See.

Have they proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands of these women? Come and See.

This advertisement is only for doubters. The great army of women who know from their own personal experience that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female ills will still go on using and being benefited by it; but the poor doubting, suffering woman must, for her own sake, be taught confidence, for she alone might just as well regain her health.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Keeps the breath, teeth, mouth and body antiseptically clean and free from unhealthy germ-life and disagreeable odors, which water, soap and tooth preparations alone cannot do. A germicidal, disinfecting and deodorizing toilet requisite of exceptional excellence and economy. Invaluable for inflamed eyes, throat and nasal and uterine catarrh. At drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postpaid. Large Trial Sample

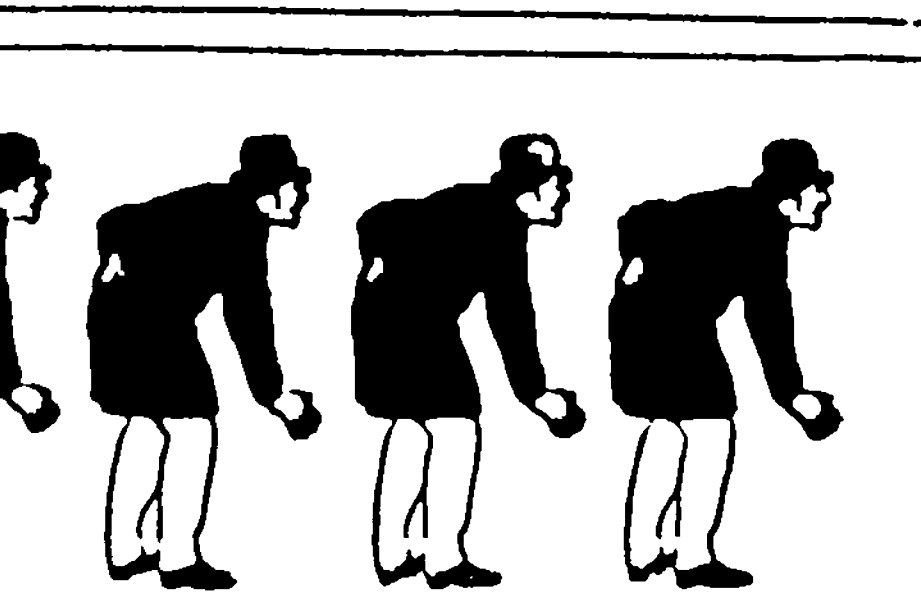
WITH "HEALTH AND BEAUTY" BOOK SENT FREE

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

P. N. U. 17, 1915.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN.

A Certain Cure for Eczema, Scabies, Constipation, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Croup, Whooping Cough, and Diphtheria. They Break up Colic in 10 to 15 minutes. All Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address: A. S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.



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Universal and overwhelming disasters have been predicted so often and with such exultant confidence, and have so invariably failed to come off, at least in modern times, that mankind should be rather immune from panic on this account, writes the Washington correspondent of the New York Post. Perhaps the Deluge is the single instance in which an expected cataclysm or general wind-up has been realized "as advertised."

There have been ingenious calculations as to the end of the world, based on Biblical chronology and prophecies which were affirmed to be the result of direct inspiration; and in both cases the prophets and their trusting followers have given away or sold their substance, put on their ascension robes, and, like Darius Green with his flying machine, climbed to the roof for a good start toward the skies; but only to be disappointed. The calculations were demonstrably correct, and the prophets were in no way to blame for the failure.

Long-tailed comets have been a frequent source of widespread alarm and even despair. Not all the savants of the French Academy could convince the people of France, including many of the clergy, that an especially brilliant comet in the early part of the present century would not strike the earth and smash it into bits.

Not even the solemn persons who are addicted to science are all above doing a little in the fortune telling line. No less a personage in that realm than Professor Piazz Smith, astronomer royal of Scotland, forecast to a day the world's end, basing his prediction on inconceivable measurements of the pyramids. His readings were far more ingenious and convincing than were those of Ignatius Donnelly on the Shakespeare-Bacon puzzle.

Why the Astronomer Was Wrong.
Like those of Mr. Pancks in "Little Dorrit," the figures of the astronomer were right. It was clear that the world had to end at the time he noted. Only some change which concerned the earth's endurance can account for the existence of the present generation of men, so long after depopulation and general destruction should have taken place. Another person of science in Europe was assured that a great tidal wave would engulf New York and Hoboken soon after the explosion of Mont Pelée. It did not.

More scientific and far more serious was the prophecy of Sir William Crookes, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, who was backed by the great body of men versed in the sciences. He declared that at a not distant period and in the course of a single generation the entire human race would perish by starvation. He held this to be the inevitable result of the rapid exhaustion of the soil. This served the novelist, H. G. Wells, as matter for a characteristic tale. He fancied that such a calamity, as stupendous as the great flood, should have its Noah—its wise man of foresight, who would construct a huge steel building with a reserve of nitrogen which would allow him to raise food enough to preserve himself and family from the general fate.

Nobody challenged the melancholy conclusion of the eminent Sir William. Nitrogen is produced in nature by processes infinitely slow, while multiplying and every hungry man consumes it in raising foodstuffs with steadily increasing rapidity. Until lately he has not thought of restoring it by any adequate means. It could be figured with some approach to accuracy how long the productiveness of the soil would be such as to maintain the life of the growing race. In the laboratory the chemist was at work on the problem of the artificial production of nitrogen, and happily he solved it. It can be done by the use of electricity, and with a few falls like those of Niagara it would be practicable to obtain an incalculable supply of that agent at a low price. So the fear of universal starvation became less distressing.

would not be able to spare a bushel of wheat, corn, oats nor a ton of hay, for export. Domestic consumption would demand all cotton and wool, fruit and vegetables, dairy and poultry products. The growth of acreage to population was already decreasing and the statistician could determine when no further acreage could be gained.

To meet these contentions there are diversified crops, irrigation, and the introduction of new products, and, especially, scientific farming. A paper recently issued by Karl F. Kellerman, physiologist in charge of soil bacteriology, contains some of the results of legume inoculation. Of about 8000 farmers who were supplied with cultures more than one-half have made reports. Successful inoculation is indicated by the growth of nodules on the roots, from which the nitrogen drawn from the air is fed to the plant and to the surrounding soil. The effect is not only to increase the crop of legumes and in every way improve it, but also to enrich the land for subsequent crops of different natures.

Perhaps few facts could show more impressively the revolution that is taking place in practical farming than this process of inoculation. A better idea of the value of inoculation can be obtained from the reports of the farmers. Thus one who used alfalfa writes: "The inoculated crop did fine, while the uninoculated was a failure and always has been so far." Another, using red clover, says: "Inoculated crop strong and healthy. All the seed of the uninoculated died in forty to sixty days, as did every uninoculated clover field in the vicinity." One who planted the cowpea says: "In the inoculated field the increase of peas over the uninoculated was fully three to one. As to hay, about two and a half tons to the acre in favor of the inoculated." Still another writes: "Three tons of hay from an acre of inoculated seed, one-half ton on land not inoculated."

Scientific farming may prevent the realization of Sir William's doleful prophecy. It obviously means an enormous increase in the products of the land and probably insures a greater proportionate increase of breadstuffs than of population.

Crusade Against the Billboard

By H. G. H. TARR.

Some years ago I made a mental resolve not to buy any commodity whatever or patronize any enterprise that was advertised upon a billboard, fence, barn or rock in the open country. I have just read an article in "The Craftsman" for January headed "To Boycott the Billboard." The author gives a number of suggestions such as organizing societies with members pledged to this object, and tells us of movements in Great Britain and here having this in view. All of which has not so far and will never amount to a hill of beans. The reason of this is that not enough people are sufficiently interested to take the trouble to attend meetings of an organized society, to say nothing of organizing and going about soliciting members.

You can't reach this crime against nature through legislation as a man's land is his own, as his house is his castle, and a law preventing his exhibiting or permitting the exhibition of an unobjectionable sign thereby would surely be unconstitutional. So far as I know I have flocked alone in this heroic resolve, all the time trying to devise some plan whereby I can get an organized support without an organization. It has now occurred to me that the following would be practicable, and if properly launched could be made effective and would put out of business every fence, billboard and rock artist in the country.

At the first newspaper editors' convention (I understand they have an association in every State) let them be resolved that all shall insert in their columns a form of pledge which their readers are to be invited to sign, cut out and return to the paper.

This will inspire editorial articles which will tend to shame the farmer and make it more difficult for the billboard man to hire the privilege. The action of one State association, I venture to say, will be followed by a similar movement all over the country. Of course it will be met with the objection that newspapers could not afford valuable space in continued issues, for to be effective it must be kept up. The answer to this is that while doing a great good they are diverting a large amount of money spent in advertising into a legitimate channel, the columns of a newspaper.

Possibly in some cases the influence of the large advertiser would be too great, but I have observed that the billboard man seldom does much newspaper advertising, so while sweeping from God's green country the soap, castor oil and baking powder ads isn't it possible the newspaper man may be doing a very good stroke of business?

Nuisance to Editors.
One of the modern nuisances of editorial work nowadays is the volunteer information bureau, which out of pure love sends news of one sort or another to be published without charge, declares the Hartford Courant. Nine times out of ten this is easily perceived to be the work of some hired press agent, whose purpose is to steer "public opinion"; the tenth time you can guess the same thing. Why all this trouble, unless it is to effect some end which the guileless editor cannot suspect?

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna
acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.
Manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS—50¢ PER BOTTLE.

Calculated for Himself.
As benefitted a man of science, Lord Kelvin was courageous in the extreme, and there is a little known story of him worthy of being placed by the side of the famous anecdote of Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam hammer, who placed his hand under the mighty weight to show that it could be made to come down gently and remain just above his palm, says the Kansas City Star. This story gains point by the fact that Nasmyth first placed his watch underneath, and by a little miscalculation it was smashed to pieces. Lord Kelvin once told his class that while an electric shock of 3,000 volts or so would kill a man, a voltage of 300,000 would be harmless. He coolly proceeded to illustrate the fact on himself, but the students cried in horror, "Don't; try it on a dog." The great scientist looked reproachfully to the class and quietly remarked, "Didn't I figure it out on myself?" and then turned the tremendous current into himself.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Kings Who Taught School.
In the early part of the life of King Christian IX. of Denmark there was no prospect of his ever becoming the ruler of that country. With this in view he became a schoolmaster at the German University of Halle.

Being too poor to keep a servant, the Dowager Tsarina Dagmar of Russia, one of his daughters, used to help her mother to do the household work and take care of the younger children. During this period there were King Frederick VII., and several others in the direct line of succession, that stood before Prince Christian, but, by a succession of deaths that occurred he became the heir apparent, and after the death of King Frederick VII., in 1863, he was proclaimed King Christian IX., of Denmark.

Another instance of a similar nature is that of Louis Philippe. During the time he was exiled from France, then being the Duc De Chartres, he became a teacher of mathematics and geography in Switzerland. About 36 or 37 years afterwards, on August 9, 1830, he was proclaimed King Louis Philippe of the French.—Pearson's Weekly.

To Stop Leaking Pen.
If the threads in the rubber connection of a fountain pen are worn a little the joint will leak enough to soil the fingers. Dry the threads with a blotter and cover them with melted paraffin. Turn the nozzle into the barrel while the paraffin is still warm and you have an inktight joint.

Garfield Tea is a natural laxative—it regulates the digestion, purifies the blood, cleanses the system, clears the complexion, brightens the eyes and brings the glow of splendid health!

Potato Patch in Central Park.
Experts from the department of agriculture in Washington have recommended the growing of potatoes in Central Park in order to get the soil in the city's great pleasure ground into the right condition for grass to grow luxuriantly. Just who will get the potatoes next fall is something that Park Commissioner Henry Smith will decide when it comes time to dig them. Just what potatoes would cost on ground worth \$1,000,000 an acre, like that in Central Park, if the city engaged in potato raising for profit, is something that almost dazzles the imagination.

He Didn't Ride.
The fat colonel, who had received orders to take a horseback jaunt, came out of his quarters and looked at the horse.
"Will he stand without hitching?" he asked.
"Yes, colonel," the orderly replied as he touched his cap.
The colonel looked at the horse again.
"Then let him stand," he said, and went back and filled out his resignation.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.
Mrs. Russell Sage recently gave \$10,000 to create a playground and athletic field around the Pierson High School at Sag Harbor, L. I.

An effort is being made to organize the workmen of Mexico on the same lines as they are in other countries.

DRAPERY NEW DISCOVERY: five gold medals and over 100,000 testimonials and 500,000 testimonials. Free. Dr. H. R. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES
Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. 10¢ package dyes all colors. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—10¢ to 25¢. Dyeing and Mix Colors. PUTNAM DYE CO., Quincy, Illinois.

Hen Lays Colored Eggs.
Hiram Stillings of Steelton, Pa., is telling his friends about a favorite hen with a poetic soul and an inspiration toward higher things than the ordinary egg of commerce. He has dubbed it the Easter Egg Hen, because it lays colored eggs.
When a bit of a chick, last year, the fowl suffered a broken leg and was taken into the kitchen to be nursed. It became a great pet, and when it got well spent most of the time in the house watching the women folk cook.
One day the hen saw Mrs. Stillings coloring eggs for Easter. For several days the fowl wore a thoughtful air, and it is clear now that it had taken a firm resolve to lay only painted eggs when it grew up.
Now, this hen can onion skins and indigo and calico print cloth, which, as everybody knows, can be used to color eggs. And in good time it began to lay eggs.
Each egg that it laid was colored, and each egg had a different design. Mr. Stillings refrains from declaring that the hen laid hard-boiled eggs, simply as a matter of policy.

Yellow Pine Forests.
The leading areas of yellow pine production in the United States are no longer in the South Atlantic States, but have been shifted to the Southwest. The States of Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi and Arkansas each produced 10 per cent or more of the total cut yellow pine last year.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only cure for Catarrh of the bladder, and is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Americans Like Diamonds.
Almost three-fourths of the world's production of diamonds are bought by the people of the United States. The declared value of these gems, covered by invoices presented at the American consulate general at Antwerp during the year 1907, amounted to \$5,230,519 for cut diamonds and \$1,053,057 for rough stones. The bulk of this business was done during the first nine months of the year, as there were practically no diamonds sold to the United States in the Antwerp market during November and December, owing to the financial crisis.—Consular Reports.

FROM SUNNY ORANGE GROVES.
The Thence-Told Experience of a San Bernardino, Calif., Man.

From Sunny San Bernardino, in the midst of orange groves, writes Lionel M. Heath, of 158 Eighth Street: "For fifteen years I suffered with pains in my back, frequent calls to pass the secretions, dropsy, rheumatic aches and other symptoms of kidney trouble. I could get no relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me five years ago, and this is twice I have publicly said so. The cure was thorough."
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Path of Least Resistance.
If you choose to do the easy things you may always "get round" your difficulties, but you will never get through them. You will remain master of the situation indeed, but the situation will become poorer and narrower every day. If you never commit yourself, you never express yourself, and your self becomes less and less significant and decisive. Calculating selfishness is the annihilation of self.

NEURALGIA, STITCHES, LAMENESS, CRAMP TWINGES, TWITCHES FROM WET OR DAMP ALL BRUISES, SPRAINS, A WRENCH OR TWIST THIS SOVEREIGN REMEDY THEY CAN'T RESIST

ST. JACOBS OIL
PRICE 25¢ AND 50¢

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES
\$3.00 to \$3.50
SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY.
MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, INFANTS AND CHILDREN.
W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are greater value than any other shoes in the world to-day.
W. L. Douglas's \$4 and \$5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price.
W. L. Douglas's \$4 and \$5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price.
W. L. Douglas's \$4 and \$5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price.
W. L. Douglas's \$4 and \$5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price.

THE COME AND SEE SIGN
PUBLIC INSPECTION INVITED FROM 8 A.M. TO 4 P.M. SATURDAYS EXCEPTED
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

This sign is permanently attached to the front of the main building of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.
What Does This Sign Mean?
It means that public inspection of the Laboratory and methods of doing business is honestly desired. It means that there is nothing about the business which is not "open and above-board."

It means that a permanent invitation is extended to anyone to come and verify any and all statements made in the advertisements of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Is it a purely vegetable compound made from roots and herbs—without drugs?
Come and See.
Do the women of America continually use as much of it as we are told?
Come and See.
Was there ever such a person as Lydia E. Pinkham, and is there any Mrs. Pinkham now to whom sick women are asked to write?
Come and See.
Is the vast private correspondence with sick women conducted by women only, and are the letters kept strictly confidential?
Come and See.
Have they really got letters from over one million, one hundred thousand women correspondents?
Come and See.
Have they proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured thousands of these women?
Come and See.

This advertisement is only for doubters. The great army of women who know from their own personal experience that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female ills will still go on using and being benefited by it; but the poor doubting, suffering woman must, for her own sake, be taught confidence, for she also might just as well regain her health.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC
Keeps the breath, teeth, mouth and body antiseptically clean and free from unhealthy germ-life and disagreeable odors, which water, soap and tooth preparations alone cannot do. A germicidal, disinfecting and deodorizing toilet requisite of exceptional excellence and economy. Invaluable for inflamed eyes, throat and nasal and uterine catarrh. At drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postpaid.
Large Trial Sample
WITH "HEALTH AND BEAUTY" BOOK SENT FREE
THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.
P. N. U. 17, 1913.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN.
A Certain Cure for Feverishness, Constipation, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Diarrhoea. In 24 hours. At all Druggists, Soda Water Bottlers, and Grocers. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Mother Gray, Nurse in Child-room, 112 West 47th St., New York City.
A. S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES
\$3.00 to \$3.50
SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY.
MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, INFANTS AND CHILDREN.
W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are greater value than any other shoes in the world to-day.
W. L. Douglas's \$4 and \$5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price.
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W. L. Douglas's \$4 and \$5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price.

There are now 135 patients at White Pine Camp but as soon as the new dormitories and dining hall are finished there will be added 200 more. None of the patients pays a cent. All are treated and boarded free by the State. Each day there are consumed by the people at the camp 71 gallons of milk and 150 dozen eggs, in addition to a full menu of meats of all kinds and vegetables, fruits, bread, etc., the best the markets afford. Eggs must be eaten in some form for breakfast every day and thrice a week for supper and eggs and milk are eaten between breakfast and dinner and supper.

Two persons were burned to death, another died in a hospital, and a fourth is missing as the result of a fire which occurred in the home of Joseph Lorenzo, near Williamsport early Friday morning. The fire followed an explosion of a lamp. The dead are: Pasquale Bonady, a boarder, and two of the Lorenzo children, one 6 years old and the other aged 3 years. A boy of 8 years is missing and is believed to have been incinerated. Mrs. Lorenzo was terribly burned in an attempt to rescue her children, and the father of the family was also badly burned in the same manner.

After giving a stranger a meal and granting him permission to sleep in the barn Friday night, Mrs. Page, the aged postmistress of Beasalem, near Bristol, was brutally attacked by the man whom she befriended. The fellow fired a shot from a revolver at the woman, and then knocked her senseless with the weapon. It is believed that the man intended to rob the postoffice, but was frightened away by the husband of the postmistress.

Having prepared a meal for her family, Mrs. Anna Nelson, of Morrisville, went up stairs, leaving part of the repast upon the dinner table and part of it in the kitchen stove. When the busy housewife came down stairs again, plates and platters were clean, not a morsel remaining. Disappearing through the door was a tramp, who had eaten the meal prepared for seven people.

Shock at the sight of an undertaker's wagon is believed to have caused the death of Miss Ada Whiteside, of Philadelphia, who was visiting relatives at Lancaster. Miss Whiteside was sitting on a porch when the wagon drove up to the residence of a neighbor, where a death had just occurred. She dropped to the floor unconscious when the wagon appeared and expired in a short while.

Thieves entered a cottage belonging to one of the summer residents near Buena Vista Springs Hotel, and carried off a lot of silverware and table linen. The property was found buried in a field about three-fourths of a mile from Rouzerville and was unearthed by a farmer who was clearing off the rubbish.

Dickinson College, Carlisle, will celebrate, June 7 to 10, the 125th anniversary of its establishment. Most of the leading universities and colleges of the East will be officially represented by their presidents, chancellors or distinguished alumni. Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw, will be the principal orator.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—G. W. Cloyd, a merchant, of Plunk, Mo., had a narrow escape four years ago, when he ran a jimson bur into his thumb. He says: "The doctor wanted to amputate it but I would not consent. I bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and that cured the dangerous wound." 25c at Ed. T. ACKER'S drugist.

Mr. Spangler Hetrick at the edge of town has torn down his old barn and will at once erect a new one 30x40 feet on the same sight.

PAINT READY FOR USE.
L. & M. PURE PAINT semi-mixed is sold for \$1.55 per gallon. Linseed oil is sold from the barrel for 60 cents a gallon. Buy 4 gallons L. & M. Pure Paint and mix with it 3 gallons linseed oil, and you make then 7 gallons of paint at a cost of only \$1.20 per gallon. Done in 2 minutes.
P. A. & S. Small, York, L. & M. Paint Agents.

BASEBALL NEWS.
Everywhere you go you will find people talking about baseball and anxious to see the scores of the different leagues from day to day. The Philadelphia Press has arranged to print all the latest news and gossip of the baseball diamond and will have the best reports of all games amply illustrated and accurately and fairly written. Ask any man what newspaper is the great baseball and sporting authority and he will tell you quickly it is the Philadelphia Press, both daily and Sunday. You can get The Press from your newsdealer or carrier, or the paper will be mailed direct to your home for \$3.00 per year daily edition. A list of handsome premiums given to subscribers, will be mailed to you if write for catalogue.

Administrator's Notice.
ESTATE OF JOSEPHUS S. ROLAND, deceased.—Letters of administration, c. t. a. on the estate of Josephus S. Roland, late of Hamilton township, Adams County, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, residing in same township, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
EDWARD J. ROLAND,
Admr., c. t. a., Route 3, New Oxford, Or his Atty, Wm. Hersh, Gettysburg.

Public Sale OF WESTERN HORSES.
THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1908.
Undersigned will sell one car load of Western Horses at his stables in East Berlin. Sale to commence at 12:30 o'clock p. m., rain or shine.
A. A. GRUVER.

STRAW HATS.

We have just received a complete line of Straw Hats in all the new shapes for Summer wear for men and boys. We can fit and please you.

Our prices are right. Try us.
OUR BOSTON DERBY and TOURIST HATS are up to the minute in shape and colors. We have every size or style you can wish for. Each hat is warranted to be satisfactory in every way or a new one instead.
We have always a complete line of new things in Hats and Caps for men and boys—hats from 50c up.
We have whatever you need in Gent's Furnishing Line.

N. WAGNER & SON,
TAILORS AND GENTS' FURNISHERS.

On The Square, Hanover, Pa.

A Profusion of Styles

FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE IN SEARCH OF FOOTWEAR FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

Our store was never so full as now of beautiful and stylish Footwear for men and women who appreciate the nice details of dress.
Oxfords and Shoes to please the patrons who want the best that money will buy.

And plenty of Oxfords and Shoes in choice and unexceptionable styles for the man or woman whose expenditure is limited.

A wonderful choice to be had at \$1.50 a pair and upwards.

A full and complete line of FREED BROS. Working Shoes for men and boys that are Strictly All Solid Leather.

E. J. CONRAD,

FORMERLY GITT & CONRAD,

Center Square, Hanover, Penna.

Farmers and Dairymen LOOK HERE!

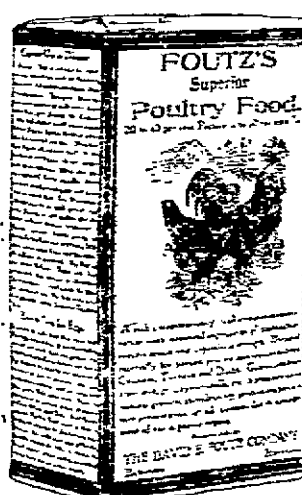
If you are thinking of buying a Cream Separator, we want to present our De Laval proposition to you. NO MONEY DOWN, NO CONTRACTS, NO STRINGS OF ANY KIND, ONLY PURE BUSINESS. All we want to do is to bring out a machine and set it up. We know we will make a gain to you, for every three pounds of butter you are now making the old way, you can make four pounds from the same milk with a De Laval Separator. This is a proven fact, therefore you see the gain in butter and as it only takes a few pounds of butter to make a dollar you can again see that you are being well paid for trying it. Your labor and dairy expenses will be cut in half. Your prices will always be in the top notch: your skimmed milk will be pure and fresh. A De Laval Separator is the best paying machine on any farm or dairy, as it is used twice a day every day in the week, and makes you money every time you use it. Your neighbors are getting them, get one yourself and be in the lead. All you have to do is to tell us how many cows you are now milking and how many you intend to milk in the future, and we'll do the rest, and if after trying a DE LAVAL you conclude to buy it we can make settlement to suit you exactly. Catalog and price list for the asking.

JOHN S. WEAVER,

Farm Implements,

HANOVER STREET,

NEW OXFORD, PA.



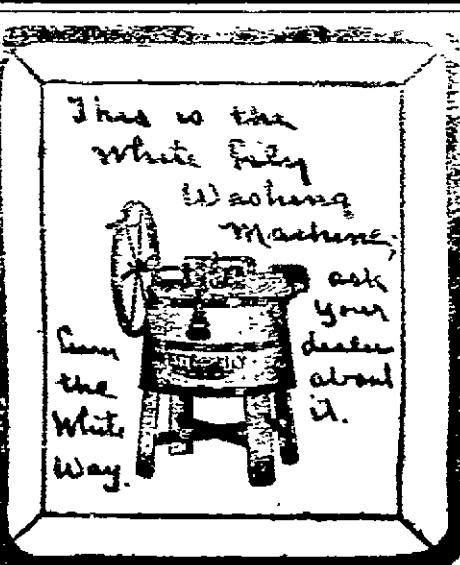
Use these Old Established and Standard Remedies.
Foutz's Superior Poultry Food

Makes Hens Lay: Keeps Chickens Healthy. They like it. It is a concentrated food as well, a tonic and ionic and egg stimulant.
—Price 25c per Package.

Foutz's Horse & Cattle Powder	50c per pkg.
Foutz's Certain Worm Powder	50c "
Foutz's Perfect Lice Powder	25c "
Foutz's Certain Kink Cure	50c a bottle
Foutz's Liniment	25c a bottle
Foutz's Healing Powder for collar galls, etc.	25c per pkg.

Every article of our manufacture is guaranteed and bears United States Patent No. 217.

Sold Every where—At New Oxford by J. A. CARMAN.
THE DAVID E. FOUTZ CO., MFRS., BALTIMORE, MD.



SOLD BY D. F. SLENTZ,
CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.



For Sale by
J. E. C. MILLER, New Oxford, Pa.



G. E. Jacobs, Ref. D.,
—SPECIALIST IN—
Lenses For The Eyes,
WILL BE AT
Eagle Hotel, New Oxford,
Monday, May 25, 1908.

Always Proud of it.
Always Glad to Tell it.
Want others to know it.
That's the Truth about people who buy
BANNER FLOUR

When people have the best there is, they don't hesitate to say what they have, and you'll always find when you ask why they have good bread they don't simply say, 'we use flour,' oh no, the BANNER

..IS THE BEST..
and they want you to know they had the good sense to buy the BEST.

J. R. HARTMAN.
New Oxford Flouring Mills,

My BEST FRIEND.—Alexander Beuton who lives on Rural Route 1, Fort Edward, N. Y., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is my best earthly friend. It cured me of asthma six years ago. It has also performed a wonderful cure of incipient consumption for my son's wife. The first bottle ended the terrible cough, and this accomplished, the other symptoms left one by one, until she was perfectly well. Dr. King's New Discovery's power over coughs and colds is simply marvelous." No other remedy has ever equaled it. Fully guaranteed by Ed. T. ACKER druggist. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

HANOVER, PENNA.

Some Seasonable Goods At Reasonable Prices:

Now is your opportune time to make selection of

Dress Goods

as never before was there shown in Hanover such a variety in New Dress Materials as we are showing just now, either in

Woolen Goods, Silks or Wash Goods.

Also a Full Line New Dress Trimmings.

DRESS GOODS!

Black and Cream half-wool Dress Goods at 12½c; half-wool Danish Cloth, black, cream and colors, at 15c; all-wool Albatross Dress Goods at 29c, worth 50c. Silk Mulls in plaids and figures at 29c and 39c for the 50c quality. Silk Gingham at 29c, the 50c value. All shades Soisette, 25c. White and colored Ulster Cloth, imitation all Linen, at 10c, 12½c and 15c. White and Linen Suitings, 2½ yards wide, at \$1, also 36 inches wide at 25c and 50c. Silk Stripe Tanise, Paris Tissues, Mouselines, figured colored Swiss at 12½c; fast color Lawns at 5, 10, 12½ and 15c. Silk Striped Organdies at 15c.

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P. A. & S. Small, York, L. & M. Paint Agents.

BASEBALL NEWS.

Everywhere you go you will find people talking about baseball and anxious to see the scores of the different leagues from day to day. The Philadelphia Press has arranged to print all the latest news and gossip of the baseball diamond and will have the best reports of all games amply illustrated and accurately and fairly written. Ask any man what newspaper is the great baseball and sport ing authority and he will tell you quickly it is the Philadelphia Press, both daily and Sunday. You can get The Press from your newsdealer or carrier, or the paper will be mailed direct to your home for \$3.00 per year daily edition. A list of handsome premiums given to subscribers, will be mailed to you if write for catalogue.

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Our prices are right. Try us.

OUR BOSTON DERBY and TOURIST HATS are up to the minute in shape and colors. We have every size or style you can wish for. Each hat is warranted to be satisfactory in every way or a new one instead. We have always a complete line of new things in Hats and Caps for men and boys—hats from 50c up. We have whatever you need in Gent's Furnishing Line.

N. WAGNER & SON,

TAILORS AND GENTS' FURNISHERS.

On The Square, Hanover, Pa.

A Profusion of Styles

FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE IN SEARCH OF FOOTWEAR FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

Our store was never so full as now of beautiful and stylish Footwear for men and women who appreciate the nice details of dress.

Oxfords and Shoes to please the patrons who want the best that money will buy.

And plenty of Oxfords and Shoes in choice and unexceptionable styles for the man or woman whose expenditure is limited.

A wonderful choice to be had at \$1.50 a pair and upwards.

A full and complete line of FREED BROS. Working Shoes for men and boys that are Strictly All Solid Leather.

E. J. CONRAD,

FORMERLY GITT & CONRAD,

Center Square, Hanover, Penna.

Farmers and Dairymen LOOK HERE!

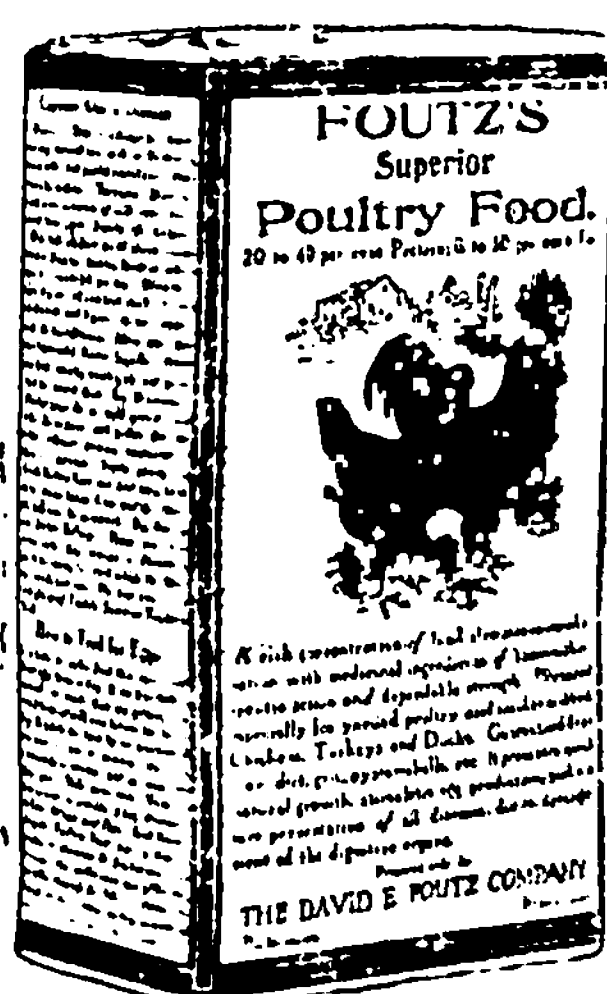
If you are thinking of buying a Cream Separator, we want to present our De Laval proposition to you. NO MONEY DOWN, NO CONTRACTS, NO STRINGS OF ANY KIND, ONLY PURE BUSINESS. All we want to do is to bring out a machine and set it up. We know we will make a gain to you, for every three pounds of butter you are now making the old way, you can make four pounds from the same milk with a De Laval Separator. This is a proven fact, therefore you see the gain in butter and as it only takes a few pounds of butter to make a dollar you can again see that you are being well paid for trying it. Your labor and dairy expenses will be cut in half. Your prices will always be in the top notch; your skimmed milk will be pure and fresh. A De Laval Separator is the best paying machine on any farm or dairy, as it is used twice a day every day in the week, and makes you money every time you use it. Your neighbors are getting them, get one yourself and be in the lead. All you have to do is to tell us how many cows you are now milking and how many you intend to milk in the future, and we'll do the rest, and if after trying a DE LAVAL you conclude to buy it we can make settlement to suit you exactly. Catalog and price list for the asking.

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Farm Implements,

HANOVER STREET,

NEW OXFORD, PA.



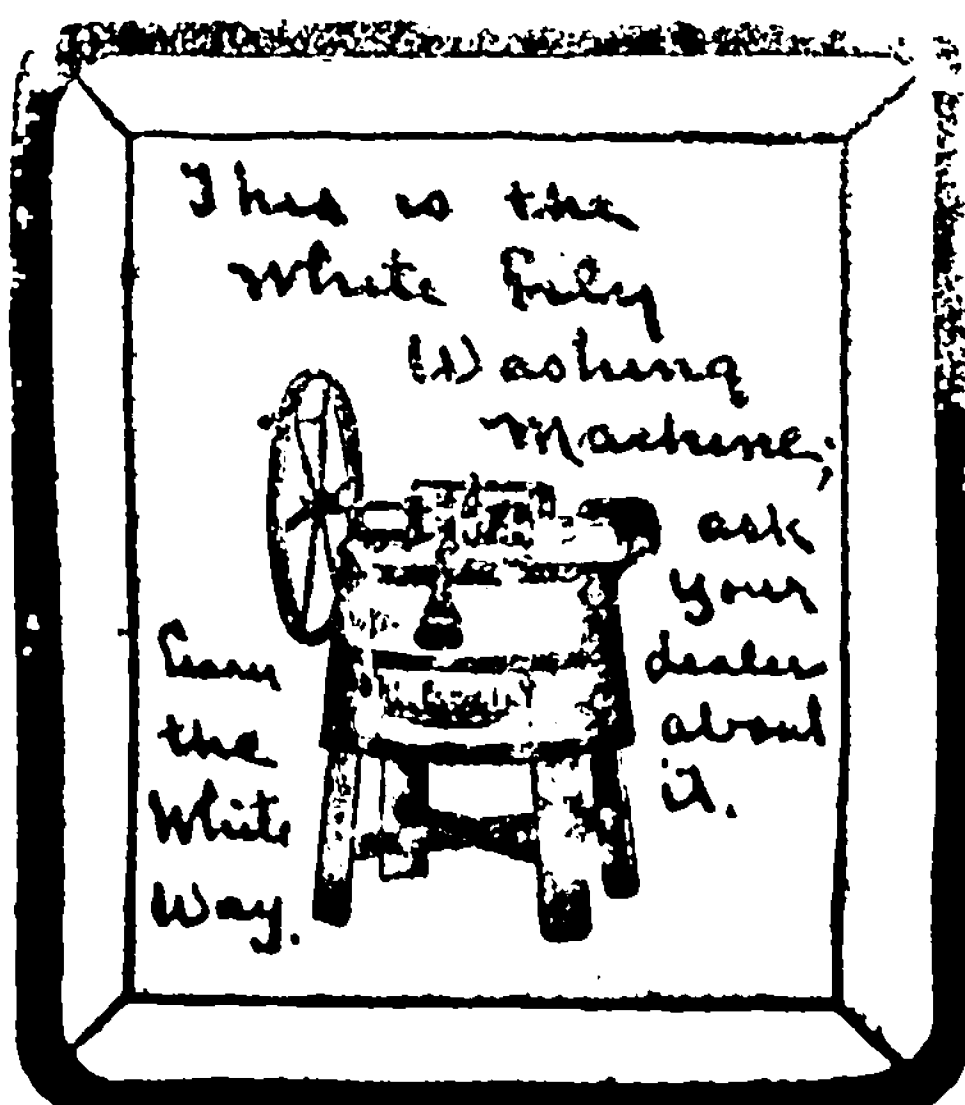
Use these Old Established and Standard Remedies.

Foutz's Superior Poultry Food

Makes Hens Lay; Keeps Chickens Healthy. They like it. It is a concentrated food as well as a tonic medicine and egg stimulant. Price 25c per Package.

Foutz's Horse & Cattle Powder.....25c per pkg.
Foutz's Certain Worm Powder.....50c
Foutz's Perfect Lice Powder.....25c
Foutz's Certain Kibik Cure.....50c a bottle
Foutz's Lintiment.....25c a bottle
Foutz's Healing Powder for collar galls, etc.....25c per pkg.
Every article of our manufacture is guaranteed and bears United States Serial No. 217.

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Lenses For The Eyes,

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Monday, May 25, 1908.

Jake

the Painter Says

It's so easy to paint when you use

STAG SEMI PASTE PAINT

It flows freely and saves considerable labor
"ONE gallon makes TWO"

For Sale by

J. E. C. MILLER, New Oxford, Pa.

Always Proud of it. Always Glad to Tell it. Want others to know it.

That's the Truth about people who buy

BANNER FLOUR

When people have the best there is, they don't hesitate to say what they have, and you'll always find when you ask why they have good bread they don't simply say, "we use flour," oh no, the BANNER

..IS THE BEST..

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J. R. HARTMAN.

New Oxford Flouring Mills.

My BEST FRIEND.—Alexander Benton who lives on Rural Route 1, Port Edward, N. Y., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is my best earthly friend. It cured me of asthma six years ago. It has also performed a wonderful cure of incipient consumption for my son's wife. The first bottle ended the terrible cough, and this accomplished, the other symptoms left one by one, until she was perfectly well. Dr. King's New Discovery's power over coughs and colds is simply marvelous." No other remedy has ever equaled it. Fully guaranteed by Ed. T. Auker druggist. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

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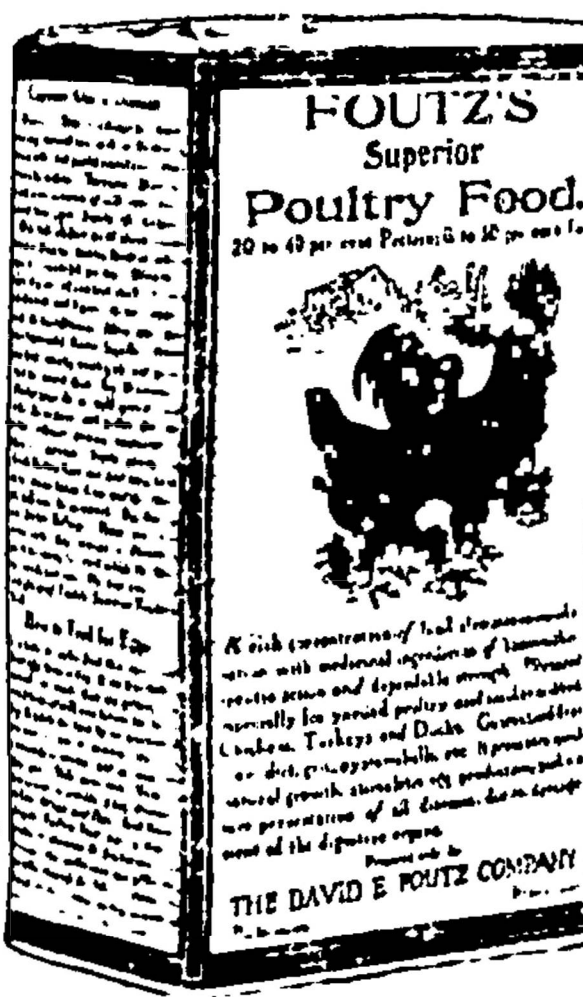
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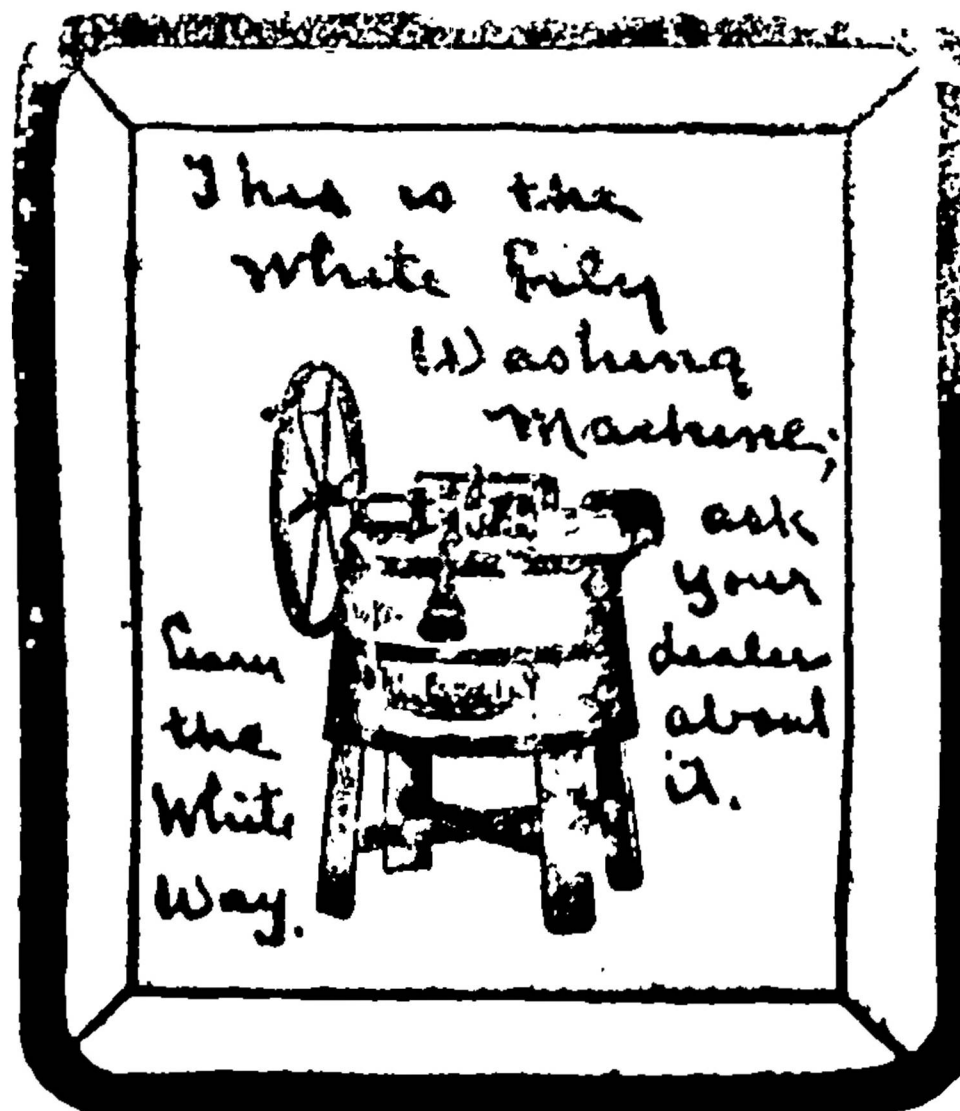
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